

NEWTON GRAPHIC.

Volume XV.—No. 43.

NEWTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1887.

Terms, \$2.00 per Year.

McPHAIL PIANOS

— RECEIVED THE —

First Prize Gold Medal AT MECHANICS' FAIR, 1881.

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Always ready to show property. Have Estates from \$2,700 Upward to \$40,000 and over. Give us a call before purchasing.

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I will guarantee to cure the worst case of corns and bunions, on any lady's foot who will wear my Custom Made Kangaroo Skin Boots.

They are soft, fine and handsome, will wear longer than anything else known, will keep their shape and shed water. I do not send the measures to a factory, but make the boots myself. Anybody who does not like them when made up, need not feel compelled to return them, perfect fitting and comfortable boot guaranteed, no matter in what shape the foot may be. Best Kangaroo Flexible Bottom, No Squeak, \$6.50. Best Dongola ditto, \$5.50 to \$6.50.

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Custom Work a Specialty.

Hyde's Block, Centre & Washington Sts., Newton.

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OUR PASSION FLOWER LOTION

Will prevent and cure tan and sunburn. It is perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin.

PRICE, 35 CTS. A BOTTLE.

HUBBARD & PROCTER, PHARMACISTS,

Successors to CHARLES F. ROGERS,
BRACKETT'S BLK', NEWTON, MASS.

We also have a full line of E. RIMMEL, London: Perfumes, Toilet Articles, just received from Importers.

West Newton Swimming Bath.

The Third Season will Open Saturday, June 25, 1887.

Bath Open Daily. Sundays Excepted

For men and boys, 9 to 12:30 a.m.
5 to 7 p.m.

For women and girls 2 to 4:30 p.m.

Evening baths by arrangement.

A careful attendant always in charge.

Bathers to furnish towels, suits, tights.—The same can be left in charge of attendant.

Family coupon tickets, 100 baths.....\$4.00

General coupon tickets, 50 baths.....2.50

General punch tickets, 25 baths.....1.50

Single tickets.....10

Swimming, the art guaranteed.....15

Single lessons.....4.00

Single lessons.....50

JAMES T. ALLEN.

TO THE PARENTS OF NEWTON.

MR. JOHN T. BURNS, HAIRDRESSER,

has secured a TONNOMIAL ARTIST who has worked in some of the leading establishments in PARIS, and in the larger cities of the United States, who will pay special attention to the cutting of CHILDREN'S HAIR. He has also one of the most improved hair-clipping machines.

Long Branch, Harvard, English and other fashionable styles.

Orders for Hair Cutting and Shaving at residence promptly attended to.

Central Hair Dressing Rooms, Cole's Block, Newton, over H. B. Coffin's Store. P. O. Box. 54.

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Stoves Stored.

Orders by mail, or left at shop, rear of Postoffice, Newton, will receive PROMPT PERSONAL ATTENTION.

Thorough Work. Bottom Prices.

STILES,

35

Practical Tinsmith.

English and Classical School.

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A family and day school for both sexes. Prepares for colleges, scientific schools, business, and for an intelligent and honorable manhood and womanhood. 94 students and 16 instructors in the various departments. Send for catalogue to

NATHL. T. ALLEN,

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

NEWTON.

Mrs. M. B. Rich is at Canterbury, N. H., for a few weeks.

Rev. H. G. Spaulding and family are at Breezy Point, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wetherbee are at Cape Porpoise, Me.

Misses A. I. and D. M. Wagstaff are at Walpole for the month.

Miss Carrie Brown has gone to Leominster, Mass.

H. M. Fuller is at the Atlantic House, Provincetown.

Mr. H. W. Crowell and family are at West Yarmouth.

Mrs. T. T. Gray is at the Ocean Side Hotel, Magnolia.

Mr. George A. Flint is at Marblehead Neck.

Miss Susie Fitz is spending a few weeks in New Bedford.

Miss Mary T. Packard is at Matapan, Mass.

N. L. Ripley and Walter Ellis are at Osterville for August.

W. C. Dimock and J. P. Horner have removed to Newton Highlands.

Miss Maria Daniell is at Peterham, Mass., for a few weeks.

Mrs. C. H. Jellison left this week for Onset Bay.

Mr. Joshua Baker and family left on Wednesday for the Cape.

Mrs. G. P. Atkins left for Augusta, Me., to-day, to visit friends there.

Mrs. Lyman Atwood is at Francis-town, N. H., for the month of August.

The July telephone list is out with the list of subscribers brought down to date.

Dr. A. B. Jewell and family are at Hampton Beach, N. H., for the month.

Mr. E. W. Converse and family left this week for the Profile House, N. H.

Rev. Fayette Nichols is enjoying his vacation with his family at Cottage City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Merrill and Miss Estelle Marshall are at the Hesperus House, Magnolia.

Mrs. Lovejoy and Misses Grace and Sazie Lovejoy are at the Oceanic House, Isle of Shoals.

Mr. A. B. Cobb and family, and Madam Cobb have gone to Lynn for a stay of some weeks.

Mr. George C. Brewer is at Annisquam for August, and Mrs. L. D. Brewer at Walpole, Mass.

Dr. Harrington and wife of Newtonville avenue are at Amherst, N. H., for the month of August.

F. M. Elms has been quite ill at Swampscoot, where his family are spending the summer but is now improving.

Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of St. Paul, Minn., will preach at Channing church next Sunday morning. Seats for strangers.

Rev. D. R. Atkins and wife of Dakota, who have been here visiting his brother, G. P. Atkins, left this week for the sea-coast.

Mr. H. J. Woods has purchased ex-Postmaster Latta's house, corner of Richardson and Church streets, for \$3,100. Mr. Latta intends to remove to Deer Park, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hamblin are spending a week in a trip through the White Mountains, which will include a visit to Mount Washington.

The Helping Hand Society, through the chairman of its executive committee, Miss A. M. Beecher of Newtonville, has expressed the desire and design of taking

the remainder of the Protestant Episcopal church, \$1,000 to the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen, and \$1,000 to the Church Home for Orphans and Destitute Children.

Mr. Henry Bacon who returned from Minnesota some weeks ago, has rented John Stanley's new house on Washington street, and will occupy it until he can find a house in Newton. He expects to engage in business with Mr. Murdock in the fall.

Mrs. D. B. Hodgdon leaves Saturday for a short vacation at Nantasket. Her new system of dress cutting and fitting is so successful that she can only be away for a few days. Most of the leading dressmakers are adopting it, and the terms have been raised from \$10 to \$12.

Mr. Alden A. Fuller has removed to Medford, where he has bought a house, and Mr. Chester A. Bass of Connecticut has taken possession of Mr. Fuller's former residence on Park street. Mr. Bass will undoubtedly make an excellent citizen, since he has already subscribed to the GRAPHIC and paid for it in advance.

Mr. H. W. Wellington's son Henry met with quite a severe accident at Osterville, this week. In game of ball he was acting as catcher, and a swift ball struck him in the face, cutting it severely. It is hoped that no bones were broken, but his injuries will confine him to the house for some time.

A very interesting game of base ball will be played upon the Union grounds, Boston, Saturday between the Athletics of Newton, the champions of the suburban league, and the Bradford & Thomas company club of Boston. As the Bradford & Thomas company club defeated the Athletics for the first time in 16 consecutive games, it is expected that the return game will be an interesting one.

On Saturday, Aug. 6th, the Festival of the Transfiguration of Christ will be celebrated by a service at 4:30 p.m., in the chapel of Grace church. This is an old Christian festival, but has not been generally celebrated by the different branches of the Christian church. Its celebration is likely to grow into favor in this country since the recent action of the general convention of the Episcopal church.

Mr. Joseph N. Bacon is planning extensive improvements in his block opposite the bank. A brick front will be built, the stores deepened and modernized, and the stories above improved. Mr. Whittier and the occupants of the tenements have been notified to move. Nonantum square will hardly be recognized when the work is completed, as the block is one of the old landmarks of the place.

The close season for woodcock in this state came to an end Sunday, and the shooters were out in force Saturday, although it was a very uncomfortable day for tramping. The brooks and swamps were found full of water, and in the holes in the pastures the water was found in pools. The birds were widely scattered, and the sportsmen report finding them on high ground the rule.

Next Sunday is the last time Rev. Mr. Titus occupies his pulpit till Sept. 18th. Mean while those named below will preach: Aug. 14, Rev. H. G. Safford, formerly of South Framingham; Aug. 21, Mr. Geo. C. Gow, the musical pastor; Aug. 28, Rev. E. S. Wheeler of South Framingham; Sept. 4, Rev. Lucius E. Smith, D. D., literary editor of the Watchman; Sept. 11, Mr. Gow. The latter, absent during July, will be welcomed in his place again next Sunday.

The first road race of the Newton Bicycle club last Saturday, aroused a good deal of interest. The distance was twenty-five miles on a course through Newtonville, and West Newton to Natick and return. W. K. Corey gave the other contestants a handicap of twenty minutes. The starts were made as follows: E. S. Martin at 3:49 o'clock; J. H. Aubin at 3:54; W. H. Barker at 3:59; F. L. Wilson at 4:01; A. W. Whittaker at 4:04; W. K. Corey, scratch, at 4:00. The first man to reach the finishing line was E. S. Martin, who crossed at 24 1/2 minutes past 5 o'clock, covering the course in 1h. 35m.; W. H. Barker, second, at 5:33—time, 1h. 34m.; W. K. Corey, third, at 5:33 1/4—time, 1h. 24m.; F. L. Wilson, fourth—at 5:35 1/2—time, 1h. 24m.; J. H. Aubin, 5:36—time 1h. 42m. Whittaker did not finish. The first prize, a gold medal, was awarded to Martin, the second, a sil-

ver medal with a gold eagle, to Barker, and the third to Corey.

Mr. B. F. Bacon and family have returned from their visit to Magnolia.

A number of Newton Cyclists are attending the tournament at Cottage City this week.

Mr. Frank Bothfield is visiting his brother, Mr. Harry Bothfield for two weeks.

Charles H. Barrows is spending his vacation at Grand Menan Island, off the coast of Maine.

Mr. Stephen Moore has patented an improved manner of manufacturing heel stiffeners.

Harry H. Jordan has taken a position with the Photo-Engraving company of Boylston street, Boston.

Frank D. Frisbie is spending a fortnight with his cousin, Judge J. T. Wilson, at Hillside Cottage, Nahant.

F. D. Graves has resigned as foreman of Engine Co. No. 1, having taken a position on the Boston Globe.

Mrs. C. P. Blake and Miss Blake left this week for the Sea Shore House, East Gloucester, to remain through August.

Mr. I. N. Peabody and his sons, George and Walter B., left on Thursday for a week's trip through the White Mountains.

Prayers were offered in Grace church on Sunday last for the safe return of Judge Gardner, who sailed in the Servia from Liverpool on the 30th of July.

Sheriff Tucker leaves Boston Saturday with a company of Boston gentlemen on a three weeks' yachting trip along the coast of Maine.

Mr. L. B. Gay has sold his estate on Newtonville Avenue to Dr. Flower; of Boston who buys it for a residence for his father and mother.

Mr. Joseph N. Bacon and wife left on Thursday for Magnolia, to remain during the month, and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Stanton will occupy their residence during their absence.

The building committee of Eliot church held another meeting this week, to consider the bids for the new church building, and the final meeting will be held in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sharpe are occupying Mr. H. W. Wellington's residence on Mt. Ida, this summer, and about the middle of October they will take possession of their house in Newtonville.

The Boston Advertiser says there has been a decidedly favorable change in the condition of Judge Gardner. He seems to be rapidly recovering from his attack of paralysis and hopes to be at home early in August.

By the will of the late Henry H. Linder \$5,000 is bequeathed to the parish of Grace church, \$1,000 to the Pomroy Home, \$5,000 to the Foreign and Domestic missions of the Protestant Episcopal church, \$1,000 to the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen, and \$1,000 to the Church Home for Orphans and Destitute Children.

Miscellaneous.

"Tell me," he whispered with the hoarseness of emotion, whispered as if he feared the murmuring surf might catch the question and bear it to some other ears. "Tell me, have you ever loved?"

She trembled. She hesitated for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and in a still, soft whisper, gentle as the summer breeze, answered:

"Not this summer."—[San Francisco Chronicle,

"You remember that party at Madam Gelasma's, to hear Joachim Rubinstein, and the Henschels, and De Soria, quite a small party?"

"No; I wasn't there!"

"No? Ah—well—it was very select!"—[Punch.]

—It is claimed now that the telephone was invented in 1835. It did not come into general use, however, because the word "hello" was not invented until some years after. If you will try it a few times you will understand why it is impossible to run the telephone by saying "Prithie, friend," or "Odd bodkins, man," or "Give thee good morning, sirrah." No wonder the telephone was a failure.—[Burdette.]

—Thinking is useful and sleep is necessary; but the literary man makes but little progress when he thinks all day and sleeps all night.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

—Mrs. Langtry, who applies simultaneously for citizenship and divorce, thereby demonstrates that she is thoroughly acquainted with the customs of the country.—[Judge.]

—The annual salary of the emperor of China is said to be \$50,000,000. This may explain why so many of his subjects come to this country to take in washing.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

—We are a little behind with the paper this week, but ask to be excused for the reason that we have had to cook, wash, iron, milk the cow, do the press work, entertain distinguished people and keep the flies off with one hand while writing with the other.—[Santa Anna (Tex.) Enterprise.]

—Death stalks through the tenement houses, is right after the yachting party, passes the cucumbers with a winning smile, try to induce people to take ice-water through a hose, but never catches up with the man who asks, "Is this hot enough for you?"—[Oil City Blizzard.]

—In London: Lord Noodle (to Mr. Blaine) —"I saw your distinguished countryman yesterday." Blaine—"Whom do you mean?" "Why, Buffalo Bill. You know him, of course?" "No, I have never met him." Lord Noodle (aside to a friend)—"This man Blaine is an impostor. He is not acquainted in his own country."—Arkansas Traveller.

—The girls who go into ecstasies over a new pattern for knit lace, who grow enthusiastic over making paper flowers, who read novels galore, who go to the opera whenever they get a chance, who wear boots a size too small for them, who say "awful" forty times a day, etc., etc., make just as good wives as the other kind, and don't you forget it!—[Puck.]

—It cannot be that Robert Ingwersoll ever stayed over night at a Bangor hotel. Otherwise he couldn't help believing that there is such a place, after all.—[Somerville Journal.]

—Last week, on the Sixth avenue elevated, a woman with a baby in her arms was made to stand till another woman, and a very frail, delicate one, who had been hard at work all day, beckoned her half way down the aisle to give her her seat. She did not dare to go to send her to the seat, because some man would then have grabbed it.—[N. Y. Graphic.]

—What with jubilee performances, and jubilee processions, and jubilee odes, and jubilee suits of clothes, and a hundred other jubilee things we might suppose that all had been done that could have been done to celebrate the "fifty years of Europe" that according to Tennyson have been better than a "cycle of cut hay." But all is not over yet. Miss Braddon is writing a "jubilee novel!"—[N. Y. Mail.]

—Nature as man fixes it: Philanthropist—"My dear little children, you should not play in these dirty alleys. Don't you like the public parks?" Child—"Oh, yes, they are beautiful." "Yes, indeed, and you should go to them as often as possible, breath the fresh air and learn to love the beautiful of nature." "Yessir." "Remember, my dear little ones, that God made the country, but man made the town. Now, my good little girl, tell me what you first observe when you visit those delightful homes of nature." "Keep off the grass."—[Omaha World.]

—It ought to console people who are bitten this summer by the mosquito to be told by a scientist that the mosquito is wondrously beautiful. "Place one," he says, "under a microscope. Adjust the lenses. Now place your eye to the eyepiece. Presto! The tiny dirt-colored speck has vanished, and in its place appears the most radiant and gorgeous creature which the mind can conceive of. The wings are of pale amber, the legs and thorax magenta, the body dark green, the eyes purplish black and glittering like diamonds, the proboscis shining like ebony. Compared with this pomp and magnificence of decoration the brightest and most vivid of the painters' pigments are muddy."—[Boston Post.]

Not Well Behaved.

On the 4th of July, during the speaking by the lake side at Newton Centre, a wagon load of young people drove up. The party in the wagon made such a racket that the speaking had to be suspended until they passed by. No doubt the young people thought they were having a good time. They forgot, however, that they were annoying others, and making themselves a nuisance. The little incident suggests the need there is of paying some regard to the proprieties even in vacation time, and of never letting fun degenerate into rudeness.

The young people above referred to were highly gentle, but their elation of spirits led them to conduct that was far from being such as gentle people could approve, and which they themselves will censure if they ever see themselves as others saw them then.

X.

Malarial poisons can be entirely removed from the system by the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. This remedy contains a specific, in the form of a vegetable product, used in no other ague preparation, Warrented.

The many remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes are sufficient proof that it does possess peculiar curative powers.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.**KINDERGARTEN INSTRUCTION IN SOME GROWN-UP VICES.**

Will the reader please cast his eyes upon the following questions: 1. How can it be proved that nicotine is a poison? 2. Why are cigarettes especially harmful? 3. Is alcohol a food? 4. What is the effect of disease upon a muscle? 5. Under what names is opium sold? 6. Under what names is alcohol drunk? 7. What is the difference between a food and a poison? 8. Is anything gained by changing from one narcotic to another? 9. What is the effect of beer as a drink? 10. How does cheerfulness help the muscle? These are questions given as a test in physiology in the public schools of a prominent eastern city, says a writer in Science. They are not addressed to young men about to leave school. No, they are asked of little boys and girls of from 8 to 10 years of age. This is the examination paper at the end of the first elementary instruction in physiology. Of ten questions, eight relate to drinking and smoking; the physiology is a mere side issue. These children, who ought to have about as much knowledge of such matters as they should of the methods in vogue at the stock exchange, are actually forced to learn by rote the details of human vice; and that, too, under the name of "physiology," the only science which they learn. Unconsciousness, naivete, is the symbol of childhood. The fact that physiology, even if well taught, tends to destroy this trait, is the chief objection to its early study. Instructions such as the above implies crushes the most valuable trait in the child, directs its curiosity to what is morbid, and forces into precocious development all its dangerous elements. Not enough that the newspaper and the dime novel proclaim in glaring colors the story of crime and sin: some notion of the perversity of human nature must be mixed with the food of babes. That the result of this teaching is to excite in the children a morbid curiosity to experiment for themselves in such matters; or (with the boys) to regard the whole as a lesson in "goody-goodness," to which they forthwith decide to show themselves superior; or to regard their father, who takes his glass of wine at dinner, as an incipient criminal—this could easily have been foreseen, and goes without saying. If there is one method better than all others to produce a race of drunkards, this has good claims to that distinction. If there is a degree of wrong in such superlatively perverse methods then it is still worse that the fair name of science should be outraged in this cause. Not only that this kind of teaching necessarily depends upon catechism methods (that the answer to the second question, for example, is to read that the especial perniciousness of cigarettes is due to the fact they are usually made of decayed cigar stumps), but that the entire idea of science thus implanted is as wrong as it well can be. Better far revert to the old days when there was no science on the curriculum, than have science thus taught. The crowning, educational virtue of science is that it leads to the use of scientific methods of teaching; this usurps chokes up all possibility of an interest in the scientific. The "temperance" question is, doubtless, one of the most important with which our age has to deal—sufficiently important, perhaps, to make some consideration of it in the public schools a legitimate proceeding—but it must be done at the right time and in the proper way. Nothing can excuse the condoning of a text book on physiology into a "temperance" tract; nothing can excuse the sacrifice of presenting this story of disgusting vice under the name of "science."

Let Me Show You,

what a saving I have made during the last year by being my own doctor. Last year I paid our \$96.25 for doctors and their medicine; this year I paid \$5.00 for six bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and they have kept health in my whole family. They are the best and purest medicine ever made.—Charles King '66 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION**Neatly and Promptly****EXECUTED**

—AT THE—

GRAPHIC**JOB****OFFICE.****KINDERGARTEN INSTRUCTION IN SOME GROWN-UP VICES.****Commonwealth of Massachusetts,****IN INSOLVENCY.****MESSINGER'S NOTICE.**

MIDDLESEX, SS. WALTHAM, July 14, 1887.

Notice is hereby given that a Warrant in Insolvency, has this day issued from the Court of Insolvency, for said Commonwealth against the estate of John C. Whitney of Newton, in said County of Middlesex, Insolvent debtor. That the payment of any debts, and the delivery of any property belonging to said Insolvent Debtor to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law. That the debts of said Insolvent Debtor to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of August A. D. 1887, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

JAMES H. MCKENNA,
Deputy Sheriff.
Messenger.

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BUY YOUR

WALTHAM WATCHES

—OF—

L. D. WHITTEMORE, JR.

—AT—

Prices that Can't be Beat.**SILVER STEM WINDERS**

8.50 UP.

French, English and American clocks and watches put in first class order. All work guaranteed.

Brackett's Block, - Newton.

NEWTON COAL CO.

—SUCCESSIONS TO—

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—DEALERS IN—

COAL & WOOD.

Family Orders a Specialty.

OFFICE, ELIOT BLOCK.

Branch Office at Grain Store, Newtonville.

J. W. PEARSON, Manager.

The subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the Ladies of Newton and vicinity, to her

NEW SYSTEM

—OF—

DRESS CUTTING AND FITTING,

Which takes the lead of all others in combining a Sleeve Chart, which gives a Perfect Sleeve.

This System also gives the

NEW LONDON SIDE-BACK,

Which insures that Symmetrical Fit so desirable in tailor-made suits, etc.

The unprecedented demand for this System compels the Subscribers to confine their hours of Instruction at her residence from 7 to 9 p. m. in each day; balance of time will be devoted to outside instruction.

Testimonials from Leading Modistes in Boston and suburbs, will be shown and all questions cheerfully answered. Terms for System including In struction are \$10.

MRS. D. B. HODGDON,

Cor. JEFFERSON and CENTRE STS., NEWTON

22

DOG DAYS ARE COMING!

—BUY—

Spratt's English

Dog Biscuit,

3 Pounds for a Quarter,

—AT—

G. P. ATKINS

LAWYERS.

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113 Devonshire Street, Room 43, Boston, Mass.

Residence, Newton.

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SAMUEL L. POWERS,**COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Master in Chancery.**

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Residences, Newtonville.

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and Notary Public.

Room 73, 113 Devonshire Street, - Boston, Mass.

Residence, Eldredge St., Newton.

EDWARD W. CATE,**ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW**

113 Devonshire St., Room 52.

Residence, Newton.

GEORGE W. MORSE,**ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW**

28 State St., Room 45, Boston.

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PLUMBING WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Having had twenty-two years' experience in the business in this city, perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

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Sanitary Engineer.

(Formerly with S. F. Carrier.)

Summer's Block, Newton.

PLUMBING WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Having had twenty-two years' experience in the business in this city, perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

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Subscribe for the Graphic.

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25-1

What the Neighbors Said.

The neighbors received the news that we wuz goin' to a waterin' place coldly, or with ill-concealed envy.

Uncle Jonas Bently told us he shouldn't think we would want to go round to waterin' troughs at our age.

And I told him it wuzn't a waterin' trough, and if it wuz, I thought our age wuz just as good a one as es to go to it.

He had the impression that Saratoga wuz a immense waterin' trough where the country all drove themselves summers to be watered. He is deaf as a hemlock post, and I yelled up at him jest as loud as I dast for fear of breakin' open my own chest, that the water got into us instid of our gettin' into the water, but I didn't make him understand, for I hear afterwards of his sayin' that, es nigh es he could make out we all got into the waterin' trough and wuz watered.

The school teacher, a young man, with long, small lins, and some pimpley on the face, but well meanin', sez to me: "Saratoga is a beautiful spah."

And I sez warmly, "It aint no such thing, it's a village, for I have seen a peddler who went right through it, and watered his horses there, and he sez it is a waterin' place, and a village."

"Yes," sez he, "it is a beautiful village, a modest retiree city, and at the same time it is the most noted spah on this continent."

I wouldn't contend with him for it wuz on the stoop of the meetin' house, and I believe in bein' reverent. But I knew it wuzn't no "spah"—that had a dreadful flat sound to me. And any way I knew I should face its realities soon and know all about it. Lots of wimmen said that for anybody who lived right on the side of a canal, and had two good cisterns on the place, and a well, they didn't see why I should be in a sufferin' condition for any more water; and if I did, why didn't I ketch rain water?—[From "Samantha at Saratoga," by Josiah Allen's Wife.]

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.**List of New Books.**

Bates Arlo. <i>Lad's Love.</i>	62,647
The Book Buyer says of this novel: "The scene is Campobello, and the story has to do with a party of young people who are idling away the summer there, and especially with a young fellow hardly twenty-one, ardent and impetuous, yet with a goodly, though undeveloped, store of common sense at bottom. The story is easily told, and there are some good bits of descriptive writing."	
Berry A. B. <i>Last Penacook: A Tale of Provincial Times.</i>	62,638
A pleasant story of colonial days and Indian perils, for young readers.	
Bunner H. C. <i>Story of a New York House.</i>	66,533
A story of society life of a previous generation, told in excellent taste.	
Cunningham H. S. <i>Coerulians: A Vacation Idyll.</i>	66,537
A tale of English Civil Service in India, well written; its character pictures are ably drawn, and its conversations marked with marked success.	
Campbell H. <i>Prisoners of Poverty: Women Wage-Workers.</i>	81,106
A suggestive volume to Christian philanthropists.	
Cracker Joe. <i>No Name Series.</i>	61,614
"A Florida story full of carefully-constructed character sketches; a well-balanced and entertaining piece of work."—[The Book Buyer.]	
Don Passo J. R. <i>Interstate Commerce Act.</i>	83,146
A careful study of the legal bearing of the act.	
Dodd A. B. <i>Cathedral Days; A Tour through Southern England.</i>	32,357
A sprightly recital of the sights and incidents, and delightful ride in a private conveyance over one of the most attractive rural districts of England, with visits to the cathedral cities.	
Haggard H. R. <i>She.</i>	61,624
The worst title to the best book, thus far, of this amazingly popular writer of romance. The descriptions of South African scenery are admirable, and the story is told with great dramatic power.	
Higginson T. W. <i>Hints on Writing and Speech-making.</i>	51,404
A little manual which all writers and young platform orators will read with profit.	
Hugo Victor M. <i>Things Seen.</i>	51,407
Sketches of public incidents occurring in Paris under the eyes of the great novelist, and related with all the vividness of his marvellous fictions.	
Greene H. <i>Blind Brother; A Story of the Pennsylvania Coal Mines.</i>	62,643
A prize tale, written with much power and full of pathos.	
Lee XIII. <i>Life of, by B. O'Reilly.</i>	95,345
An appreciative and authentic sketch of the chief incidents in the career of the present Roman Pontiff.	
Lee Yau Phou. <i>When I was a Boy in China.</i>	31,243
Particularly interesting as written by a native of China, educated in this country.	
Johnston A. <i>Connecticut, (American Commonwealths.)</i>	71,226
It gives special attention to the constitutional history of the State.	
Mulhall M. G. <i>Fifty Years of National Progress (1837-87).</i>	81,105
A skillful presentation of the most notable incidents in British history since the accession of Victoria.	
Munkmose C. M. T. <i>Services of Roman Empire from Caesar to Diocletian.</i>	74,180
A valuable supplement to his previous historical records of Rome.	
Moberly C. E. <i>Early Tudors, Henry VII; Henry VIII.</i>	71,128
A continuation of the admirable series of historical epochs published by the Scrivenses.	
Meyer C. F. <i>Monk's Wedding.</i>	65,559
A romantic story is placed in the lips of Dante. The theme is the marriage of a Monk, who has laid aside the veil at the request of a dying father. The whole romantic cause leading to such an unusual event, says a reviewer is described "with an admirable literary touch."	
Meredith G. <i>Shaving of Shagpat and Farina.</i>	66,539
The Arabian Night's entertainment story gives a successful illustration of the wonderful imaginative and creative powers of this immensely popular novelist.	
B. K. PERCE, Librarian, Newton, Aug. 3, 1887.	

Dyspepsia.

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, takes the sickly weight off the organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, conches headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Get rid of that tired feeling as quick as possible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives strength, a good appetite and health.

KASKINE,**THE NEW QUININE.****SCIENCE EMERGING FROM DARKNESS.****No Bad Effect****No Headache****No Nausea.****No Ringing Ears.****Cures Quickly.****Pleasant, Pure.****A Specific for Malaria, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, Dyspepsia and all Germ Diseases.****A Powerful Tonic that the most delicate stomach will Bear. The Most Scientific and Successful Blood Purifier.**

I wish to sincerely thank you for the knowledge which you gave me of a remedy for nervous disorders and for neuralgia.

I have been afflicted all my life with attacks of neuralgia affecting principally my face and head giving me at times excruciating pain, disturbing my sleep and appetite and general health, and often rendering me unfit for business. You will see that it is not only an easy and pleasant medicine to take, but also a very effective one. When I began taking Kaskine I was nearly wild with the spasms of pain in my head and face; they were almost unbearable. After a few doses had been taken I was greatly relieved of the paroxysms. I could sleep restfully and eat my food with relish, and I said to myself, "I think that this Kaskine will do the business for me."

I continued its use and was soon a different man; the pains were all gone, the nervous twitches and lightning-like twinges of darting agony had disappeared; my depressed spirits rose, and whatever the cause or however it may have wrought, I believe that Kaskine (the new quinine) has proved itself to be the true remedy for neuralgia.

Some months have now elapsed since my neuralgic attacks ceased and they have not returned.

I again thank you for making known to me this remedy, and if my "say so" is of any use to you or to others who may be suffering from this dreaded infliction, I am entirely willing that you should use my name in its behalf, as personally I believe in it.

J. J. BENSON,
131 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

P. S.—I will very willingly reply to any letters of inquiry addressed to me at my residence, 131 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine (the new quinine) as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

The Kaskine Company, 54 Warren St., New York, and 35 Fardington Road, London.

tive functions, furnishing new and vivifying blood to the attenuated and throbbing nerves.

I without hesitation began to use it freely and steadily according to the directions, and found that it was not only an easy and pleasant medicine to take, but also a very effective one. When I began taking Kaskine I was nearly wild with the spasms of pain in my head and face; they were almost unbearable. After a few doses had been taken I was greatly relieved of the paroxysms. I could sleep restfully and eat my food with relish, and I said to myself, "I think that this Kaskine will do the business for me."

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One hundred persons holding Club Tickets or Checks on Hardy, Cheekering, Ritz, Hastings and other Boston Photographers, to call and have sittings made on them this week at my studio.

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and hot weather is now in order, but whether at home or away at the seashore, or in the country, don't forget that

FOULD'S WHEAT GERM MEAL

(the germ and gluten of wheat) is the cereal food of the world for breakfast. Have it for the children, for

If they are fed on cake and pie.

They'll have Dyspepsia by

A quart of boiling water, 1/2 cup full of wheat germ meal, and ten minutes gives you a dish fit for a queen; grocers sell it everywhere in 15 cent packages.

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BRUNSWICK, 1887.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

NEWTON, MASS., AUGUST 6, 1887.

EDWARD D. BALDWIN, Publisher.

OFFICE, Rear of Post Office, Newton. Subscription, \$2 in advance.—Single copies for sale at the office and by all newsdealers.

Telephone No. 7909.

THE NEWTON TRANSCRIPT HAS BEEN CONSOLIDATED WITH THE GRAPHIC.

Entered at Newton P. O. as Second Class Matter

Subscribers going away for the summer can have the GRAPHIC mailed to them without extra cost, and the address will be changed as often as desired.

THE INCREASED TAX RATE.

The increase in the tax rate of \$1.40 over last year is not a welcome surprise, although some of the increase is due to facts not under the control of the city government. The state tax levied upon the city is \$14,000 greater than last year, and the county tax \$2,000 greater. This accounts for about 50 cents of the increase. Then there is \$10,000 for the flood damages of last year, which is included in this year's levy.

There has been a large increase of expenditures in various city departments also, notably so in the highway and school departments. The street light appropriation was increased \$6,000. Some school house notes have come due and must be paid, more teachers have been hired at higher salaries, and all these things help swell the sum total. In the highway department, for instance, every one is demanding that his street or his sidewalk be improved, and in a city as large as Newton there is an unlimited field for improvements of this kind.

It is only by the strictest economy and watchfulness that the tax rate can be kept from increasing year by year, and even then there are unforeseen expenses which have to be provided for. The problem before the different branches of the city government is not an easy one, and the man who looks out most zealously for the interests of the taxpayers is pretty sure to find himself unpopular, and charged with being an enemy to public improvements. Nevertheless it seems to be time to take in a little sail, and to keep expenses from increasing faster than the increasing valuation of the city will permit. It will not be prudent to allow the tax rate to increase much beyond the present figure, and in making up the appropriations for another year this fact should be borne in mind.

It is all very well to have modern improvements, but there is danger of getting so many of them all at once that people in moderate circumstances can not afford to own property or to rent houses in Newton.

In this connection it is proper to say a good word for the assessors, always the most unpopular officials in a city. They have a difficult task, as they must steer carefully between a too high tax rate on the one hand and a too high valuation on the other. They must look carefully after taxable property, which is not always ways pleasant to the owners thereof, and in general their duties are far from agreeable. Our assessors seem to have done their work faithfully and with a careful regard for the interests of the city, and they are certainly deserving of credit for keeping the tax rate this year as low as possible.

PERNICKY TEACHING.

The last number of Science has an article calling attention to a kind of instruction given to young children in the primary schools, and the lower grades of the grammar school, which passes under the name of elementary instruction in physiology. The article is well worth reading and will be found in another column. The writer takes the position that physiology is not a proper study for children of 8 and 10 years of age, and this agrees with the opinion of many of the wisest educators. It destroys that unconsciousness which is the symbol of childhood, and which is carefully guarded in the homes. But the greatest objection he finds is that the elementary text books on the subject, used in many cities, are not scientific works at all, but merely tracts on temperance, and he says that if there is any system calculated to produce a race of drunkards, by developing morbid curiosity in the little pupils, this system has good claims to that distinction. The article seems to be rather exaggerated, as it is doubtful if there is any public school where such questions as the ten quoted are asked of children of the age mentioned, but it calls attention to a dangerous tendency in school instruction. Few parents would be willing to allow their little ones to visit a dissecting room, but the horrors would be no greater than allowing them to study the physiological charts recently adopted in our schools, at a large expense, for example, and which are largely devoted to showing the effect of alcohol upon the internal organs. In the lower grades, especially, these charts should be guarded carefully by the teachers, and if allowed to remain permanently on the topmost shelf of a dark closet, there would be no just cause for complaint. Such "strong meat" is not proper for babes. The importance of the temperance question demands some attention in schools, but there is a right way and a wrong way to give such instruction, and it is not always wise to instruct children in grown up vices.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A PROSPECT THAT THE LONG DESIRED FAST MAIL BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK WILL SOON BECOME A REALITY.

THE celebration of the one hundredth birthday of Mr. Seth Davis will be a notable event in the history of Newton, and Mayor Kimball's action in calling upon the city government to make arrangements for it is peculiarly appropriate. Such a public spirited citizen as Mr. Davis always has deserved all the honors that the city can bestow upon him, and from the interest that the citizens are taking in the matter, the celebration will be worthy of the occasion. It is to be hoped that Mayor Kimball's suggestion that the school children take part in the exercises can be carried out. Mr. Davis has always taken such a lively interest in the schools, and occupied such a prominent position as an educator for so many years, that such a feature of the exercises would be peculiarly appropriate. The lesson taught by honors paid to such a man would be productive of more good than any lessons taught in the schools.

MR. CURTIS'S speech before the national civil service reform league makes very interesting reading, and he shows a commendable desire to be just to all parties. His mourning for President Cleveland's fall from grace is probably sincere, although the surprising fact is that a Democratic President should be able to make any headway in reform principles. As was predicted at the start, his party was too strong for him, but nevertheless the cause has been advanced, and the sentiment in favor of reform principles is stronger than ever before. With the sentiments of the civil service reformers towards the President, as expressed by Mr. Curtis, the Republicans have only to put up the right kind of a candidate to induce most of them to support him.

THE papers have begun a crusade against the drunkenness and disorder on the last train from Boston, especially on Saturday night. It is coming to be the case that respectable people can not safely travel on this train, without being subjected to annoyances and insults, and the train officials seem to be powerless to preserve order. As Boston gets the profit out of the trade in making these men drunk, it ought to provide policemen on the late trains to see them safely home, or at least keep them from annoying sober passengers.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER evidently now includes the Newton GRAPHIC as well as Mr. Howells in its black list. Mr. Howells has survived and there seems to be every prospect that the GRAPHIC will.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Newton, Middlesex County, Mass., Aug. 6, 1887.

Alex D Alcar	Wm B Brownian
Frank Clark	W E Chittenden
Daniel Conroy	Dr N L Damon
George Davis	M A Dunn
J D Green	John Walter Hobard
James C Harvey	John Hegarty
James E Harden	John McHugh
J M Morgan	J E Morris
S A Pearl	Eugene Sampson
Edward E Taylor	Michael G O'Sullivan
Michael Welch	Joseph Wentworth
WOMEN.	
Miss Jane D Brown	Miss Nellie Byson
Miss E B Colburn	Miss Katie Duggan
Miss F B Colburn	Miss Mrs E Holmes
Miss Nora Kelleher	Miss Samuel Langen
Miss Rosanna Lambert	Mary Lister
Mrs A O Moore	Miss B Maud Noyes
Mrs Fred T Parks	Miss B Stanton
Miss Esther Stone	Miss Amelia Winslow
Mrs Michael Mullens.	

Honoring a Centenarian.

[Boston Journal.]

The many friends of Mr. Seth Davis will see with pleasure that the City Council of Newton proposes to celebrate the hundredth birthday of a respected townsman with appropriate honors.

Mr. Davis came to Newton when he was about twelve years old and learned the trade of a bricklayer, but had always thirsted for knowledge, and like some other boys, distinguished in after life, he employed every leisure moment in close devotion to study. By this means and some school training, he became thoroughly prepared for teaching and founded a private school in West Newton, which was unexcelled in its day. Many a Boston merchant was trained in Master Davis's school and owed to him a large share of his intellectual development; for to enlarge the mental capacity of his pupils, Mr. Davis looked, quite as much as to storing their minds with the facts and elements of knowledge. Mr. Davis prepared a mental arithmetic, somewhat after the method of the celebrated book of Warren Colburn, which book was used with great success in his own and other schools. Among the "Newton boys" who graduated at his school are Alexander H. Rice and Prof. D. B. Hagar, now Principals of the State Normal School at Salem.

Mr. Davis has always been a prominent and useful citizen of Newton, and enjoys a serene old age, with troops of admiring and grateful friends among his widely scattered pupils; while there is probably not a single soul in all the world that has aught of thought or wish against him. The one hundredth anniversary of so rare a citizen should be commemorated by his neighbors and surviving pupils with all the honors.

Pianos are Perfection.

Among all the different makes of pianos now claiming public attention and winning the regard of musicians there are none that surpass in all the qualities that go to complete the perfect instruments the McPhail Imperial Gold Medal Uprights. These pianos have won the very highest rank, and such is the recognition of their merits that the name of McPhail has become synonymous for a perfect instrument and one that is sure to give the greatest possible satisfaction to the possessor. The most eminent musicians in the country have placed upon these pianos the seal of their unqualified endorsement, and have especially borne testimony to their superiority for purity, brilliancy, distinction, power, and depth of tone, their evenness of action, elasticity and delicacy of touch, and qualities of a distinctive character.

MR. SETH DAVIS.

Preparations for Celebrating His 100th Birthday.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT MEETS AND APPOINTS COMMITTEES.

Both branches of the city council met on Monday evening in response to a call from Mayor Kimball, to make arrangements for marking in an official way the 100th birthday of Newton's honored citizen, Mr. Seth Davis. A convention was ordered, and after assembling in the common council chamber, Mayor Kimball read the following message:

"Gentlemen.—The one hundredth birthday of our esteemed fellow citizen, the venerable Seth Davis, will occur on Saturday, the third day of September next. Mr. Davis has resided in Newton for the remarkable period of 84 years and by his interest and efficiency in public affairs, his honorable and useful life and the excellence of his example, he has won a conspicuous place in the respect and affection of his fellow citizens.

It seems to me that such a notable event in the life of so estimable a citizen, should receive an appropriate public observance.

Therefore I recommend that the city council as a committee of the whole and five citizens at large from each ward be constituted a committee to take such action in the matter as may appear best adapted to accomplish the object in view."

Alderman Nickerson moved that the message be received and its recommendations adopted, which was carried.

THE COMMITTEE.

The committee will consist of the following from the city government:

His Honor Mayor Kimball; Aldermen Hollis, Grant, Nickerson, Johnson, Pettee, Ward and Harwood.

President Coffin, Councilmen Powell, Redpath, Chadwick, Fisk, Dix, Moody, Gore, Billings, Pond, Reed, Burr, Tyler and Kennedy.

AT LARGE.

Ward One—John C. Park, E. W. Converse, Edwin O. Childs, D. R. Emerson, Gilman Brattell.

Ward Two—Wm. Claffin, Seth Bemis, Charles S. Pulsifer, George E. Bridge, Geo. W. Gould.

Ward Three—L. G. Pratt, E. W. Wood, George E. Allen, Vernon E. Carpenter, Eliza F. Thayer.

Ward Four—Isaac Hagar, Joshua Washburn, J. Willard Rice, George W. Kimball, Charles Ford Croshore.

Ward Five—Otis Pettee, John A. Gould, James R. Deane, Moses G. Crane, Willard Marcy.

Ward Six—J. F. C. Hyde, Alvah Hoar, William Morton, Isaac F. Kingsbury, Henry Ross.

Ward Seven—Joseph N. Bacon, George Hyde, David W. Farquhar, George S. Harwood, Henry Fuller.

After the appointment of these gentlemen as a committee had been confirmed, there was some discussion over the date at which the whole committee should be called together. Alderman Pettee, Councilmen Gore, Tyler and others made remarks and it was finally decided to call the meeting for Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th, at 7:30 p. m., so as to give all the gentlemen named an opportunity to be present.

The city clerk was present to notify the members of the committee.

Mayor Kimball said that the exercises would probably be of a very simple character, to take place either in the city hall or at Mr. Davis's residence. Ex-Governor Rice and Prof. D. B. Hagar, two former pupils of Mr. Davis, would probably make speeches, with singing by the school children, or other exercises of a like nature.

After some further discussion, the joint convention was dissolved and both branches adjourned.

A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Davis was born in Ashby, Mass., his father being Timothy Davis, who took part in the Revolutionary war. Mr. Davis had only 20 months schooling, and then went to work. He came to Newton in 1802 with 25 cents in his pocket and his extra clothes tied in a pocket handkerchief, and worked four summers for Henry Crafts on Crafts street, farming for \$8 per month, studying in his leisure hours; in 1800 took charge of a district school in Mason, N. H.; 1807 to 1809 taught winter schools in Townsend; 1810 to 1812 taught public school, West Newton; winter 1812-13 kept East school, Newton; 1813-14 had oversight of Seth Bemis's cotton factory, Waltham, and taught school in winter; 1814 to 1818 had charge of East and West schools, Newton.

Soon after this he opened a private academy in West Newton, which he kept till 1830, when he sold to George C. Beckwith. Afterwards he occasionally aided his daughter, Harriet, who kept a private school. He introduced geography into the Newton schools and the practice of speaking pieces. This caused so much stir that a town meeting was called, where, after much debate on the demoralizing tendencies of the times, it was decided by a majority vote that geography might be discontinued.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

He introduced other helps to learning and delivered several courses of scientific lectures in Newton, Waltham and elsewhere. The first temperance society of Newton was organized in his school. In 1814 he gave up the use of ardent spirits as a beverage, being probably the first man in Newton to do this. Seventy-five years ago he commenced setting out fruit and ornamental trees, a practice he continued every year. In 1840 he was chosen county commissioner for three years. In his school, it is said, pupils unable to pay were received on the same footing as children of wealthy parents.

ABOUT HIS FAMILY.

He was married October 27, 1810, to Mary Durrell, who died June 16, 1867. He had two children, Harriet, who died 33 years ago, and Mary, who married Rev. Augustus Willard, also deceased. A granddaughter, Hattie Willard, died 24 years ago, then a beautiful girl of 20. He married Mary J. Glidden, his present wife, July 1, 1868. He was taken a strong interest in Newton town affairs, has been justice of the peace for years, and now holds a commission as such signed by Gov. Robinson. There are no children or grandchildren now living; his three brothers are dead, but one sister, aged 90, is living in Townsend.

HIS OLD PUPILS.

Among all the different makes of pianos now claiming public attention and winning the regard of musicians there are none that surpass in all the qualities that go to complete the perfect instruments the McPhail Imperial Gold Medal Uprights. These pianos have won the very highest rank, and such is the recognition of their merits that the name of McPhail has become synonymous for a perfect instrument and one that is sure to give the greatest possible satisfaction to the possessor. The most eminent musicians in the country have placed upon these pianos the seal of their unqualified endorsement, and have especially borne testimony to their superiority for purity, brilliancy, distinction, power, and depth of tone, their evenness of action, elasticity and delicacy of touch, and qualities of a distinctive character.

These pianos have over all others is their durability and their manner of holding the tone, while for elegance of workmanship and beauty they are unsurpassed. A visit to the warerooms, 630 Washington street, will prove all that has herein been said in their favor.—*Boston Budget.*

loved master, while a general invitation will be given to the public.

Among the foremost of the pupils are ex-Gov. Rice, Prof. D. B. Hagar of the State Normal School at Salem; Seth Bemis of Newton, Allen Kingsbury of Wellesley Hills, Henry Ross, superintendent of the Newton cemetery, and others. Ex-Gov. Claffin, while not a pupil of his, has a warm interest in Mr. Davis, and, with other leading citizens, will take part in the celebration, while ex-Gov. Rice has manifested a special desire to be present and say a good word for Master Davis.

HIS HEALTH.

Since October, 23, 1886, Mr. Davis has been unable to walk without difficulty, as he had at that time a severe fall on a concrete sidewalk, which caused a partial paralysis of his lower limbs. He is able, however, to sit up part of the day, and with assistance to walk across the room, but he spends most of the time in bed. He has never suffered from illness and is able to talk with old friends, many of whom call frequently to see him, and find him as bright and cheerful as ever.

He is always in good spirits and takes great interest in the approaching celebration of his 100th birthday, which he has looked forward to for some time. Ten years ago his 90th birthday was celebrated in the city hall, and a full account of the exercises and of the chief events in Mr. Davis's life appeared in the GRAFFIC at that time. Mr. Davis takes a lively interest in local affairs and has been a subscriber to the GRAFFIC since early in its history.

It was formerly his custom to celebrate his birthday by walking from his home on Watertown street, West Newton, to Boston, a distance of ten miles, and continued the practice for some years after his 90th birthday.

His fondness for trees is well known and for 75 years he has set out many trees yearly, thousands of the trees in West Newton having been planted by him. When he came to Newton, 55 years ago, there were only half dozen houses in West Newton, and the fact that it is such a beautiful place to-day is owing in great measure to him, as at one time or another he has owned most of the land in the ward.

MARRIED.

At West Newton, July 27, by Rev. O. D. Kimball, Isaac Smith and Annie McCullough.

At Belmont, July 16, by Rev. George P. Gilman, Willard E. Brown of Boston and Mary L. Danforth of Newton.

In West Newton, Aug. 4th, at the residence of Mr. George D. Dix, by Rev. O. D. Kimball, Mr. Jos. E. Greyson of Boston and Miss Minnie A. Fuller of West Newton.

TERMS—Cash on Delivery

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Cor. Centre and Elmwood streets.

A full line of Chemicals of Standard Purity at ways in stock.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Miss Mollie Wallace has returned from Swanscott.
—Mrs. C. F. West and the Misses West are at Duxbury.
—Mr. G. W. Gould, Jr., has gone to Portland.
—Mrs. Susman and family are at Nantasket for the month.
—Mr. W. F. Chapman and family are at Nantasket for the month.
—A concrete sidewalk is being laid on the east side of Otis street.
—John Viles lost a valuable horse Thursday morning from the colic.
—Mr. D. S. Harkins and Miss Mary Harkins are at Newton.
—The Methodist church is open for evening service only.
—Harry Savage is enjoying the trout fishing at Wentworth, N. H.
—Mr. H. H. Sacker and family are at the Wachusett Mountain House.
—Mr. J. F. Banchor and family are at the Standish House, South Duxbury.
—Mrs. A. Williams is spending a few days at Northbridge, Mass.
—Miss Annie Lewis goes to South Hanover next week for a fortnight's vacation.
—Dr. Otis E. Hunt and family are at the Sunset Pavilion, North Conway.
—Mrs. E. H. Barton and Miss A. L. Briggs are at Cottage City, Mass.
—Mr. G. Maynard and family are at Warwick for the month of August.
—Frank Banchor and Frank Soule of Newton are camping out near Freeport, Me.
—Mrs. F. C. Barton and daughter have returned from their visit to Marblehead Neck.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Curtis leave next week for Fort Point, Stockton, Me., to visit their father, Mr. Dustin Lancy.
—The address of the parties who wished a trained goat has been mislaid and several letters await them at the GRAPHIC office.
—A concrete driveway is to connect the new Clafin block with Walnut street; the houses are now nearly ready for occupancy.
—The Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church had a picnic up the river with a supper, Thursday afternoon and evening.
—J. Cheever Fuller has sold this week a house and lot on Lexington street, Auburndale to Crosby Salmon, and has leased the Loomis house on Lowell street to L. A. Wood.
—Mr. John A. Fenno, general ticket agent of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn railroad, is stopping at the Cottage Park House, Winthrop.
—Mrs. G. F. Churchill and family are at the Minahaut Hotel, Falmouth, for the month of August, thus making their fourth season at that pleasant summer resort.
—The remains of W. S. Sinclair, who died at the residence of his father-in-law, in East Orange, N. J., were brought here this week for interment in the Newton Cemetery.
—Mrs. C. A. Shedd and Miss Beecher left on Wednesday for Breezy Point, N. H., to remain during August. Miss Beecher hopes to resume her "Talks with the Girls" in next week's GRAPHIC.
—Mrs. A. S. Bryant and Master Fred, with the former's cousin, Mrs. Dr. Oviatt, go next week from Sudbury, where they have been spending the month of July to the Pacific House, Nantasket, to remain during August.
—The engagement is announced of Mr. Edward P. Call to Miss Mary F. Marshall, the daughter of Gen. F. J. Marshall of Denver. Col. Gen. Marshall was governor of Kansas under the Le Compton constitution. Mr. Call and Miss Marshall, it is understood, will be married in the fall.
—Mr. E. Bradshaw is to fit up part of Mr. Smead's grain store as a bakery. He will make a specialty of home-made bread and pure candy. He started a few weeks ago the making of candy as an experiment, and his trade has reached such large proportions that he is unable to supply all his patrons. He expects to open his shop by the middle of August.
—There will be preaching in the Universalist church while the pastor, the Rev. R. A. White, is on his vacation during the month of August. The pulpit will be supplied by ministers well known here. August 7th, W. H. Morrison of Manchester, N. H.; August 14th, Rev. J. Coleman Adams of Chicago, Ills.; a former pastor, August 21st, Rev. C. Ellwood Nash of Akron, Ohio, formerly of Newtonville; Sunday, August 28th, Rev. A. G. Rogers of Albany, New York.

WEST NEWTON.

—Mrs. Doane is visiting at Sandwich.
—Warren Kilburn is at Squirrel Island.
—Mr. W. H. Daniels is at Mt. Tom, Mass.
—Albert Bailey is at Old Orchard Beach.
—Mr. S. F. Cate is again confined to his house.
—Mrs. F. F. Raymond and child are at Jackson.
—Mr. and Mrs. Luther H. Felton are at Pigeon Cove.
—Miss M. S. Sprague is at Gray's Inn, Jackson, N. H.
—Miss Carrie Childs is at Great Head, Winthrop, Mass.
—Miss May Lovett has been spending this week at Milton.
—Miss Susie M. Riley is spending the summer at Ocean Spray.
—Mr. Levi Cooley has returned from his trip to Lake George.
—Mrs. Geo. Phelps is home from Wianno, Osterville, for a few days.
—Miss Alice Morton has returned from her visit to Bethel, Me.
—Mr. D. W. Childs and Mrs. H. K. Burison are at Lynn.
—Miss Mira Metcalf and father have gone to Augusta, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lambert have returned from their visit at Hull.
—Major Crockett returned last Saturday from his trip to Provincetown.
—Mr. Frank Barker and wife have the warmest sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their infant daughter nine months old. The funeral was attended

from their residence, Wednesday p. m., Rev. Mr. Patrick officiating.

—Mrs. Hinckley and daughter are spending this week at Jaffrey, N. H.
—Mr. Geo. P. Bullard and family have returned from Ocean Spray.
—Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Crockett are spending a week at Provincetown, Mass.
—Mrs. E. F. Jones and the Misses Jones are at Bethlehem, N. H.
—Mr. Aaron Barker and family leave next week for a visit at Wells, Me.
—Mrs. E. D. Hinckley and daughter left on Tuesday for Sugar Hill, N. H.
—Mrs. E. D. Drew and children are expected to arrive from China next week.
—Miss Elsie Prat is visiting Miss Florence Merriam at Nantucket.
—Mrs. Geo. L. Lovett and her daughter Louise, have gone to Kennebunkport.
—Mrs. E. F. Jones, Miss M. F. Jones and Miss Furber are at Bethlehem, N. H.
—Mr. Marcus Morton and son have gone to Annisquam for a couple of weeks.
—Mr. H. G. Cleveland and family are at Lawrence Cottage, Ocean Spray.
—Miss Emma Nickerson leaves to-day for a visit of two weeks at Provincetown.
—Rev. Mr. Danforth of Philadelphia will occupy Mr. Patrick's pulpit on Sunday.
—Mrs. E. B. Homer and Fred Homer are at the Rose Standish House, Downer Landing.
—Mrs. George Bailey and daughter are at the Sea View House on the South Shore.
—Miss Jennie C. Allen and Miss Annie M. Kittredge are at Saratoga for a few weeks.
—Mrs. Albert F. Noyes and family leave to-day (Friday) for a month's visit at Castine, Me.
—City Messenger Wellington returned on Tuesday from his visit to Chicago and Milwaukee.
—Mr. H. D. Sizer and family went Monday to Kennebunkport for the month of August.
—Mr. Ellery Peabody will start next week for Bar Harbor, where he will spend his vacation.

—Miss Myra Tolman has returned from Nantucket, where she has been spending a few weeks.
—Mr. Charles Burrill and family have gone to Brown Point, N. Y., for a few weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson have returned from their trip to the White Mountains.
—Mr. John W. Carter, with his son Richard, sailed from New York on Wednesday for Europe.

—Mrs. Drinkwater, formerly Miss Amy Gates, has been visiting her father at the United States Hotel.

—Mr. O. D. Homer and family are at the Rose Standish House, Downer Landing, for the month of August.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bullivant are expected to arrive home from their European trip the early part of next week.

—Miss Florence Plimpton, with a party of sixteen from Canton and Jamaica, spent last Sunday very pleasantly at Scituate.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Eddy and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Dowse will spend a few weeks at the Look Off House, Lisbon, N. H.

—Mrs. Bennet with her grand-daughter have joined the Raymond excursion, and are enjoying a fine trip to the White Mountains.

—Herbert Felton has been presented with a fine Peterboro canoe, made by H. V. Partelow & Co. The canoe is a birthday present from his father.

—Work has been commenced on the new street connecting Sterling place with Prince street. The name of this new one will probably be Sewell street.

—Mr. H. H. Hunt came near having a serious accident while in Boston on Tuesday. In crossing a blocked street, he was thrown from a dray, and received several bad bruises on his forehead.

—The Boston Record Wednesday contained an interesting interview with Mr. Seth Davis, and a well-written sketch of his life. The Record is always well-informed in regard to Newton affairs.

—The highway committee will meet the selectmen of Wellesley Saturday afternoon at Upper Falls, for an inspection of the bridges between Newton and Wellesley.

—Mr. Samuel Barnard has his family again from their vacation at the sea-side. During their absence he has much improved the interior of his house by a fresh coat of paint.

—Geo. L. Saunders has just returned from Prince Edwards Island, where he has been spending six weeks. He had not been down to his old home before for thirty-one years.

—The Newton Atheneum Library and Reading Room has been closed this week during the annual examination of books. The library will be open for the delivery of books on Monday, Aug. 8.

—Mrs. Dr. Ames and niece of Kankakee, Ill., are stopping with Miss Jennie Freeman.

—Mr. C. L. Bird had the misfortune to fall from a bicycle one day last week, breaking his wrist.

—Mr. B. D. Clarke, who has been visiting at his father's for a few days returned to New York this week.

—A little son of Officer Purcell fell from a tree on Saturday of last week and broke his arm. He was attended by Dr. Thompson.

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—The members of Charles Ward Post 62 G. A. R. resident in this village attended the funeral of Comrade George Patch last Sunday at Framingham.

—The primary department of the Methodist Sunday School, with teachers and friends, enjoyed a picnic in Mr. Marcy's grove last Saturday afternoon.

—On Sunday evening last, the Baptist society held an open-air meeting on the knoll by the side of the church. There was good music and speaking and the meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

—Rev. John Peterson is spending the week at his camp cottage, at Sterling

Highland, Mass.

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—Mrs. C. C. Bragdon went to Williamsport, Pa., this week.

—Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Worcester are at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

—Mr. George Harvey and wife returned on Monday from their European trip.

—F. O. Stetson has received a scholarship of \$200 at the Institute of Technology.

—Mr. Frank E. Morse and Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morse, have gone to Post Mills, Vermont.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Bourne and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bourne have gone to Cottage City to spend a few days.

—Arthur Coit of Huntington, Mass., proprietor of Grover's pharmacy, has been visiting Howard A. Grant.

—Mrs. W. E. Plummer, Mrs. W. I. Goodrich and Master Allston, are spending this week at Cross Island, Essex.

—Mr. E. W. Keyes went with a party from Weston and Rolliston on a days drive to North Sudbury last Monday.

—Miss E. B. Parker, with Mrs. Linton of Minnequash, sailed on Monday for Someset, Nova Scotia, on the New Brunswick.

—Mr. C. C. Burr's large mastiff was unfortunately struck and killed by an outward express train early Wednesday morning.

—Dr. Duraea will preach on Sunday at the Congregational church, Rev. Calvin Cutler having gone on his summer vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Bellows sailed for Europe last Saturday. They go only for the benefit of the voyage and will return on the next steamer.

—Mrs. S. H. Thayer and daughter, who have been staying for some time at the Woodland Park Hotel, left this week for their home at Tarrytown, N. Y.

—Mr. George Coffin and family are at Dublin, N. H., for the remainder of the season. Mr. George and Fred Coffin sailed for home and Boston on the Cephalonia, on August 1st.

—The horse belonging to Mr. Fred Pierce of Brighton ran away Monday evening. It had been tied near the Boston Canoe Club House at Riverside, and in some way slipped its bridle. Its course was toward the coal sheds in this village. Arriving there it took to the railroad track where the buggy was left behind. The horse was caught in West Newton.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cordingly celebrated their 25th anniversary July 23d. The occasion was a very happy one, Mrs. Cordingly, sister from England being for the first time visiting in this country. Many costly and pleasant remembrances, were received, a large proportion coming from across the water. They have the cordial congratulations of their Auburndale friends.

—Miss Cora Stewart gave an "at home" to a large number of her friends Wednesday evening. The outside of the house and ground were handsomely decorated with Chinese lanterns. Miss Stewart was assisted by Mrs. George Sawin of Newton, Miss Beaman of Charlestown, Miss Dodge of Hingham, Miss Mabel Stewart, Miss Howland of West Newton, and Miss Davis of Allston. Miss Farley was the cordial hostess of the supper room. The weather was ordered especially for the occasion. The house was handsomely decorated with flowers from the fine garden of Mr. A. G. Brown.

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—The chemical laboratory of Billings, Clapp & Co. is shut down for a brief vacation.

—A game of base ball was played on Saturday afternoon by the Hosiery nine vs. the Stars of Waltham, resulting in a victory for the latter. The score stood 11 to 6.

—Thomas Flynn attended the florists' picnic at Rocky Point, and was so unfortunate as to be one of the number who were injured by the breaking down of a staging or piazza. He received a severe sprain and internal injuries.

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OUR LEGEND.

The legend set upon our shield
Brings with grand meaning; All in one,
Hearts wedded, souls together run
At white heat on the battle-field!

One shining way for all to take,
One oath, one hope, one purpose grand,
One flag for all in all the land,
Upheaved by all for Freedom's sake.

One sign set in the central sky,
Read of all men alike, a name
Written in empyrean flame
By the bold hand of Destiny!

That legend caught could dim of man,
Through bashed in tears and hid in smoke,
From the focal storm it broke,
A bow above the cloud of war.

We read it pensive and knew
Some element of precious gain
Had come to it from wounds and pain,
And mightily its meaning grew.

And so we keep upon our shield
The deathless legend: All in one,
Hearts wedded, souls together run
At white heat on the battle-field.

A myriad songs, together thrown
Across old gulfs of hate, are blent,
Like starlight in the firmament,
And round the world in triumph blown.

Our starry unity of stars
Gives man a manly masterhood,
Our law of love engrossed in blood
Is sealed with burning bullet-scars!

—Maurice Thompson in American Magazine.

LAUREL CAMP.

"Oh, boys, how I wish I was going with you!" and dainty Bess Fleming perched herself disconsolately on the arm of the lounge in what her brothers called their "boudoir," and gazed with big, wistful gray eyes on the animated scene before her.

The festive preparations are indeed almost enough to make one wish one had been born a boy. Floor, chairs and table are covered with a choice but varied collection of hunting boots, fishing tackle, entomologist's paraphernalia of waxen headed pins, chloroform bottles, and butterfly nets, favorite authors, hammocks, and other evidences of a "right royal good time." The masculine occupants of the room were all so very deeply engrossed that their envious sister's plaintive wish fell on almost unheeding ears.

Hal muttered: "W-wish you could!" Tom gazed at her through the microscope glass he was polishing, with an eye enormously enlarged thereby, and smiled in conscious masculine superiority; and only good-natured Steenie paused in his struggles with his knapsack (which seemingly declined to accommodate his blanket, a work on anatomy, a gossamer coat and a dismembered gun) sufficiently long to say with genuine brotherly good will:—

"And you should go in a minute, Popity—it would be worth ten seasons to you—if it were not for Val Graham."

"Val Graham! Who is he? Let him stay at home, then. To make coffee in a dear little kettle swung on three sticks, to sleep in a hammock, and be out doors all summer!" cries Miss Fleming enthusiastically. "Oh, I will go! What's the matter with Mr. Graham? Is he one of your fossilized professors who would petrify a simple maiden? I don't care what he is, you need not imagine I would find time to look at him. I" (magnanimously) "won't mind him a bit."

"But, b-b-bless you my child," ejaculated Hal, energetically, "it's not a question of whether you would mind Val. The boot is on the other leg. It's Val would mind you. There's some romantic story about his being brought up by an uncle who had been cruelly treated by some lovely flirt. Youthful affections tramped on, and all that kind of thing. Takes to the life of a hermit, and educates the ingenuous Valentine to regard with horror the whole female sex. Val would sooner face a 'venomous wiper' than a woman, and I am confident that if he suspected we meditated such treason as the introduction of the dreaded element, he would flee to the uttermost parts of the earth rather than go with us; and he the prime suggester of the camping scheme, too! Lastly, and finally, how could such a luxurious little lady rough it with a lot of boys among the jungles of New York State? It's impossible."

"Oh, you can say impossible; but I could go, and you would take me, if it were not for that odious creature! How I hate him!" cried Bess, stormingly.

"A letter for you, Mr. Stephen," and the dignified butler steps solemnly over the debris, and looks with stern disapproval at the disordered room.

"From Val himself, is it not, Steenie?" asked Tom.

"Yes. Too bad, he can't go, after all—an attack of malarial fever—knows you will have a jolly time. Almost desperate when I think of your starting without me."

"Now I am going!" and Bess starts up impetuously.

"How can you?"

"You'll see. I'll take Martha to take care of you. I'll be ready in an hour, Martha and her budgets included," and Bess vanished like a small whirlwind, leaving the trio too much astonished to do aught but stare at each other in silence.

Did she accomplish it? Of course; what other result was possible to so much energy and spirit? By the time the others had finished their remarkable masculine packing, Bess, bubbling over with merry anticipation, was soothing the dazed Martha, who was vibrating between a feeling of gypsyish delight at what seemed to her a mad escapade and gloomy presentiments of inevitable rheumatism.

* * * * *

The scene shifts to the wilds of the Empire State and a camp established in their depths. This is no mere fashionable tabernacle in the wilderness, but a real camp, with amateur cooks, with spicy hemlock beds, and with a smoke-blackened kettle swinging over a snapping fire, the smoke of which curls lazily upward, making misty the delicate tracery of the waving trees against the soft summer sky, and hammocks swinging like huge cocoons between the trees, inviting to drowsy repose.

A few yards away an unseen mountain brook tumbles its ice-cold water into the rocky river, and the two sing together in low monotone, telling of fern-fringed pools and gliding trout. Through arch-ways cut in the glossy laurel thicket can be seen the paths that the feet of the straying campers have already worn to the woodland haunts beyond.

But the glory of the camp is the structure variously known as the "house," "shanty," or "Laurel Lodge." Built against a little knoll, it supports living trees, its roof of slabs (which the busy little river obligingly strews along its banks from lumber regions further north) slopes almost to the ground at the back. Its sides are a thickly-woven mat of hemlock boughs, held in place by horizontal boards. The facade of the building presents a portal of magnificent proportions from which the portiere of gorgeous quilt (early English) is looped aside, disclosing a floor of slabs, the knapsacks and stores and odorous regions beyond. The dining-room is a leafy roof under which a table is made with the smooth side of the ubiquitous slab uppermost, the supports being trees sawed off at the needed height. Along the sides of the table, seats are arranged, and occupying these seats just at present are the campers, finishing the noonday meal and discussing with absorbing interest plans for securing a great store of logs and planks which Steenie had discovered in a bend of the river, wedged in among the rocks. To raft them down and bring them in to add to the large pile already drying a few feet from the fire (protected by sloping slabs) against the proverbial rainy day, would be an afternoon's work for the boys. Careful Martha, in full hand, has started for the blackberry patch a few rods away.

A sudden turn around a clump of fringe-birches, and Mr. Graham beholds a spectacle which drives away from him all thoughts of his own troubles.

Upon a gnarly old tree, leaning far out over the river, sits Miss Bess, plainly disconsolate. In the pool below her, her hat is slowly sailing around like a gondola of new design. At the sound of footsteps she raises her head; but as her eyes met his, the welcoming gleam of hope in them gives way to a flash of ire, and she says petulantly:—

"Oh, I hoped you were Steenie."

"I'm sorry," he says gently, "but Steenie would not help you more gladly than I would, were it in my power."

After a pause, during which the girl's tears puzzled him, he continued quietly:—

"Let us go home to the boys and our camp-fire. It is getting late. You will take cold there; and you have lost your hat, too."

"Not at all," returns Bess. "I am only leaving it there till I come down. I am waiting for the sunset, but you need not wait."

"But I should like to."

A long pause ensues. Miss Fleming apparently gives rapt attention to some soft, duffy little clouds flushed to a rose-pink by the setting sun. Mr. Graham as intently gives his whole mind, aided by his good right arm, to the recovery of the truant trees were the forest primeval, the "lodge" a wigwam, and she herself a dusky maiden, awaiting the return of the stately red-skinned warriors from the chase.

She was roused from her reverie by a low growl from the watchful Czar; in the one moment she heard a crackling of twigs, and the next saw, with startled eyes, a masculine figure emerge from one of the side paths, and heard a surprised, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I have been wandering in this inter—this beastly laurel thicket the greater part of the day. Can you direct to the—"

By this time Bess, fully awakened, had decided with womanly intuition that the intruder was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, and noting his weariness in the quiet words and the steady brown eyes she rose quickly, with hospitable purpose intent; but with her thoughts still tinged with "Hiawatha," she said, whimsically:—

"If the pale-faced stranger tarry by this camp-fire until the warriors return, they will guide him through the forest to the wigwam he seeks."

"I think I will not trouble you—" began the other, uneasily; but the brave daughter of the forest, made as usual more determined by opposition, said firmly:—

"But the child of the bald-headed eagle will be obeyed," and, seconded by Czar, who was plainly divided between the conflicting desire to swear eternal friendship to the newcomer or to spring upon him with fell intent, she motioned him to the hammock she had just left.

Valentine's arms fall, his face whitens, and his voice rings with passionate anger. "So I may not even touch your hand, and I would give my life for you! You have nothing but undeserved contempt for me, and I—I love you!"

Bess watched him with puzzled eyes as he flung himself upon her cushions. Seeing the pallor about the firm mouth that told of physical suffering, an inspiration, born of her experience as the sister of three brothers, came to the rescue, and with hopeful face she said: "Watch him, "Czar," and moved quickly away.

In a few minutes the fragrant odor of coffee was wafted to the straggler with such reviving effect that he opened widely his nearly closed eyes and gazed with deep interest on the busy figure at the fire before him. Aside from her occupations, so pleasing to the manly contemplation, the figure itself was well worthy of study. The slim, lithesome form was clothed in a dark-green flannel, without turbulences or snarls of any kind to perplex the eye. The rebellious dark hair hung in a heavy braid behind, and escaped in wavy locks on the smooth forehead. The fire had flushed the sweet face that was brooding with such an absorbed expression over the coffee-pot.

In a second more the coffee-pot was steaming on a hot stone by the fire, and Miss Fleming disappeared in the direction of the murmuring river, to reappear with some bright little tin pails dripping with cool water. From one of these some trout were gayly sputtering over the cool fire; then from a mysterious chest appeared fresh bread, and from other pails golden butter, cream and blackberries, and our traveller was soon partaking of a most appetizing little repast, under which reviving influence he forgot the embarrassment that had nearly consumed him. Soon a responsive chord was struck by two nature-loving hearts, and they were chatting like old friends. Bess produced a curious bug that puzzled her natural history, and the brown hair and the dark bent over it. At this thrilling moment the raftsmen, each with an armful of planks, arrived on the scene. The biologists turned.

"Boys, this gentleman—" began Bess.

"Val Graham!" exclaimed the three, in startled chorus.

"Who? Not Val Graham?" cried Bess, with horror-filled eyes and paling cheek; but, reading confirmation in the faces before her, she drops hastily the precious bug, flashes an angry glance at the owner of that name, and turning, runs swiftly into the woods.

"What have I done? Who is she?" he asks, with a perplexed look.

"Why, it's our Bess, and she knows you hate girls, and won't want her here. How did you happen to come?" Thought you were sick!" questioned the boys, altogether.

"So I was, but I am better; only I lost myself in this maze and nearly tramped myself to death—if it hadn't been for her coffee," he continues, awkwardly. "How could I hate to have her here?" he adds, so enthusiastically, that Hal retires suddenly behind the house and remarks: "Well, I'll be b-b-blest!" to his boots.

How can the days that follow be described? Golden, sunshiny days, filled with simple pleasures. But, as a reliable chronicler, I am very sorry that I cannot say Miss Fleming's temper was all serene. Toward the unoffending Valentine she bore an enmity that neither time nor familiarity seemed to soften. Occasionally she would unbend so far as to allow that gentleman to assist in her investigations into the flora of the region of country in which they were.

Can you guess what a revelation this sweet, tantalizing girl was to a young man who had never known a woman's love? Day after day to watch her merry petting of those big brothers, and then to recall his lonely childhood and youth. Is not the fate of this poor Val easily surmised?

Tramping alone by the riverside, Val at last discovers and acknowledges to himself the cause of the vague wretchedness of the past weeks—acknowledges with a sickening realization that his happiness for life is in the hands of a girl who has only an unreasoning hatred or at best, a supreme indifference, to give him; and he grinds his boot-heel into the soft turf that he goes slowly toward the camp.

A sudden turn around a clump of fringe-birches, and Mr. Graham beholds a spectacle which drives away from him all thoughts of his own troubles.

Upon a gnarly old tree, leaning far out over the river, sits Miss Bess, plainly disconsolate. In the pool below her, her hat is slowly sailing around like a gondola of new design. At the sound of footsteps she raises her head; but as her eyes met his, the welcoming gleam of hope in them gives way to a flash of ire, and she says petulantly:—

"Oh, I hoped you were Steenie."

"I'm sorry," he says gently, "but Steenie would not help you more gladly than I would, were it in my power."

After a pause, during which the girl's tears puzzled him, he continued quietly:—

"Let us go home to the boys and our camp-fire. It is getting late. You will take cold there; and you have lost your hat, too."

"Not at all," returns Bess. "I am only leaving it there till I come down. I am waiting for the sunset, but you need not wait."

"But I should like to."

A long pause ensues. Miss Fleming apparently gives rapt attention to some soft, duffy little clouds flushed to a rose-pink by the setting sun. Mr. Graham as intently gives his whole mind, aided by his good right arm, to the recovery of the truant trees were the forest primeval, the "lodge" a wigwam, and she herself a dusky maiden, awaiting the return of the stately red-skinned warriors from the chase.

She was roused from her reverie by a low growl from the watchful Czar; in the one moment she heard a crackling of twigs, and the next saw, with startled eyes, a masculine figure emerge from one of the side paths, and heard a surprised, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I have been wandering in this inter—this beastly laurel thicket the greater part of the day. Can you direct to the—"

By this time Bess, fully awakened, had decided with womanly intuition that the intruder was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, and noting his weariness in the quiet words and the steady brown eyes she rose quickly, with hospitable purpose intent; but with her thoughts still tinged with "Hiawatha," she said, whimsically:—

"If the pale-faced stranger tarry by this camp-fire until the warriors return, they will guide him through the forest to the wigwam he seeks."

But Miss Fleming has resumed her contemplation of the sky, and without glancing at him, says, wittily:—

"I told you before that I intended to stay here to see the sunset. You are so evidently in haste, you may go. But be sure and tell Steenie I want him."

Valentine's arms fall, his face whitens, and his voice rings with passionate anger. "So I may not even touch your hand, and I would give my life for you! You have nothing but undeserved contempt for me, and I—I love you!"

Bess watched him with puzzled eyes as he flung himself upon her cushions. Seeing the pallor about the firm mouth that told of physical suffering, an inspiration, born of her experience as the sister of three brothers, came to the rescue, and with hopeful face she said: "Watch him, "Czar," and moved quickly away.

In a few minutes the fragrant odor of coffee was wafted to the straggler with such reviving effect that he opened widely his nearly closed eyes and gazed with deep interest on the busy figure at the fire before him. Aside from her occupations, so pleasing to the manly contemplation, the figure itself was well worthy of study. The slim, lithesome form was clothed in a dark-green flannel, without turbulences or snarls of any kind to perplex the eye. The rebellious dark hair hung in a heavy braid behind, and escaped in wavy locks on the smooth forehead. The fire had flushed the sweet face that was brooding with such an absorbed expression over the coffee-pot.

In a second more the coffee-pot was steaming on a hot stone by the fire, and Miss Fleming disappeared in the direction of the murmuring river, to reappear with some bright little tin pails dripping with cool water. From one of these some trout were gayly sputtering over the cool fire; then from a mysterious chest appeared fresh bread, and from other pails golden butter, cream and blackberries, and our traveller was soon partaking of a most appetizing little repast, under which reviving influence he forgot the embarrassment that had nearly consumed him. Soon a responsive chord was struck by two nature-loving hearts, and they were chatting like old friends. Bess produced a curious bug that puzzled her natural history, and the brown hair and the dark bent over it. At this thrilling moment the raftsmen, each with an armful of planks, arrived on the scene. The biologists turned.

"Boys, this gentleman—" began Bess.

"Val Graham!" exclaimed the three, in startled chorus.

"Who? Not Val Graham?" cried Bess, with horror-filled eyes and paling cheek; but, reading confirmation in the faces before her, she drops hastily the precious bug, flashes an angry glance at the owner of that name, and turning, runs swiftly into the woods.

"What have I done? Who is she?" he asks, with a perplexed look.

"Why, it's our Bess, and she knows you hate girls, and won't want her here. How did you happen to come?" Thought you were sick!" questioned the boys, altogether.

"So I was, but I am better; only I lost myself in this maze and nearly tramped myself to death—if it hadn't been for her coffee," he continues, awkwardly. "How could I hate to have her here?" he adds, so enthusiastically, that Hal retires suddenly behind the house and remarks: "Well, I'll be b-b-blest!" to his boots.

How can the days that follow be described? Golden, sunshiny days, filled with simple pleasures. But, as a reliable chronicler, I am very sorry that I cannot say Miss Fleming's temper was all serene. Toward the unoffending Valentine she bore an enmity that neither time nor familiarity seemed to soften. Occasionally she would unbend so far as to allow that gentleman to assist in her investigations into the flora of the region of country in which they were.

Can you guess what a revelation this sweet, tantalizing girl was to a young man who had never known a woman's love? Day after day to watch her merry petting of those big brothers, and then to recall his lonely childhood and youth. Is not the fate of this poor Val easily surmised?

Tramping alone by the riverside, Val at last discovers and acknowledges to himself the cause of the vague wretchedness of the past weeks—acknowledges with a sickening realization that his happiness for life is in the hands of a girl who has only an unreasoning hatred or at best, a supreme indifference, to give him. And he grinds his boot-heel into the soft turf that he goes slowly toward the camp.

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Outings for Stay at Home People.

Some of our Newton people cannot take long vacations. They can get a day off now and then, but have not the opportunity to take trips of a week or more. Happily for all such people there are outings which can be enjoyed at small expense of time and money.

In the first place the beautiful Charles river is near at hand, with its fascinating boat rides and picnic sports on the banks. Although so accessible to all parts of our city very many of our people have never known the delights of boating on the Charles. Get out at Riverside, hire a boat, and after spending a couple of hours on this romantic stream, confess that we have one of the most charming, most picturesque summer resorts at our very doors.

Some other day take the street car from West Newton and go over to the upper end of Waltham. Near General Bank's residence a road leads up to Prospect Hill, from which you will have views that will almost compensate you for your inability to go to the White Mountains.

Another clear day try a ride into Boston from Newton through Cambridge by the open cars, or go to Cambridge, and from there exchange for Arlington and Medford, and range about through the beautiful Middlesex Fells.

The open street cars carry you through some most beautiful regions, and by passing from one car to another you can go from Boston down to Gloucester, within sight of the ocean much of the way.

Trips down the harbor are so well known that they need not be described here.

Those who are fond of the woods and quiet dells will find Hammond's Pond and Rice's Crossing the centers of charming neighborhoods. To reach the former get out at Chestnut Hill, and then a short walk will bring you to scenery as wild as any you have ever seen. You will be surprised to find such rocks and caves and temples hills so near a built up city.

If you go to Rice's Crossing take the road to the right from the station, and if great trees, pure air and good water will satisfy you, you will find all three there.

Last but not least, the Echo Bridge at Upper Falls is worthy a half day's visit. You can get out at the Highlands and walk over, or you will find a barge in waiting. You will never regret an afternoon spent in wading the echoes at Upper Falls.

Some one should write a Guide Book to Newton and vicinity. It would be useful not only to the strangers who come among us, but to many of our older residents who have not yet learned the full delights of living in the Garden City.

AUGUST MAGAZINES.**THIS CENTURY.**

In the August Century, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston gives an inside view of his campaign in "Opposing Sherman's Advance to Atlanta;" Col. Henry Stone describes "Hood's Invasion of Tennessee" after Johnston had been relieved and Atlanta had fallen. Col. Stone's paper includes a description of the battles of Franklin and Nashville. Among the several interesting contributions to the "Memoranda on the Civil War" is a letter from Gen. Grant, hitherto published, in which he gives his reasons for according liberal terms to the Vicksburg garrison.

THE ST. NICHOLAS.

The August number of this always brilliant and attractive children's magazine shows no falling-off or dog-day languor. Mr. W. H. Ridings has a neatly executed paper on Dr. Holmes's boyhood, with a portrait of the Autocrat and many quotations from his verse by the permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Quite a romantic little tale, with very romantic illustrations, is "The Figure-Head of the James Starbuck," by George Wharton Edwards; Mr. H. H. Boyesen furnishes the second chapter of "Fiddle-John's Family;" "How Some Animals Become Extinct" is a useful little paper by Charles Frederick Holder; Mr. Sherman and other people contribute pleasant verses; and the Brownies, like the apostle, go a-fishing.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

This is the best number that has been issued since this periodical entered upon its new career. "Along the Caribbean," by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, takes one to a new country of which it gives a very good account. Mr. Theodore H. Mead has a delightful article on "A Few English Way-side Birds." Mr. Z. L. White contributes a paper on "The Supreme Court," in which the portraits are uncommonly good. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is at home in this short paper on "Village Types," and Col. I. Edwards Clarke writes very sensibly on the "New Era in Education." This magazine is rapidly finding its field, and is cultivating it with success. [The American Magazine, New York; T. L. Bush & Son, 130 Pearl street.]

THE OVERLAND.

The August Overland will contain the opening chapters of a novelette by R. B. Townshend, "The Acequia (Madre of Santiago)," a tale of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. It is an old-fashioned love story in these most novel and picturesque surroundings. The chief characters are two young Pueblo Indians struggling against adverse fate and stern parents.

Looking for a Practical Method.

What, for example, could be more absurd than to take off the tax on whiskey and continue it on sugar, when in neither case does the tax benefit the producer? If the United States were establishing a new system of taxation, we might, perhaps, let theory have full play. But it is not. We are trying to operate a system that is already established; and in the matter of tax reduction expediency must be allowed to temper principles. We must do what is most practicable for the moment; and it is certainly neither practicable nor wise to strike off \$117,000,000 at a single point. Indeed, it begins to look as if the only practicable method of revenue reduction is some such combination of tariff lowering and internal tax diminution as Senator Dawes has recently suggested.—[Providence Journal (Rep.)]

Ugly and Hateful.

But I couldn't help it. Everything went wrong with me, and I thought I hadn't a friend in the world; dyspepsia caused this, and for months I couldn't eat anything, just suffered in misery till I used Sulphur Bitters. Three bottles cured me.—(D. Lewis, 22 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass.)

The Writer for August.

The August number of The Writer is especially strong in articles of interest to newspaper men, although, as always, writers in every department of literature will find in it a great deal that is both entertaining and useful. The number opens with an admirable article on "Descriptive Writing," by F. R. Burton, who, by the way, has just won the Bachelor prize of \$300 for the best short story, in competition with nearly all the best story writers in the country. Other articles contained in the magazine are: "Reporters at Weddings," by Frank W. Boland; "My First Novel," by Lew Vanderpoole; "Cruel Kindness to Young Writers," by Alice Brown; "How a District is Covered," by Frank H. Pope; "The Revolution in Journalism," by Charles Fiske; "The Care of Cuttings," by A. F. Winslow; "The Reporter's Chance," by D. J. McGrath. The departments of "Querries," "Helpful Hints and Suggestions," and "Literary Articles in Periodicals" are exceptionally strong, and altogether the number is one of the best sent out by the publishers of this bright and unique magazine for literary workers. The Writer is edited by William H. Hills and Robert Luce, both working editors on the Boston Globe, and the price is one year, one dollar; one number, ten cents. Address, The Writer, P. O. Box 1005, Boston Mass.

Christ Before Pilate.

Munkacy's great painting, "Christ Before Pilate," which has been on exhibition at Horticultural Hall, Boston, since June 7, is to be removed from that city and taken to St. Louis, where it will be a prominent feature of the forthcoming St. Louis Exposition. The exhibition in Boston will close on Saturday, Aug. 20. Since the opening in Boston, many thousands of persons have seen the picture, and the attendance has steadily increased. Several Sunday schools and classes have visited the exhibition lately, and there has been a large attendance from the cities and towns of Eastern Massachusetts. The "Suburban" tickets sent out free, by the exhibition management, on application, will admit suburban visitors at half rate, when shown at the box office. These tickets are issued in order to reduce the total expense of a visit to Boston for the purpose of seeing the picture.

The Philosophical Hound.

A poor half-starved and ragged Terrier, who had vainly tried every method of making a living, at last, in despair, appealed to a trim Greyhound whom he had known in better days.

"My friend," said the Greyhound, "you can help yourself as much as anybody else can help you. Throw off this dejected air. You are like a man walking under an umbrella and still wondering why the shadow pursues him. Don't whine; don't keep your tail between your legs. Let your eyes be bright and your coat well brushed."

"That is hard," sighed the Terrier, "when your heart is full of grief and your stomach empty."

"Don't yelp so," said the Hound. "I've moved a good deal in society, and I've noticed that those who need nothing receive much; but when hard luck overtakes a man everybody's back is turned. Now the correct thing for you to do is to conceal your necessities and assume a good air. In a short time I'll wager you won't have any necessities to conceal.—[Life.]



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1873.
BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal. —Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. —Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain. —William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

TARRANT'S SELTZER
Pleasant to Taste,
Prompt in Action,
Always Reliable.

It soon brings us into healthy play. The Torpid Liver day by day, And Regulates the System through, Promotes the Digestion and to the Shoe. It cures the Flies, in some pores, Lost appetite it soon restores; Wise families throughout the land Keep TARRANT'S SELTZER near at hand.

LAND IN NEWTONVILLE

On the Hill, for sale in large or small lots, by T. M. CLARK, 178 Devonshire St., Boston, 27-15.

NEWTON SAVINGS BANK.

Bank Hours: From 9 a. m. to 12 m., and from 2 to 4 p. m. on Saturday, from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

OFFICES at the **Newton National Bank**.

GEORGE HYDE, President.

JOHN WARD, Vice President.

MISS SUSANNA M. DUNCKLEE, Treasurer.

COMMITTEE OF INVESTMENT: George Hyde, Willard Marcy, J. F. C. Hyde Isaac Hagar, Auditor.

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Newton National Bank.

NEWTON, MASS.

BUSINESS HOURS:

From 9 A. M., to 12 M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. On Saturdays, from 9 A. M., to 2 P. M.

JOSEPH N. BACON, President.

B. FRANKLIN BACON, Cashier.

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MISS L. P. GRANT,

(Pupil of F. A. Whitney),

RECEIVES PUPILS on the PIANO-FORTE.

At home Wednesdays from 2 to 6.

Residence CENTRE STREET, between Boyd and Morse.

Post Office Address, Box 775, Newton. 1349

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WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Is agent for the GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also Real Estate to sell and to Rent.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Mr. S. L. Pratt's extensive addition to his stable is progressing.

—Miss Louisa Grout is enjoying a few days at Cottage City.

—Mrs. Dr. Hayden, who has been very ill, is now convalescent.

—Miss Carrie Chapman goes next week to Pigeon Cove for a month.

—White's Hall is being cut up into rooms and will be rented for a tenement.

—Dr. Cheney of Ohio will preach next Sunday at Associates' Hall.

—Mr. Samuel Ward and family returned home Monday from Onset Bay.

—Mr. Gardner and family of Lake avenue have gone to St. Andrews, N. B.

—Officer Fletcher takes his two week's vacation this month in Newport, Vt.

—Mr. C. E. Richardson is spending the month of August at Woodsford, Maine.

—Misses Hattie and Maud Pierce are summering at Bass Rock, Gloucester.

—Rev. Heman Lincoln preaches next Sunday at the Emanuel church, Albany.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thatcher have returned from their summer trip to Narragansett.

—Wallace Leonard of the senior class of Amherst, is spending the summer at home.

—Rev. Mr. Gould of Worcester will supply the pulpit of the Congregational church next Sunday.

—Mr. George F. Richardson is arranging for a large stable on Marshall street. A house is to be built later.

—Engineer A. D. Colby has gone to Leominster, Vermont, where he is camping with his family for two weeks.

—Rev. G. H. Gould, D. D. of Worcester, will preach in the church of the First parish next Sunday, Aug. 7th.

—Dr. S. F. Smith has returned home from Waterville, Maine, where he has been with his son, Dr. D. A. W. Smith.

—The janitor of the Rice school, Mr. Marsten, has been offered the janitorship of both schools, the Rice and Mason.

—A jolly party of young folks passed through this village Wednesday morning on the Quincy House tally-ho coach.

—Henry F. Miller is again at his old place with Mr. Knapp after a few weeks absence in Chicago and on the Atlantic coast.

—Horace L. White is building up a large business in the finishing of new and repairing of old wagons, all his work being well done.

—Mr. J. C. Woodman and family have gone to Squirrel Island where they will spend three or four weeks in their cottage.

—Mr. Horace Cousens of this village was present at the annual dinner of the coal dealers of Boston and vicinity, which occurred Wednesday evening at Hotel Pemberton, Hull. The Association had a tug-boat for its special use.

—Luther Paul, William Lee and Herbert Lane have gone on a bicycle trip to Portsmouth, N. H., where they will attend the tennis tournament given this week under the auspices of the Wentworth House.

—A party of six young ladies and gentlemen of this village went on a yachting trip last Saturday. They expected to return Monday but were becalmed off Hingham and did not arrive home till Tuesday morning.

—The four tennis courts of the Lawn Tennis club have been in pretty constant use this week, as a number of the young men are taking their vacation. Among the good players are Miss Chester, Miss Howes, Fred Hovey, George Warren and Fred Bates.

—E. B. Bowen, Fred Bates, and George Warren leave next week for the Twin Mountain House, N. H. They are to play on a base ball nine of college men and expect some lively games with the nine from Bethlehem.

—Upon the invitation of Mr. Baker of Wellesley, a party of thirty young folks who occupied Camp "Spudlet" last month went in a barge to Hotel Wellesley Saturday evening. Mr. Baker entertained them royally and after enjoying a hop and moonlight walk they returned. Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Leonard were the chaperones.

—Mr. Charles P. Clark, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, has purchased the magnificent residence of John C. Anderson, the retired tobacconist, in New Haven, Conn. It cost the latter three or four years ago nearly \$300,000, but Mr. Clark has obtained it for \$40,000.

—The chapel of the old Baptist church now makes a valuable addition to Associates' Hall. The work on it has been nearly completed, and it will soon be fitted up as a reading room. The large hall has been rented to the private school which was previously held in the old engine house.

—Last Monday night one of the teams used for drawing lumber to the new Baptist church was frightened and started on the run toward the Chestnut Hill depot. There they rushed down the concrete driveway and carried the wagon across the platform onto the railroad track. The ten o'clock train from Boston was delayed a few minutes by the debris.

—Mrs. Chapman and daughter and the Misses Ransom while driving together on Saturday, very narrowly escaped serious injury. Their horse becoming unmanageable, ran, and breaking a shaft, upset the carriage, throwing it to the ground and under the vehicle all the occupants except Mrs. Chapman. With the exception of some slight contusions and bruises, all escaped uninjured.

—When Alderman Ward went to his barn last Sunday morning, to see about getting his carriage ready to drive to church, his best carriage harness could not be found. Another nearly new harness, belonging to his brother, George K. Ward, was also missing and thieves had evidently entered the barn and made off with both harnesses. The theft was committed either Friday or Saturday night, as

one of the harnesses was used on Friday. No trace of the thieves was discovered.

—Mrs. F. E. Bowen has gone to Wiers, N. H.

—Mrs. D. C. Wickliff of Kansas City is at Mrs. Dr. Bates.

—Mr. F. H. Wheelock and family are at Falmouth Heights, Mass.

—Miss Ida Davis has returned from Hyannis.

—Miss Alice Clement left Thursday for York Beach.

—Charles Scudder will spend next week at Cottage City.

—Miss Georgia Bennet is visiting at Mr. C. H. Bennet's.

—Mr. Will Peters has returned from his visit to Hyannis.

—The Unitarian Church will have no services this month.

—Miss May Caldwell is spending the month at Dunbarton, N. H.

—J. H. Daniels and Fred Dunbar are enjoying their vacation at home.

—Mr. Louis Spear and family returned home this week.

—Mr. E. H. Mason and family have returned home.

—Mrs. Alpheus Trowbridge and daughter have returned to St. Louis.

—Fred Cutler is spending the summer at Camden, Maine.

—Mr. Parker has erected a flag pole on his grounds on Lake Avenue.

—The Misses McNamee are spending the summer at North Brunswick, Maine.

—Officer Bartlett and wife have returned home from their trip to Rhode Island.

—Miss Mabel G. Fay leaves next week for a trip to Niagara and other places of interest.

—Mr. S. D. Loring and family are at home after enjoying a yachting trip along the North Shore.

—G. H. May goes to Connecticut next week to spend the remainder of the vacation.

—A number of the married ladies have formed a bathing club and enjoy Crystal Lake at high tide.

—Mr. E. H. Atwood of Boston is negotiating for the purchase of Mrs. Beebe's house on Knowles street.

—A. M. Gooch, who manufactures excellent bicycles, took a turn of 65 miles the other day on one of them.

—Dedham has become a popular resort for our bicyclists. Every evening parties ride there and return by moonlight.

—Mr. Henry Warren and family and the Misses Ellis have returned home after an extended trip through Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

—The Newton Centre members of Camp "Spudlet" are to play a game of base ball with the Needham club at Needham next Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. Lamkin and the Misses Lamkin, with a party of friends, have gone for a trip through Maine. They will visit Bar Harbor and other places of interest.

—Mr. Charles Mead, son of the contractor who has charge of the men working on the new Baptist Church, returned this week from Vermont where he has been with his wife. Mr. Mead has been quite ill but is now recovered.

—Wednesday evening, while playing ball on the field on Homer street, Charles Thompson broke his leg. He was attended by Dr. Dodge, and later was carried to the Cottage Hospital, and at last accounts he was doing well.

—The Financial Club of Boston met Monday evening at the home of J. L. Brooks. The members of this club pay a certain sum each month and this is invested in good securities. The interest on investments of the club last year averaged ten and one half per cent.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. and Mrs. George May have a son.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Gammon are spending a few weeks at Belfast, Maine,

—Mr. Charles Beckman is visiting his old home at Plymouth.

—Rev. C. P. Mills and family are passing their vacation season at Williamstown, Mass.

—Mr. E. R. Tarbell is at Goffstown, N. H., where he will spend the month of August.

—Mrs. Sewell Jones, who has been at Mrs. Dr. Bates' private hospital in Newton, has returned home.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Greenwood will visit for two weeks with her mother, on Waverly avenue, Newton.

—Rev. J. W. Malcolm of Brooklyn, N. Y., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sabbath.

—Mr. F. N. Woodward, who went into insolvency soon after his Glue Shops were burned, has received his discharge.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Corey have returned from their trip to Marthas Vineyard and Nantasket, and report a very enjoyable time.

—The electric light post on the corner of Forest and Walnut street, has been moved farther north, so as to illuminate Forest street in a better manner.

—We were pained to learn of the death of the wife of Prof. M. J. Blank on Monday night, as she was reported as having been improving for the past few days.

—We that have been waiting for the past two weeks to get our lawn mowers sharpened, will be glad to hear that Mr. Joselyn has returned to his workshop.

—We understand that the Hyde School is to be painted; if the same taste is to be displayed upon it, as shown on some of the other school houses about the city, pray let it alone.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Nelson took the steamer for Portland, Me., Monday night, where they will visit relatives for a few days, and later on will go to North Conway for a short stay.

—The Boston & Albany Railroad Company are seeing to it that their bridges are safe; for the past ten days workmen have been replacing and tightening the defective bolts of the Boylston and Eliot street bridges.

—The seventh commandment might well be taught by the parents of those children who make it a practice of entering the orchards of our citizens; it will be

necessary to have a day police to protect such property unless it is stopped.

—Rev. G. G. Phipps and wife have gone to Waterville, N. H., where they have spent their vacation for some years past. The parsonage will not be closed during their absence as a sister of Mr. Phipps and Miss Norton will remain.

—We understand the tax rate this year will be much higher than last year. But little money has as yet been spent in Ward Five, and with quite an increased valuation. Some other portions of the city may have received the benefit.

—The question of the day is: If some of the appropriation made for street repairs might not be expended upon the streets of Ward 5? No spring repairs of any amount done up to August 1st. Who is to blame? In fact great neglect is manifest all over the city in this respect.

—At the weekly exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society at Boston, last Saturday, J. F. C. Hyde obtained the special prize of \$10.00 offered by M. B. Faxon for the best display of fifty varieties of sweet peas. E. Fawkes & Son received a gratuity for a display of dahlias.

—It is whispered that the Railroad Commissioners are to be called within the borders of our city, to hurry up the Eliot Station; the sooner it is done the better, and to save time just annex to the petition the Walnut street crossing nuisance, if the city authorities cannot compel the Boston & Albany Railroad to make their connections with the New England road at the junction, then somebody else had better step in.

CHESTNUT HILL.

—The funeral of Mrs. E. W. Stanwood, widow of the late Jacob Stanwood, took place on Tuesday last. The burial service was read by the Rev. A. W. Eaton. Five days before her death Mrs. Stanwood was stricken with paralysis and lingered unconscious of what was passing around her till the peaceful end came on Saturday last, after a life of nearly seventy-seven years. She was a devoted, loving mother, and a lady much admired for her true refinement of character. The interment was in Forest Hills.

—The death of another aged resident of Chestnut Hill very quickly followed that of Mrs. Stanwood. Mr. John Woodman, forty-six years a citizen of Newton, and in his eightieth year, died early Tuesday morning, after an illness of only two days. The funeral was on Wednesday afternoon. He was buried in Evergreen cemetery, Brighton.

NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

RICH MEN'S SONS. WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

Ernest Michel, the noted French traveler, has just made a trip round the world in 240 days at an average cost of about eight dollars per day, being about \$2000 for eight months, board, travelling expenses and tuition, for he must have learned much in every branch of human knowledge. How would it do to give your son the option of such a trip or three years at Harvard, the expense being about equal. From which curriculum would he be the better fitted for the various practical duties of life? Some, of course, would like to go abroad. After graduation at college and a circumnavigation of the globe, what an admirable reporter he would make, provided he was smart to begin with.

PENHA DE CINTRA.

Dropping in the other day at McWhain's upholstery shop, White's block, Newton Centre, we noticed a couple of ancient high-backed rosewood chairs with eagle's claw feet, the seats of dark embossed leather, studded with gilt-headed nails.

They were recognized at once, having seen their counterparts among the medieval furniture of old castles in Europe.

Turning up the seats we saw that the hair still adhered to the skin, a Spanish fashion of leather-dressing which we have noticed in Cuba among the old planters in the interior of the island.

"How in the name of wonder came you by these chairs?" we asked.

"Why, is there anything remarkable about them? Perhaps this will explain?" was the reply, as he drew attention to an inscription under the foot-rail: "Presented to ——— by Dom Fernando."

The chairs, it seems, were sent from a well-known family of Chestnut Hill to Mr. McWhain's shop for repairs. We were so fortunate as to intercept them in transitu.

Two old chairs, that needed a little glueing—was that all, apparently, but thereby buying a tale!

Subsidizing into a sofa opposite, we gazed and mused a while upon memories of other lands thus suddenly brought to mind. We thought of that 14 mile ride to Cintra from Old Lisbon, of the charming prospect of the valley of Coimbra, famous for its wines, of the great monastery, palace and church of Mafra, the Portuguese Escorial, built of white marble, 800 feet long with over 5,000 windows, on the roof of which 10,000 troops may be reviewed, where in the great convent kitchen with its open fireplaces whole lambs were roasted, and the ovens were as large as the cells of the monks.

"Lo! Cintra's Eden intervenes! In variegated maze of mount and glen, Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen, To fold in half on which the eye dilates; The horrid crags, by toppling convert crown'd, The cork-tree hoar that clothe the shaggy steep.

The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd, The broken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep;

The tender azure of the unripened deep, The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,

The torments that from cliff to valley leap,

The vine on high, the willow branch below,

Misq'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

To connect the foregoing with Chestnut Hill, Newton, we will copy from the old scrap book, a clipping, dated in 1857.

"During this season, Miss Elias Hensler—who subsequently achieved European success in grand opera, and became noted for her morganatic marriage to the King of Portugal—made her debut in 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' Mr. Samuel Harrison Millard (author of 'Vive l'America' and other favorite songs,) assisted as Edgardo. As both of the vocalists were of home production the event created much excitement."

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

Volume XV.—No. 44.

NEWTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1887.

Terms, \$2.00 per Year.

ESTATES IN NEWTON FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

Always ready to show property. Have Estates from \$2,700 Upward to \$40,000 and over. Give us a call before purchasing.

CHARLES F. RAND,
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
TELEPHONE 7969,

T. J. HARTNETT,
PLUMBER

Particular attention paid to Trapping and Ventilating Drain and all Escape Pipes.

Estimates furnished on application, on all kinds of PLUMBING WORK.

Good Workmanship and Reasonable Prices

Washington Street, Newton.

Established 1864.

E. A. W. HAMMATT,
CIVIL AND HYDRAULIC ENGINEER,
5 Pemberton Square, Boston.

Professional advice given regarding Drainage, Landscape Work, and Sub-division of Estates.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WEST NEWTON, at Newton, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, August 1st, 1887:

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$111,136.16
Overdrafts.....	9.10
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	25,000.00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages.....	23,352.50
Bonds and approved reserve agents.....	15,358.00
Real estate, furniture, fixtures, etc.....	1,000.00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	717.00
Premiums paid.....	6,884.00
Checks and other cash items.....	542.16
Bills of other banks.....	3,223.00
Specie.....	33.68
Specie in vault.....	3,675.55
Legal tender notes.....	1,040.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	1,125.00
Total.....	\$192,699.17

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$100,000.00
Undivided profits.....	3,542.32
Capital Bank notes outstanding.....	22,500.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	69,055.20
Deposits and certificates of deposit.....	6,101.65
Provided towards taxes assessed but not yet payable.....	500.00
Total.....	\$192,699.17

State of Massachusetts, County of Middlesex, ss;	
I, M. L. Parker, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
M. L. PARKER, Cashier.	
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this sixth day of August, 1887.	
ISAAC F. KINGSBURY, Notary Public.	

JAMES H. NICKERSON,	Directors.
EDWARD W. CATE,	
PRESCOTT C. BRIDGHAM.	

A LONG FELT WANT SUPPLIED

I will guarantee to cure the worst case of corns and bunions, on any lady's foot who will wear my Custom Made Kangaroo Skin Boots. They are soft, fine and handsome, will wear longer than anything else known, and need no stretching or stretching. Any lady who does not like them when made up, need not feel compelled to take them. A perfect fitting and comfortable boot guaranteed, no matter in what shape the foot may be. Best Kangaroo Flexible Bottom, No Squeak, \$6.50. Best Dongola ditto, \$5.50 to \$6.50.

A. L. RHYND,

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Mason Building, 70 Kilby Street, Boston.

W. F. & W. S. SLOCUM,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Rooms 9 and 10 Herald Building, 207 Washington Street, Boston.

WILLIAM F. SLOCUM. WINFIELD S. SLOCUM.
Residences, Newtonville.
Winfield S. Slocum, City Solicitor of Newton.

GEORGE C. TRAVIS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
and Notary Public.
Room 73, 113 Devonshire street, - Boston, Mass.
Residence, Eldredge St., Newton.

EDWARD W. CATE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
113 Devonshire St., Room 52.
Residence, Newton.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
28 State St., Room 43, Boston.
Residence, Newtonville, Mass.

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SILVER STEM WINDERS

8.50 UP.

French, English and American clocks and watches put in first class order. All work guaranteed.

Brackett's Block, - Newton.

OUR PASSION FLOWER

—LOTION—

Will prevent and cure tan and sunburn. It is perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin.

PRICE, 35 CTS. A BOTTLE.

HUBBARD & PROCTER, PHARMACISTS,

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BRACKETT'S BLK', NEWTON, MASS.

We also have a full line of E. RIMMEL, London:
Perfumes, Toilet Articles, just received
from importers.

West Newton Swimming Bath.

The Third Season will Open Saturday, June 25, 1887.

Bath Open Daily. Sundays Excepted

For men and boys, 9 to 12:30 a. m.
5 to 7 p. m.

For women and girls, 2 to 4:30 p. m.

Evening baths by arrangement.

A careful attendant always in charge.

Bathers to furnish towels, suits, tights.—The same can be left in charge of attendant.

Family coupon tickets, 100 baths.....\$4.00

General coupon tickets, 50 baths.....2.50

General punch tickets, 25 baths.....1.50

General punch tickets, 10 baths.....75

Single tickets, 25 cents.....15

Single tickets with tights and towels.....15

Swimming, the art guaranteed.....4.00

Single lessons.....50

For men and boys, 9 to 12:30 a. m.

For women and girls, 2 to 4:30 p. m.

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THE BOSTON THEATRES.

THE ATTRACTIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON

The Howard Athenaeum will be the first of the Boston theatres to open its doors to the public for the season of 1887-88. The initial performance will take place next Saturday evening, when Emily Soldene and her burlesque troupe will be the attraction. An original and realistic production of the fox chase, fashionable Newport's swell outing, will be given, introducing a bevy of young women. The afterpiece will be a burlesque on Offenbach's opera bouffe, "Genevieve de Brabant," given for the first time on any stage.

The season at the Globe Theatre will begin Monday evening, Aug. 15, with a minstrel company, to be followed by Mr. Fred. Bryton in "Forgiven." A long list of superior attractions is promised for the fall and winter.

"Irish Aristocracy" is to open the preliminary season at the Boston Theatre, on Aug. 15, and the regular dramatic year will be inaugurated by Mr. Frank Chanfrau in "Kit." "A Run of Luck," which has been so extensively advertised, will be among the early attractions.

The Museum season promises to be a brilliant one, and the company now selected comprises Mr. Charles Barron and Miss Annie Clarke as leaders, with George Wilson, Frazer Coulter, Willie Seymour, Alfred Hudson, Edgar Davenport, Arthur Falkland, clever "Jimmy" Nolan, Boyd Putnam, C. E. Boardman, James Burrows, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Davenport, Miss Ryan, Miss Dayne, Miss Chester and Miss Atwell. A long list of sterling comedies are announced.

The Madison Square Theatre Company will open the season at the Park Theatre. As usual, the year will be filled out with standard productions.

"The Corsair," revived and rejuvenated, will be the opening piece at the Hollis Street Theatre. Mr. Rice, the composer, has engaged a good company, and elaborate preparations have been made in the way of scenery.

A Wise View.

Judge Fenner, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, in a recent suit between the editor and the business manager of a newspaper, decided against the latter, holding that "a public newspaper is not a purely mercantile enterprise, nor is the vocation of an editor merely mercenary." He takes so sensible a view of the true function of a newspaper that we subjoin the following extract from his opinion:

Surely newspapers have some object higher than merely money-making. As operated in modern times they are something more than mere advertising mediums, or even purveyors of news. They are organs of public opinion, instructors of the people, advocates of certain fixed policies and principles, the promotion of which must gratify the intellectual and moral desires of their proprietors, even if they do not in all cases advance their pecuniary interests.

We might well conceive that, though offered ample pecuniary inducements to advocate principles or causes which they disbelieve, or to abstain from advocating those which they approve, worthy journalists would reject such propositions with the scorn which they deserve.

We must apply the same rule to the editor of a newspaper. He, too, must be treated as a man who has principles and convictions, a sense of public duty, a devotion to the interests of his people, as he understands them, and we must assume that in executing the functions of his high calling, he sets a value upon the advancement of such objects far above and beyond pecuniary reward.

The Work of Jennie Collins.

In the work of Jennie Collins for the working girls of Boston, says Work and Wages, there was an inspiring example of what a single individual can do to make conditions a little more comfortable for those whose lives are a long struggle with adversity. She was no better off in her younger days than thousands of friendless ones, but she had high ideals and a resolute will to live up to them. She first kept herself above the influences that tend to drag down the working girl dependent on herself in a great city, and then reached out a helping hand to others. In the last fifteen years Boiffin's Bowen, the exchange for women which she established in 1870, has cared for thirty thousand girls and found work for them. All the charitable organizations of the city put together accomplished less for the working girls of Boston than did this one woman. What a lesson this fact ought to convey to those who are impatiently demanding some reorganization of social institutions, or some new legislation, or some new set of government agencies to benefit the poor. If every one who is so eager to have somebody else do something for humanity would himself or herself take hold as Jennie Collins did, the problem of poverty would be wonderfully simplified.

The Use and the Abuse of the Public Library.

Newton does well to sustain so generously a Free Library, but the question may well be started whether it is an unmixed blessing, whether indeed some persons are not harmed instead of benefitted by it.

When we know that many readers read nothing but works of fiction, we have serious doubts as to their being benefitted. An exclusive course of novel reading kept up day by day must unfit almost any one for solid study or for instructive reading of any sort whatever.

It is a pity when so much care is taken by the authorities to put in works of travel, history, biography, science, discovery, &c., that so few readers call for such books.

It is true that the percentage of readers of solid works is greater in Newton than in many other places, but the number of those who read nothing but novels is still much larger than it ought to be. Nothing is here said in condemnation of novel reading in itself, but the point simply is that too much of it cannot be wholesome. X.

For Six Cents

We will send you Dr. Kaufmann's great Medical Work, 100 pages, a choice place from life. The most valuable adviser ever published. To any address on the receipt of three 2 cent stamps to pay postage. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

List of New Books.

Abbott C. C. Waste Land Wanderings.	102,443
A volume that will charm and instruct every lover of nature.	
Adams John. Stoddard W. O.	93,468
One of a series of well-written popular "Lives of the Presidents" for young people.	
Ball J. Notes of a Naturalist in South America.	32,360
The Athenaeum says of this work: "It is a hand-book posted up to date, of the coast of South America, with descriptions of several excursions inland, flavored with science just enough to interest and not to bore average read-	
Benjamin S. G. W. Persia and the Persians.	37,118
An admirable work, richly illustrated, by the late American minister to this country, presenting a full and authentic description of its present condition.	
Boase C. W. Oxford (Historic Towns)	71,233
A volume of an interesting series of histories of some of the most noted English towns.	
Canning G. Hill F. H. (English Worthies.)	91,448
Emery S. A. Elements of Harmony	103,439
A volume that will aid advanced students in music.	
France. Machines et Procedes pour lesquels des Brevets d'Invention ont été pris sous la Loi de 1844, 23 vols., 1850-6 also 17 vols. 1845-56. Reference Department.	
These valuable reports of the French Patent Office are gifts to the Library by Mr. Edward Sawyer.	
Harland H. (Sidney Luska) Yoke of the Thorah.	61,623
This powerful fiction illustrates the intense Jewish opposition to marriage out of the nation.	
Hayes J. Translated from Latin. Latin hymns.	52,368
An interesting addition to the growing literature of the hour in hymnody.	
Hunt W. Bristol (Eng.) Historic Towns	71,232
Jefferson T. Stoddard W. O. (Lives of the Presidents.)	93,468
Jevons F. B. History of Greek Literature to B. C. 322.	55,278
This volume by Prof. Jevons will be of special service to students in their college preparations.	
Keats J. Calvin S. (English Men of Letters.)	93,508
An appreciative sketch of the poet's life, with a generous criticism of his productions.	
Mahaffy J. P. Story of Alexander's Empire.	72,261
One of the valuable series of popular histories of the nations.	
Mackay C. Founders of the American Republic.	94,396
We are permitted to see in this volume our early statesmen as they appear to an intelligent and unprejudiced English writer.	
Metcalfe W. H. Summer in Oldport Harbor.	65,557
A very literal and minute description of the daily life and adventures of vacation visitors to the shores of Long Island Sound.	
Mosby J. S. War Reminiscences and Stuart's Cavalry Campaigns.	71,227
Munro K. Flamingo Feather.	61,616
This latter work says: "Mr. Munro has made a charming story out of the romantic career of Duke de Vieux, that knightly young Huguenot of the sixteenth century," who accompanied his uncle to the coast of Florida.	
Patton J. H. National Resources of the United States (Science Primers.)	101,281
Roberts E. H. New York (American Commonwealths) 2 vols.	71,225
A full and very instructive history of the rise, revolutionary records, progress and present condition of the Empire State.	
Sweetser M. F. ed. Maritime Provinces.	31,245
A full and carefully prepared handbook for tourists, brought down to the present year.	
Tilley W. J. Masters of the Situation.	53,320
An interesting and inspiring work for young readers.	
B. K. PEIRCE, Librarian.	
August 10, 1887.	

—A mystery. How can a girl six inches in diameter get away with a pair of clams eighteen inches across?—[Martha's Vineyard Herald.]

"Willie Wafflers," said the teacher, "which is the shortest day in the year?" "Twenty-fifth of December," replied Willie, who was correct so far as the writer knows. "And Tommy Tuff may tell us which is the longest day," said the teacher, indulgently. "Sunday!" shouted Tommy.—[Life.]

An exchange says that ice water must be sipped slowly. That is what makes twenty thirsty people mad around the water cooler in a hotel office where there is but one drinking cup. Sipping ice water slowly when a lot of bigger men are saying "Hurry up" is not healthy.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

A child was recently watching a young lady in Holliston busily talking into a telephone transmitter. Suddenly the child said, "Who are you talking to?" The lady answered, "I'm talking to a man." The child replied, "Well, he must be an awful little man to live in such a small house as that."—[Boston Globe.]

A New England man has just had a patent granted him for an "electric switch." It is not explained whether it is to be applied to the female head, to a railroad track, or to the back of the refractory small boy, but no doubt it is. An "electric switch" might make some girls look more attractive than the style now worn.—[Norristown Herald.]

"Have you an honest city government here?" he asked of a Detroit whom he fell into conversation with on the City Hall steps. "We have, sir." "No charges against the aldermen?" "None that amount to anything." "You believe them honest, then?" "I do, sir." "Perhaps you are a contractor?" suggested the stranger. "No, sir, I am not. I am one of the aldermen!"—[Rochester Post-Examiner.]

I can heartily recommend Ely's Cream Balm to the suffering public for hay fever and stoppage of the air passages. I have tried it and it gives immediate relief. J. E. Rector, 299 Rock St., Little Rock, Ark.

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THE COURSE OF STUDY is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are fitted for the duties and work of every day life. THE FACULTY embraces a list of twenty teachers and assistants, elected with special reference to proficiency in each department. THE STUDENTS are young people of both sexes, full of Diligence and Zeal. THE DISCIPLINE is of the highest order and includes valuable business lessons. THE PATRONAGE is the largest of any COMMERCIAL SCHOOL in the world. THE REPUTATION of this school for Originality and Leadership and as THE STANDARD INSTITUTION of its kind is acknowledged. THE SCHOOL BUILDING is centrally located and purposefully constructed. SPECIAL COURSE. Short Hand, Type Writing, Composition and Correspondence may be taken as a special course. SITUATIONS IN BUSINESS HOUSES furnished its pupils completes the varied inducements to attend this school. THE PRINCIPAL may be seen daily after Aug. 22nd, FROM 9 TILL 2 O'CLOCK, at the School Building; 608 Washington St., BOSTON. PROSPECTUS, post free.

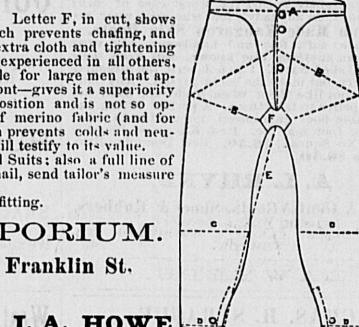


The "Hub" Wrappers & Drawers

(Pat. Aug. 8, 1871.)

Have many superior advantages over all others. Letter F, in cut, shows the PATENTED SUSPENSORY GORE, which prevents chafing, and removes all disagreeable points, such as seams, extra cloth and tightening over the knee; it removes the unpleasant feeling experienced in all others, both foreign and domestic, and are indispensable for large men that appreciate comfort. Also the wrap—open front—gives it a superiority of adjustment; as it fits loosely, it remains in position and is not so oppressive in warm weather as the tight weight of merino fabric (and for winter wear has a chest protector attached which prevents colds and neuralgia, catarrh, pneumonia, &c.), as thousands will testify to its value. Tailor's Shirts, Lawn Tennis and Base Ball Suits; also a full line of Custom Flannels. Those wishing to order by mail, send tailor's measure of pants and coat.

Custom Shirts, hand made, easy and perfect fitting.



HUB SHIRT EMPORIUM.

383 Washington St., Opp. Franklin St.

Up Stairs, Room 10.

I. A. HOWE

CAMBRIDGE LAUNDRY.

NEWTON OFFICE.

3rd door from Post Office. Work done well and promptly. Work taken Monday to 2 p.m., and returned Thursday night. Received after Monday and up to Thursday, returned on Saturday. Household and lace curtains a specialty.

Richard Rowe, INSURANCE.

No. 2 Mason Building.

Water Street, Boston.

Residence, Cabot street, Newtonville.

UPHOLSTERY

Work of all kinds done in the best manner by

H. W. MARTIN,
Galen St., Watertown.

Special Attention Given to

REPAIRING FURNITURE.

CARPETS TAKEN UP, CLEANED AND
RELAID IN THE MOST SATISFACTIONABLE
FACTORY MANNER AND AT SHORT NOTICE.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.



Short-Hand TYPE WRITING SCHOOL.

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Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock at office of C. F. Rand, near

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every day at school in Boston. Pupils may enter

class at any time. Instruction by mail a specialty.

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AUNT NANCY IN BOSTON.

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF HER QUAINTE EXPERIENCES.

I staid with Mary McIntyre four weeks, and the whole time was as near a foretaste of heaven as I ever expect in this world. But it wasn't a boarding-house at all, and I never found it out till I had been there a long time. You see, the morning after I had made my debut, so to speak, when I mistook my own image in the looking-glass and didn't know myself in my black travelling débâcle, Mary came into my room. I had been up as many as two hours and unpacked my trunk and had taken out the cut of unbleached cotton that I'd brought from Baylodge, as a present to Mary, and had got dressed in my black alpaca loose dress with clear collars and cuffs. And all this time I didn't hear any sound at all of the boarders.

"Seems to me they don't have many morning chores to do in this house," I said to myself, as I pinned on a three-cornered bobinet over my collar, for everything seemed so much finer here than I had ever imagined, I didn't think anything I had too good, even for breakfast. Said I, "It's strange, but it must be going on past 8, and I have not heard as much as one rooster crow yet, and as for the cows, and the hens and the geese—they must be all penned up—out of sight and out of hearing!" (quoted).

Just then the door opened and Mary came in in a ray of sunlight, that streamed in from the entry, when she opened the door. She was dressed all in white with her hair falling over her shoulders and a white rose at her throat, and she looked like the completest picture of an angel I ever saw,—and I told her so. And I added that it seemed pity that Rafael couldn't have seen her just once. Said I, "If he had, I guess we should have had some better images of angelic beings, than we've got now."

"Oh, you dear old flatterer!" said she, twanging my ear at the same time giving me a kiss, and I could see that she wasn't very much put out by my remark, for she must have known that it was the truth and no flattery.

Said she, surveying me, "Aunt, I know you must have slept well, last night, you look so bright this morning."

Just then a little silvery bell gave one tinkle in the entry, and through the open door, I caught a glimpse of a colored girl, who for brightness and blackness made me think of Sib, only she was smaller; and on her head she had a white turban, and she looked as neat as a pin. She stood holding the door open, and her eyes were twinkling and her teeth shining, and I went right up to her, and gave her my hand and said:—

"My dear, I'm delighted to see you, you look so much like a friend of mine, at home."

And she kinder dropped her head and made me the gentlest kind of a courtesy, and I could see that she was dreadful tickled. And Mary looked pleased too, and she took my arm and said I was not used to such late breakfasts and I must be hungry; and just then a clock that reached from the top to the bottom of the room, struck 9.

Mary let me into a room that was about one-third of the way down the stairs, and turned off from the landing,—such crooks and turns and lovely winding stairs, with lofty rooms branching off in all directions. I never saw. They were all thrown open, and all filled with flowers, and images of men and women, some not as much dressed as they ought to be. There was one that was enough to make the blood curdle in your veins. She was a woman, and her body was all covered with dents, as if she had had the small-pox, and every pockmark had been pounded in with a hammer, and one of her arms was sawed off above the elbow, and her body was twisted half around in the most agonizing attitude, and she had not a rag of clothes to cover her deformity.

We came into this room which Mary called her "little breakfast-room"—though it was larger than my largest parlor—and it was a sight to behold. The morning sun was streaming in from one broadside of window, and there were stands and pots of flowers all through it, and beautiful pictures, and I'm glad to say not one image, if that poor deformed creature had been in sight, I couldn't have eaten one thing. A little round table was set in one end of the room, cozy-like among vines and flowers, and here we had our breakfast, with that colored girl to wait upon us. Said I, as she passed me the honey for my cakes, said I, "My dear, I'm real glad to see that your neck isn't as stiff as the necks I saw last night."

And Mary sat back in her chair and laughed, she didn't seem to be as straight as she did the night before, when that fellow was standing over her, as if he would count every blessed mouthful she put into her mouth.

And after the girl had gone out Mary said to me—while she dipped the tips of her fingers into her little bowl and wiped them on a little napkin, "Aunt, I'm glad you like Cloe, and I'll give her to you, while you stay, to wait upon you; and mind," said she, "that you give her enough to do. My people are in danger of dying from idleness."

Said I, "Mary, is that bowl to wash your hands in?"

"Oh yes," said she carelessly, "to dip your fingers in after eating."

"Well," said I, "what a fool I be! I tasted mine last night."

"Why, did you?" said she, as innocent as a lamb, "did you?"—and I couldn't make up my mind whether she saw me or not.

And then she said, "Aunt, we'll not go down to that hall again, we will be more cozy in this room by ourselves, and Cloe shall wait upon us here; and mind," said she, "that you make her do everything in your house."

"Oh," said I, "nothing is to be done but to make my bed, and that I did long ago."

"So I observed," said she, "and you mustn't do it again, not once!" She shook her finger at me, as if I had been a naughty girl, and I thinking it wouldn't be polite to contradict her, said nothing.

As I was saying, the days passed as each one was opened and shut on golden hinges, and with the sunlight streaming all through them. Not that the sun shone every day I was in Boston. Far from it. The days were growing shorter, and the

nights longer, and the sun seemed to be going farther and farther from us all the while, but what difference does it make, when one has sunlight in the house?

Every pleasant day we rode out. There was always the splendid carriage, with the prancing horses, all shining with gold and flagree, the two men to wait on us, with their necks as stiff as ramrods; and the crowds that never seemed to get by, and that made my head swim to look upon them; and there were the stores with their windows as wide as the whole broad side of our meeting-house, and some of them seemed to be filled with nothing but women, who kept their eyes wide open, as if they begrimed every moment that they were not gawping and staring. The awfulest painted up, darkly looking things I ever set eyes on! They made me think, some of them, of the poor paper images that Jane Jenkins stuck up all over my sitting-room, and there they stood day after day, lining the street for blocks and blocks, as if they wanted to show off.

And finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and I said to Mary: "Do tell me if those tiresome women haven't any mission in life, only to stand there behind those windows to be looked at?" Said I, "Haven't they any shirt buttons to sew on, or any floors to mop, or any clothes to wring out on Mondays?"

And Mary looked out, and said she, "Where, aunt? where are the women?"

And I pointed at one that had stood in that same spot every day for a week. She had on a fur cloak that reached to the bottom of her dress, and I said: "The one with the fur mantilla on. I s'pose likely her husband gave her that for a Christmas present, and she's so proud of it she wants to show it off to make them that haven't any, jealous." Said I, "she's a dreadful spiteful disposition I know by the looks of her mouth. I should think that her mother would find some stockings for her to darn, or something to do, if it isn't any more than paring apples for boiled cider applesauce, only to keep her at home."

Mary leaned back in her carriage and laughed till I thought she would split, and when she could speak, she said, "Aunt, they're not women, they are dummies!"

"Dummies?" said I, "I thought so! I don't see anything to laugh at, if they are! I never would have supposed," said I "that in the town of Boston, in sight of yonder golden dome, close to the Cradle of Liberty, in the very shadow of Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall, where Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster fought and bled for 'liberty or death' (quoted), I never supposed that there would stand such a set of dummies, bearing the form and figure of women."

Said I, "It's a burning shame and a blot upon our constitution." Said I, "I know Amarilla Ann Bowen is capable of doing some silly things in the dress line, but she could not come up to that—even when her husband, Adoniram Peters, treated her the worst. I wish there were a few men like Dr. Grey, or even the Israelite, young as he is! They would teach such women better manners—even if they are nothing but dummies, and haven't any brains to spare!"

And at that Mary stopped laughing, and said, sort of interested like, "Aunt, you must tell me right away about those funny friends of yours; the queer old lady, who is always losing her scissors, and black Sib, and that old Dr. Grey and his son—the freckled face boy—why do you call him the Israelite?"

Said I, "Mary, how do you know that Dr. Grey is old, and that his son has a freckled nose?"

"Oh," said she, "I only fancied he had; most boys have freckled noses, I believe. I presume Dr. Grey is very superior, but how came he to give his son such a name? I shall not rest until you have told me all about it."

I could not tell for the life of me if Mary was making fun of them or not, but I thought the best way for me to do was to take her at her word, and be sort of obliging about it, seeing she was giving me such a good time.

Well, after we'd driven in and I had taken off my pelisse, Mary came tripping into my room. She had taken off her riding-dress of black, and put on a white flannel dress.

Pointing to the window she said: "See, it's gathering for a storm; it will be the very time for you to present me to your friends;" and curling herself up on a leopard-skin mat, she said, "Now, aunt, I'm ready to listen."

"First," said I, "I must give you the present I bought for you, which I am ashamed to say, I have not unravelled," and so saying, I dove down to the bottom of my trunk, and cutting the string held up to her the cut of cotton cloth. Said I, "Mary, this is unbleached, every thread as yellow as gold and as thick as a board. (A figure.) It will outward and double wear all the bleached muslins in the world, and though I notice that the sheets and pillow cases on my bed are not made of such cloth as this, let me tell you, Mary, linen such as they can't hold a candle to this for wear,—especially linen as fine as handkerchief."

And Mary, she rose up and said: "Aunt, it was very kind of you—it is what I want, not for my own use, but for our society." Seeing me look puzzled, she went on: "We look after a great many people, who do not seem to be able to look after themselves, and this cloth is the thing for them—so firm and substantial; and if you would be willing to have me use it in that way, it will do a world of good."

Said I, "Mary, I shall be glad to have you use it in any way you please."

Said she, ringing the bell: "Cloe, take that cloth to the sewing-room and tell Miss Mills it is for society."

Said I: "Mary, I've been a cumberer long enough, and if you let me go on in this way much longer I shall get to be as bad as those dummies." Said I, "Let Miss Mills, whoever she is, work for those who need her, but every thread of this cloth I am going to sew myself; I have been fairly aching from having nothing to do."

So I took my tape-measure and scissors from my work pocket, and I thought I would begin with the Greys, but just then Cloe called us out to dinner.

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She Kept the Golden Rule.

Having Been Benefited a Lady Tells the Good News to Her Friends—Why Everybody Should Read the Papers.

By chance I saw Rev. Mr. Hall's letter in the New York Sun relating to his wife's case and the cure of nervous dyspepsia and malaria by the use of Kaskine. The symptoms there given were almost exactly like my own, and I thought I would try Kaskine. I had been afflicted in the same way for about eight years, and had taken quinine until I was almost crazy from its effects. I would have severe pains at the pit of my stomach on eating more than usual, and was very nervous and underwent great mental depression. My head troubled me a great deal with terrible pains through the eyes and the back of the neck. I also suffered much from sickness at the stomach.

In reply to a letter from me Mr. Hall said that his wife took, in all, half a dozen bottles of Kaskine, and it cured her. This decided me and I began using it. Up to the present date (March 12, 1887) I have taken several bottles within two month's time, and I feel very much better. The bad sensations in my head are entirely gone; my stomach troubles are very slight to what they were, and I expect to be perfectly cured before the warm weather sets in.

Of course I could not keep the good news to myself, and so told my lady friends, several of whom are using this remedy with the same good results as I experienced myself. I need hardly tell you how glad I am that so excellent a medicine for such common yet distressing ailments as mine, has been discovered, and when a good word from me will point out Kaskine, the new quinine, to those who may suffer in the same way, you may be sure I shall not fail to speak.

Yours very truly,
MRS. WALTER H. MITCHELL,

Whippany, N. J.

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and hot weather is now in order, but whether at home or away at the seashore, or in the country, don't forget that FOULDS' WHEAT GERM MEAL.

(the germ of wheat) is the cereal food in the world for breakfast. Have it for the children, for

If they are fed on cake and pie.

They will have Dyspepsia by

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them made on them this week at my studio.

ARTHUR A. GLINES, PHOTOGRAPHER,

NEWTON, MASS.

MADISON BUNKER, D.V.S.

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

NEWTON, MASS., AUGUST 13, 1887.

EDWARD D. BALDWIN, Publisher.

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Telephone No. 7909.

THE NEWTON TRANSCRIPT HAS BEEN CONSOLIDATED WITH THE GRAPHIC.

Entered at Newton P. O. as Second Class Matter

Subscribers going away for the summer can have the GRAPHIC mailed to them without extra cost, and the address will be changed as often as desired.

EDGAR FAWCETT received \$3,000 from the American Magazine, for the privilege of publishing his new novel, "Olivia Delaplaine," and he reserves the right to publish it in book form. The reason he received such an immense sum, as explained by the Boston Traveller, is because he is "on the advance wave, so to speak, of fiction." This may be true, as the things that float on "the advance wave" are seldom of any great value. Mr. Fawcett is a prolific writer, but he evidently is a still more prolific reader, and he uses what the Traveller calls "his fine and vivid imaginative powers" in adorning old and threadbare plots and incidents with a certain grace and facility; that almost hides the wooden character of the whole construction. His novels do very well for a summer afternoon's recreation, but a single reading will content most people. There is more hope of the Traveller's becoming the leading Boston newspaper than of Mr. Fawcett's becoming the Great American novelist.

WATERTOWN is one of the few towns where the taxes are to be reduced this year, the rate fixed upon being \$12.50, which is \$2.50 less than last year. The town has gained \$188,911 during the year, of which \$117,900 is in real estate and \$70,921 in personal property. The largest taxpayer this year is the estate of B. E. Bates, which is assessed \$2,718.75, while the Fitchburg Railroad company will pay \$2,573.25, and the Aetna mills corporation \$2,838.63. The Adams estate, which formerly came in as a big taxpayer, is now cut up into house lots, and consequently does not come under a single assessment. In regard to the increase in the valuation, judging from some sales of property on this side of the river, he will be a fortunate man who can sell his estate at the assessment the Watertown authorities have placed upon it.

The Peabody Press claims that the present liquor law is the most effective that has ever been on our statute books, and that it can be enforced wherever the sentiment of the people sustains its enforcement. In the smaller cities and towns the law is enforced because it is sustained by popular sentiment. As for the large cities, the Press says that no great city ever has, or ever will enforce a prohibitory law, and it would be bad policy for the rural parts to impose such a law upon the cities. That experiment has also been tried and proved a disastrous and disgraceful failure.

THE electric light poles present such a neat appearance since they have been painted that it is a pity to have them disfigured by posters and hand-bills, as has been the case in some instances. Neither the electric light poles nor the fire alarm telegraph poles were erected for advertising purposes, and measures ought to be taken to prevent their disfigurement. The bills are also liable to become a nuisance, as they often become loose and their flapping in the wind frightens horses. The city authorities will do well to look after this matter.

THE little village of Marion, which has been made famous by the visit of Mrs. Cleveland, had the honor of being described in "The Bostonians," one of Henry James's least interesting novels. He calls it "Marmion" and uses it as a background for certain important incidents in the story. He saw it, it is said, in a visit to R. W. Gilder, editor of the Century, and describes it as a little, straggling, loosely clustered town.

BOSTON can now boast of the biggest monopoly in street railways in the world. The combination of the West End and Consolidated railway companies control tracks enough, it is said, to reach across the state, if they were extended in a straight line. It is certainly to be hoped that the monopoly will look more carefully after the public convenience than the old companies have done.

THE street light appropriation was increased \$2,000, instead of \$6,000, in order to provide for electric lights. The total cost of the electric lights is expected to be nearly \$6,000, but owing to the reduction in the price of gas, and the fact that the electric lights take the place of a large number of gas lamps, the cost of lighting the city is only \$2,000 more than last year.

BROOKLINE's tax-rate has been fixed at \$10.50, but whether it is more fortunate than Newton depends somewhat on the valuation of the property in the town. A low tax-rate is sometimes gained, though of course we would not insinuate that it is so in this case, by assessing the taxable property at double its value.

NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

PRO AND CON.

It is not generally understood, what it is to be boss, chief magistrate, or king of a great people.

Hereditary rulers grow up to it, and royalty becomes as natural as to breathe. Besides, a throne has the expectancy of a life tenure, and rests upon bed rock—"rocks all the way down."

The Presidential seat is a swivel arm chair, brought out on the platform for the use of the presiding officer.

Our elective kings are objects for profound sympathy and forbearance. The present incumbent doubtless deserves a full share.

Dragged suddenly from comparatively comfortable obscurity, they experience for four short years the pinch and worry and uneasy fit of a new crown. From the moment of election, the victim of popular suffrage has not another moment by day or night, that he can call his own.

His time for the four years aforesaid belongs to his employers.

His door bell is connected at once with all the wires, telegraphic and telephone, on the globe.

(The circuit extends no further at present. That cannon ball from Mars has not yet arrived at the Smithsonian Institute.) "Hullo! Central!" rolls in upon his ear uneasiness.

He is no King; never says "my parliament," or uses the first person singular with any airs of sovereignty.

His domestic privacy is invaded, and the shameless invasion is not only permitted but applauded as a national diversion.

"The divinity that doth hedge about a king" he cannot have around his person.

No hedges allowed in Washington. All is open, from the public highway to the family hearth.

He slips away in midsummer to the sea-shore, for he is but human, and his fellow brothers salute him across the water.

He flies to the depths of the Adirondacks, and the human flies attend him in swarms.

His brief term of office is hardly sufficient to travel over the empire that he is expected meanwhile to rule.

At last, after trying in vain to suit everybody, like the man in the fable, he finally comes in on the home run closing his unsatisfactory career with the ass thrown over his back.

Once more on his native heath for the remainder of his life, and we hope his days will be many, he is entitled to wear in his buttonhole the initial X.

We trust none of our readers will be dismayed in their aspirations for the Presidency, by anything we have said.

Bear in mind, friends, that the man most fit for the office is always set aside, because he is the fittest. Hence one man's chance, however modest and retiring, is just as good as any other man's.

Who knows who may turn up next? The coming man, for all we or the wisest can tell, may be reading these very lines.

We hail him as a possibility! The editor of this paper, for instance, cares not a fig for the Presidency—but it would be bad form for him to set up in opposition to any general popular movement.

There are compensations as well as drawbacks in the highest office within the gift of the people.

Hurrying home one evening from a distant part of Newton Centre, (where the land is low) we chanced to overhear a batsman by the roadside, discoursing. We understood him to say:

"Yes, I'd rather be the biggest frog in this puddle, than the second in the Baptist pond!"

That frog was willing to "leave him self in the hands of his friends."

THE WILD SPOTS.

Doubtless, the taste in landscape gardening has undergone a change in the direction of the "natural method."

We felt the undercurrent tending this way many years since.

Evidence of it is now plentifully exhibited throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Wherever wealth and high culture have lately erected monuments of taste, whether in the suburbs of the great cities, by the seashore, or among the mountains, Nature untaught is sought for, and harnessed to the car of Beauty.

What is most lacking in the Garden City, is to seize upon what few wild spots remain, and mould them to the present popular taste.

In Newton Centre there are some fine bits left, within the reach of moderate means.

On the western shore of Crystal Lake is a ridge of slightly land, covered with a forest of large growth, conveniently located, about halfway between two depots, and not far from either.

East of Summer street is another, which is soon to be occupied by long-headed men who know a good thing when at last their eyes are opened to see it.

People will wake up by and by, and find that Grant avenue, especially the lower part near Beacon street, is just the spot for rural tastes to revel in.

Hon. R. R. Bishop has this season begun to bring out the gems so long concealed on his estate.

What opportunities there are along that new winding road, as it skirts the base of those high cliffs!

He has made some sale of lots there for immediate improvement and occupancy.

The Taylor place, on this property, is considered, with its surroundings, a great success, and the sweetest thing in Newton Centre.

"The groves and the high places" are still the favorite spots for the household gods, and justly so, for sanitary and other reasons.

Just such a site is presented by the tract known locally as "Elgin Terrace," to which easy access is had by Elgin street.

This is likely soon to be covered with dwelling houses.

On a portion of it, Mr. Sydner G. Steves, the builder, has commenced a row of houses for sale,—for which there will be little need of advertising, as they will be the first object in Newton Centre to catch the eye from the cars, in coming out from Boston.

Being so conspicuous, it is to be hoped that the attention they attract may be favorable.

Within a radius of two thousand feet from the station, which is a comfortable

walk for an elderly person, there is but little choice land left, that is for sale.

NEWTON LIBRARY.

We were just on the point of inserting an item, requesting the Librarian of the Newton Free Library to affix a date to his Weekly Bulletin of additions to the library. Many persons cut out these valuable slips and file them, and the printed date is a great convenience. But we see that he has kindly anticipated the request.

GREYSTONE.

A Visit from Mrs. Partington.

Mr. B. P. Shillaber, whose pseudonym of Mrs. Partington is known the world over, drove down from Newton Centre on Wednesday, and made a pleasant call at the GRAPHIC office. Mr. Shillaber's home is in Chelsea, but he makes such frequent visits to his daughter, Mrs. Frank Clement of Newton Centre, that Newton can claim him as an adopted citizen, at least. He is one of the most genial of visitors, with an inexhaustible fund of witty anecdotes, and time has evidently only enriched his powers, instead of taking from them. Like many famous writers, Mr. Shillaber commenced his career in a printing office, way back in the twenties, and the first item he "set up" for a paper was one announcing that Daniel Webster and other citizens had bought an island in Boston Harbor, on which to found a city; that city is now East Boston. At that time there was only some sugar refineries and one or two boarding houses on the island, and Mr. Shillaber says it makes him feel very venerable every time he crosses the ferry and sees what changes have taken place. For many years Mr. Shillaber was a newspaper publisher and he still retains his connection with the press, as the Boston correspondent of the Hartford Post and some other papers, and it goes without saying that his letters are always a popular feature. For a number of years he had a column in the Boston Post, doing about the same kind of work as the famous "Taverner" now does. Mr. Shillaber was kind enough to say that he read the GRAPHIC with great interest, it was such a bright and new paper, and he was not surprised to hear of its phenomenal growth in circulation. Our "Notes About Town" by "Greystone" he thought were remarkably good, and "Greystone" would have blushed had he heard the compliments given him. Some articles about Newton from Mr. Shillaber's pen may be looked for in the GRAPHIC in the near future.

SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

At a Beautiful Inland Town.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:

Wishing for an outing in the heat of last Saturday, I wandered to the Lowell depot and bought a ticket on the Massachusetts Central, (just opened) for Rutland, Mass., a distance of 53 miles. After winding out of the city through Somerville, Belmont, Waltham and so on, I found a most delightful rural scenery of lawn, river, meadow, tangle-wood, mountain and lake, by the Sudbury, Hudson, Berlin, Boylston, Oakdale to destination.

Rutland is in the geographical centre of the State, on very high land, the view is sublime and unsurpassed in beauty.

In plain sight stands Princeton, Gardner, Hubbardston, Petersham, Barre, Oakham, New Braintree, Spencer, Paxton, Leicester, Holden and many other places of note—then the grand Wachusett and Manadnock are in immediate view, and the tops of the Green Mountains are fully seen in the distant west—a more beautiful panorama of town and mountain scenery cannot be found. A summer hotel, with accommodations for 125 or 150 guests, has recently been erected, which is found insufficient for the demand. It is kept by Capt. Chas. Bartlett, who spares no pains to please his patrons. The fare from Boston is \$1.05, hotel charges \$2.00 per day, an outlay well repaid.

Weary stay-at-home, go and see for yourself.

BOSTON, Aug. 10, 1887. JACOB JUSTICE.

If you want to enjoy a fine smoke go to Shaw's New Pharmacy, French's Block, and ask for an L. B. 5 cent or a Brayton 10 cent CIGAR. They are bound to please.

MARRIED.

At West Newton, Aug. 7, by Rev. O. D. Kimball, Eliza A. Thorp to Henry Wilson Talbot, both of Waltham.

In West Newton, Aug. 14, by Rev. O. D. Kimball, Minnie Augusta Fuller to Joseph E. Guyon.

DIED.

At Newton Centre, Aug. 6, Mary French, widow of Benjamin Bennett, 80 yrs.

At Newton Centre, Aug. 5, of heart disease, Richard A. Howes, 58 years, 10 mos.

In Newtonville, Aug. 9, Charles, infant son of Charles and Minnie Elliott.

In Newton Centre, Aug. 8, Alice, infant daughter of James and Annie Buller.

In Newtonville, Aug. 10, Andelon Begeron, aged 9 mos.

In West Newton, Aug. 9, George, infant son of John and Kate Gleason, aged 1 month.

In Newton Upper Falls, Aug. 8, Henry F., son of Henry and Margaret Parry, aged 1 year.

In Newton Lower Falls, Aug. 4, Mary, widow of Thomas Magne, aged 75 years.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A PRIVATE FAMILY in Ward Seven, central location, will rent two rooms on first floor with one chamber, if wanted, furnished or unfurnished, with or without board, to a gentleman and wife for two gentlemen. Enquire of Charles F. Rand, Post Office building, Newton. 44 tf.

Made clean without glucose, terra alba, or any coloring matter, and being as innocent to the babies and human nature generally as milk or beefsteak, has proven so great a success, that the proprietor has opened an office for the family sale of it at Smead's former grain store, Washington street, near the square, Newtonville.

Vanillin Cream Candy, - - - 25c

Molasses " " " 25c

Peanut Nonpareil Candy, - - - 25c

443m

FITCHBURG RAILROAD

Passenger Ticket Office, Causeway St., Boston. J. K. WATSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

BRADSHAW'S

Home-Made Candy

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NEWTONVILLE.

—Lloyd Shaw is at Tin Pond, Me.
—Mr. G. H. Loomis is at Wolfsboro, N.H.
—Rev. E. E. Davidson is at Marlboro, N.H.
—Rev. Pleasant Hunter is at Marblehead Neck.
—Mrs. H. W. Bigelow is at Still River, Mass.
—Mr. Luke H. Ashley is at Annisquam, Mass.
—Robert S. Shedd is now at Groton, Mass.
—Rev. Geo. S. Butters is at Squirrel Island, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Brewer are at Quissett, Mass.
—Mr. E. S. Colton and family start soon for Well's Beach.
—Mr. Edward W. Bailey of Cabot street is at North Falmouth.
—Mr. J. F. Banchor and family have returned home.
—E. W. Bailey and family have gone to North Falmouth.
—Dr. S. F. Chase and Herbert M. Chase are at Squirrel Island, Me.
—Mrs. Dexter and Miss Mary Baldwin are stopping in Brunswick, Me.
—Mr. E. M. Boydon left this (Friday) morning for a trip down east.
—Mr. L. R. Thayer and wife are at the Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard.
—Mr. F. J. Hartshorne and family have returned from Charlestown, N.H.
—A valuable horse belonging to W. H. Purdie died last Wednesday night.
—Officer N. F. Boworth has returned from his vacation and is again on duty.
—Mr. A. A. Glines and family have returned from their visit to Revere beach.
—Miss Sadie Holmes of Salem, the popular reader, is visiting Miss Gertrude Cook.
—The new restaurant has a number of patrons who take their regular meals there.
—W. E. Brown of Austin street returned Thursday from his visit in New Hampshire.
—Mr. George M. Bridges started for Poland Springs Wednesday, to remain a month.
—Mrs. A. Williams and her son are spending this week at Newport and Block Island.
—Mr. T. M. Vilas has completed his new double house, on the corner of Clifton and Nevada streets.
—Mrs. George T. Hill and family are staying at the Grand Central House, Bar Harbor.
—Mr. R. Q. Barlow is visiting in Skowhegan and will make an extended trip through Maine.
—Mr. Charles Curtis and family leave on Saturday for the Sea Shore House, Old Orchard Beach.
—Mrs. J. Wesley Kimball, Mrs. C. T. Pulsifer and their daughters, are spending this month in Switzerland.
—Mr. John A. Fenn and family will spend next week at The Point of Pines, to attend the musical festival.
—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Kingsbury and daughter have returned from their visit to the Sea Shore House, Old Orchard Beach.
—The many friends of Mr. John T. Swett are glad to see him out once more, and to learn that he is recovering his health.
—Superintendent Emerson's new house on Brookside avenue is making rapid progress, and will be quite an addition to the street.
—Mr. W. H. Mendell of Washington Park, is entertaining friends from Montreal, Canada. This (Friday) morning they spent in visiting the various villages and seeing the beautiful parts of the city.
—Sergeant Davis has so far recovered from his late illness that he is able to be out again, and he intends soon to resume duty.
—Elbridge Bradshaw is to open a store in Mr. Smead's former grain store, where he will have the choicest of home-made candies and bread. See his advertisement in another column.
—W. H. Mague has the contract for opening up the unoccupied street, leading off Walnut street, near Mr. Chas. T. Pulsifer's, and extending to Hull street.
—The land at the corner of Harvard and Cabot streets will shortly be built upon. Waterpipes are now being laid along that part of Cabot street, and along Harvard street.
—The fence has been removed from in front of the houses of H. T. Ross and E.W. Bailey, and the street concreted, making a great improvement in the appearance of the place.
—Alderman Grant's new house promises to be one of the most attractive of the many that are going up near Grove Hill Park. It occupies a commanding location, at a curve in the street, and will be a spacious and handsome residence.
—Mr. John Dolbear of the firm of Dolbear & Carson, whose offices are at San Francisco and Humboldt, and his family, have been visiting Postmaster Turner for a few days. Mrs. Turner and Mr. Dolbear are his cousins. The firm of which he is a member do the largest lumber business of any firm on the Pacific coast.
—Mr. M. J. Brown has the cellar dug for a new house on Walnut street on the shore of Bullough's Pond. On the opposite side of the street in Grove Hill Park, there are six cellars already dug, and houses are to be put up immediately. A wide and handsome avenue has been laid out at the upper end of the park, and work is being pushed forward on the other streets. It is the handsomest location in Newtonville, and as soon as the street railroad goes into operation, houses there will be in great demand.

Impossible to Solve.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:
Will you kindly solve for a patient community the following conundrum, viz: If it takes seven months, (the Eliot church was burned Jan. 10th.) to decide upon and procure plans for a new building, how long will it take to put in the foundation, and when may we expect to see the capstone laid?

Life is short, and many of our older citizens despair of living to an age great enough to see their recent hopes realized.

ELIOT.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miss Mary S. Fuller is at Ogunquit, Me.
—Mrs. H. E. Burrage has gone to Northboro.
—Mr. W. E. Sheldon has returned from Chicago.
—Miss E. E. Simmons is now at Newton, R. I.
—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fleming have gone to Martha's Vineyard.
—Mr. E. E. Burdon and family are at Martha's Vineyard.
—Mr. V. E. Carpenter is stopping at the Crawford House, N. H.
—Mr. Samuel Barnard and family have returned from their outing.
—Mr. Levi Cooley and family are at Lake George, N. Y., for August.
—Miss J. W. Shepard is spending a few weeks at Raymond, N. H.
—Mr. C. M. Bucknam and family are at Squantum for a few weeks.
—Rev. H. J. Patrick and Mr. G. B. Putnam are at Pigeon Cove, Mass.
—Mr. L. F. Warren and family have returned home from Kendal, N. H.
—Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Emerson and Fred Emerson are stopping in Portland, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are expected here soon. They are now in Rockchase, Mass.
—Rev. O. D. Kimball has returned to New London, N. H., to remain until September 9.
—Dr. F. E. Crockett and wife returned Wednesday evening, from their trip to Provincetown.
—Severance Burrage is in Yonkers, N.Y., where he is visiting Mrs. T. F. Gove, formerly of this place.
—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Humphrey and Mr. C. Seaver, Jr., were at Provincetown the past week.

In the police court the past week there have been seven cases of drunkenness and one of assault and battery.

—Mr. B. F. Shattuck and family of Waltham street are on a trip to Saratoga and the Thousand Islands.

A very neat and serviceable bulletin board has been placed in a conspicuous position on the Congregational church.

The West Newton Athenaeum and Reading Room have reopened once more with Miss Hinckley at her post.

—Hon. Wm. A. Simmons and family are at Mrs. Felton's on Washington street for the summer. Mrs. A. G. Fay and son are also at Mrs. Felton's.

—Services at the Congregational church next Sabbath morning and evening, will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Hubbard of Buffalo, N.Y., formerly of Somerville.

—Mr. G. A. Walton has made a decided improvement in his building lot on Chestnut street. The lot has been filled in with the gravel taken from the cellar of the Unitarian church addition.

—Mr. H. E. Woodbury, proprietor of the West Newton cash grocery, has purchased the business of J. and S. Armstrong, Auburndale. Mr. George Mann will run the store in the interest of Mr. Woodbury.

—On Monday Fred. Dolbear met with quite a severe accident. He was riding a horse about the yard of Dr. E. F. Thayer on Watertown street, when the animal shied and fell, pinning the boy down and breaking his leg. The limb was set by Dr. Thayer.

Sometime between ten o'clock Saturday night and Sunday morning St. Bernard's church was broken into, and the contribution boxes, containing some fifteen or twenty dollars were stolen. The empty boxes were afterwards found in the woods in the rear of Allen's swimming pond.

At the last exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Severance Burrage succeeded in obtaining the first prize on his unusually fine display of 218 different varieties of wild flowers. Mrs. P. D. Richards of West Medfield secured the second prize.

The work on the addition to the First Unitarian church is progressing rapidly. A cellar has been dug under the new portion, the church has been cut in two and the rear half moved back and the two parts connected by a flooring. An addition has been built on to the church parlor along the entire length of the side nearest the railroad and an oblong shaped room 24 by 10 feet built on from the stage, increasing the seating capacity very largely.

At the Point of Pines last Friday evening, Prof. H. H. Tilton of this ward, superintendent of the United States Fireworks Co., was agreeably surprised by being presented with a very fine gold watch, chain and charm, from the employees of the Pines and Panorama and of the United States Fireworks Co. Mr. Charles W. Johnstone made the presentation speech and Mr. Tilton, though taken by surprise, made a very happy response.

A daughter of Mr. N. T. Allen and a lady friend had a fortunate escape from what might have been a serious accident, Wednesday evening. They were out driving, and as they turned the corner of Cherry and Webster streets, one of the front wheels collapsed, throwing both ladies out, and the horse started off at a run. Those who saw the accident rushed to the spot, but neither of the young ladies was hurt in the least.

Mrs. E. B. Drew, her five children and a Chinese servant, arrived home this week from a five years' absence in China, and are at Mrs. Purdie's house on Temple street, which they have rented. They came home by way of Europe, and remained some time in London and other cities. Mr. Drew expected to accompany them but at the last moment his business prevented. He is expected soon, as he was to start from China this week and come by way of San Francisco.

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Mr. Edward H. Cutler, late principal of the High School, will open a private school for boys in this city on the third Monday in September. This is an excellent opportunity for parents who wish to give their sons the benefit of the best instruction, in preparing them for college, for the scientific schools or for business. Such an exceptionally gifted teacher as Mr. Cutler is not often found, and as the boys will come directly under his care, they will have the full benefit of his unsurpassed skill in imparting instruction. Particulars and terms can be learned by addressing Mr. Cutler.

AUBURNDALE.

—Miss Ethel Blaisdell is at Dover.
—Mr. B. W. Hackett and family are at York Beach.
—The family of Mr. H. A. Pemberton are at Rye Beach.
—Edward P. Kelley is visiting friends at Harvard, Mass.
—Miss E. B. Tyler has returned from York, Me.
—Rev. Calvin Cutler and wife are summering at Camden, Me.
—Mist Nellie Williams is with friends at Union Bluffs, York Beach, Me.
—Mrs. John B. Stewart has returned from her vacation.
—Mrs. A. W. Tarbox and her daughter are summering at Revere Beach.
—Mr. Thompson of Nevada street has purchased the estate of James McGarry.
—The family of Mr. James Ballentyne have gone to Juniper Point for the summer.
—The partnership of Grant & Barron is dissolved. Mr. Grant will continue the business.

The junior Sabbath school at the North church is to be merged into the senior school for the future.

Richard Ellery has been confined to the house for the past week with sickness, but is improving.

A subscription was raised last week toward defraying the funeral expenses of George Banks.

Patrick Linsky of Dalby street fell one day last week, and broke his leg. Dr. Kelly attended him, and he is doing well.

Joseph Hanson of this village won the first prize in the old man's race at the English picnic last Saturday, at Downer Landing.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Bush are spending the summer at Cataumet, Mass.

Mr. Nathan Mosman and family have gone to the Linwood House, Pigeon Cove, Mass.

John M. Burr, Jr., is spending his vacation at the Arundel House, Kennebunkport, Me.

The house of Mr. J. W. Davis on Fern street, has been leased to Mr. Waite of West Newton.

Miss Emily Hazen is visiting a Smith College friend, Miss Jennie Cushing, at Bath, Maine.

Miss Gertrude H. Holden of Brooklyn, N.Y., is staying with Miss Goodrich of Central street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waite and Miss Ella Waite are at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, Long Island, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Winslow are receiving the congratulations of their friends, on the birth of a son, August 6th.

Mr. Fred. B. Gordon and family of Columbus, Ga., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Gordon, on Grove street.

Rev. W. R. Newhall has returned from his western tour, and will preach in the Methodist church on August 14th.

Mrs. M. Abrams, Miss Viola Abrams, Mrs. John W. Bird and Miss Delle Bird, have gone to Gloucester for a few weeks.

G. R. Pulsifer is enjoying a riding trip through Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He was reported at Dublin this week.

Mr. William E. Haskell of the Minneapolis Tribune, and wife, arrived in Auburndale on August 7th from their trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hutchinson and family, not discouraged by their first attempt at a vacation at the Senter House, Centre Harbor, have now gone to Lancaster, N.H.

Mr. Chandler, who formerly taught in the Williams school, will probably be one of the new teachers in the High School. His friends will be glad to welcome him back to Newton.

A. Lincoln Fowle has gone to the Kearsarge House, North Conway, for the month of August. Athletic games there will probably receive an impetus on his arrival.

Rev. Wm. R. Newhall returned on Saturday, from an extended tour through the West, and occupied his pulpit on Sunday. He was welcomed by a large congregation.

H. M. Blood and J. P. B. Fiske are working in a machine shop in Worcester for the summer. They will do practical work in connection with their engineering studies in the Technology.

Letters have been received from Miss Alice Ranlett, stating that she is recovering from a severe illness, and has been able to go to her aunt's home in Liverpool; her parents and friends are thus relieved of much anxiety concerning her.

The Congregational Society have commenced improvements on their church in the shape of a new entrance from the Woodland avenue side which will add much to the convenience and beauty of the structure.

Mr. Charles H. Johnson is erecting a new house on Lexington street, between Freeman and Seavers street, which will be to rent when completed and make an attractive home for some one.

Rev. Calvin Cutler and wife have gone to the Seward House, Camden, Maine, to spend the month of August. During his absence the pulpit of the Congregational church will be supplied by several different clergymen.

H. E. Woodbury of West Newton, has bought the grocery business of J. and S. Armstrong, and secured the services of Mr. Geo. Mann, who will be pleased to see his former customers and friends at the old stand, corner Auburn and Lexington streets.

The sympathy of many friends are given to Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, who received a cablegram of the severe illness of her youngest child, little Alice, six years old. She sailed at once for home, but before her arrival at Liverpool, another was received, telling that she had passed away.

Dr. Duryea delivered an excellent ethical sermon last Sunday before a well-filled house of attentive listeners. It is unusual to see so large an audience in mid-summer even in Auburndale; but the fame of the preacher and the delightful day called out many of our summer visitors as well as the townspeople. The text was found in Luke 8:46, "And Jesus said, some one hath touched me." Dr. Duryea expressed his broad, practical views in simple every-day language, establishing the propositions logically, and persuading the whole discourse with the text best expressed in the Scripture, "Ye are the Body of Christ."

THERE is a good deal said about the youngest man who has a seat in the coming congress. This district might boast of the youthfulness of its representative if that were anything to be proud of.

NONANTUM.

—Miss Minnie Powell is on her vacation.

William Burt moved into his new house last week.

The city fathers visited this village again Wednesday.

Miss Sarah Butterfield has returned from her vacation.

Mrs. A. W. Tarbox and her daughter are summering at Revere Beach.

Mr. Thompson of Nevada street has purchased the estate of James McGarry.

The family of Mr. James Ballentyne have gone to Juniper Point for the summer.

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SUNRISE AND VENICE.

The East is blossoming! Yes, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches, and widens and grows,
Large and luminous, up from the sea
And out of the sea, a blossoming tree.

Richer and richer, so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes hue;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all is rich as a rose can be,
And my rose-leaves fall into billows of fire.

Then beams reach upward as arms from the sea;
Then lances and arrows are aimed at me,
Then lances and spangles and spars and bars
Are broken and shattered and strewn on the sea
And, around and about me, tower and spire
Start from the billows like tongues of fire.

(Joaquin Miller.)

BUFDIDDLE.

BY JENNIFER B. PERRY.

It was fast growing dark. Nannie sat on her wooden cricket before the big fire-place, watching the shadows that danced across the bare floor as the bright flames leaped up and died away. Her hands were folded demurely in her lap; but her face wore an expectant look as if she were listening for some one.

She had been sitting in this way for half an hour waiting for Grandpa to come in from milking. He was very late.

Grandma was moving about the room, washing the supper dishes and putting the room to rights.

At last she crossed over to the fire-place and, stooping down, laid some fresh sticks across the andirons; then, shaking from her apron the few splinters and pieces of bark that clung to it, she stood for a minute looking down at Nannie.

Grandma's face was one to make naughty children afraid; though it would beam most kindly now as she said to Nannie, "It is almost bed-time, Nannie."

"Oh, Grandma," pleaded Nannie, "please let me sit up till Grandpa comes in with the milk."

Just then a step was heard at the door, and in a minute the door opened and in came Grandpa, a brimming pail of milk in each hand; his breeches tucked into his heavy boots, making him look even shorter than he really was; and on his head a rough cloth cap from beneath which looked a wrinkled face. Such a face as it was! Nannie thought there never was a face like Grandpa's; and she was not far from right. His wrinkled cheeks were like the ruddy sides of his favorite russets; his eyes, blue as Grandma's own china; and his forehead, rough and weather-beaten, was framed with a shock of snow-white hair.

"Well, mother, I am pretty late with the chores, to-night; I guess the cows must have found good feeding up in the hill pasture, for they gave quite a mess of milk."

"I should think so, pa. I was afraid that it was a-most too late in the season to turn them out."

"Nannie from her cricket watched Grandpa eagerly as he carried the heavy pails into the buttery and set them on the floor.

Grandma, meantime, forgetting all about Nannie and bed-time followed him into the buttery to strain the milk.

This was more than Nannie had dared to hope for. She waited patiently till Grandpa had taken off his cap and coat, hung them on the nail behind the door, and settled himself with a heavy sigh of contentment in his usual corner of the calico-covered settle, when she climbed quickly up to his side, into the shelter of the big arm that opened just to Grandpa's shoulder as she stood beside him on the settle; and when he bent his head to rub his rough cheek softly against her pink one, the white hair looked whiter yet as it rested on her dark curls.

"Well, Nannie, have you been a good girl to-day?"

Nannie looked apprehensively toward the buttery door, through which Grandma's broad back was visible, and then said, softly: "Yes, sir; I guess so."

"That's right, my little girl—that's right," said Grandpa encouragingly.

"Grandpa, please will you tell me just one story?"

"Oh! Grandpa's too tired to tell little girls stories to-night," said he.

"Couldn't you just tell me about Bufiddle, Grandpa?"

"Well, let me see—Once there was a man—"

Nannie nestled up closer to him with a contented little sigh.

"Once there was a man lived away off in the woods, all by himself. He hadn't always lived there, you know, he used to live in a big town where there were ever so many men and women and children; but something happened to him that hurt him, and after that he couldn't bear to have the people look at him. So he went a long way off and built him a little house in the woods, and there he had lived ever since.

"There weren't any other houses for miles and miles, nor any stores. Every thing that he needed he had to make for himself.

"He used to set traps in the woods, and he would catch squirrels and rabbits and such things, and then he had snares that he set for birds; so that he had pretty good things to eat.

"Every morning he used to go around to his traps and see what he had caught. One morning he found a funny animal in one of the traps, it had a face that looked almost like a baby's, only it was covered all over with hair, and so were the legs and arms; but on the fingers, instead of claws, were real finger-nails, just like yours." (Here Nannie furtively examined her own small nails.)

"Well, this funny little animal was a monkey. The man knew what it was; for he had seen them frisking around in the woods; but he had never caught one before.

"At first he thought he would let it go; but its leg was hurt so that he was afraid it would die. So he thought to himself that he would take it home and doctor it, and perhaps it would stay with him after it got well.

"It was pretty lonesome off there in the woods, and he thought that the monkey would be sort of company for him, and wouldn't ever ask him any questions about his hurt.

"So he wrapped it up in his coat real care-

ful and took it home. Then he did its leg up in splinters and made a nice bed for it. "Well, first along, the monkey was real sulky and wouldn't take anything to eat nor pay any attention to the man. But by and by he began to chirp up a little, when his leg got better, and would chatter away at the man real sociable.

"The man had made him a little red dress and cap out of a piece of bright scarlet cloth that he had; so that he looked just like the hand-organ monkeys, and he looked and acted so much like people that the man thought he ought to have a name; so he named him Bufiddle, and pretty soon Bufiddle got so that he knew his name and seemed to understand a good deal that the man said to him. You see he was really smarter than the man; for the man couldn't understand one word that Bufiddle said, though he chattered and chattered to him. Well, every morning when the man went around to look at his traps, he would look Bufiddle up in the house. You see he was afraid that he would get lonesome and run off with the other monkeys. Bufiddle didn't like to be locked in, and he would whine and chatter like everything.

"One day when the man was getting ready to go down to the spring for a pail of water, Bufiddle watched everything that he did, and whatever the man did, Bufiddle would do it right over after him. Finally the man was all ready to start and he took the water-pail off from a shelf. Then, quick as a flash, Bufiddle jumped up on a shelf and got a little tin pail that was there; and when the man was ready to open the door, there stood Bufiddle, with his little pail, close to the door, looking up at the man just as if he was begging to be taken along. His little black eyes looked as wistful as any little chap you ever see, and he stood up there as straight and trim as a shoulder, with tin pail in his hand and the little red cap on his head.

"The man hadn't the heart to slip out and lock the door. So he said: "Bufiddle, will you be a good boy if I let you go?" And Bufiddle looked up at him, grave and honest as a judge.

"Then the man opened the door wide so that Bufiddle could go out. How he did caper and dance! It was lucky that he didn't have any water in the tin pail, for he would have spilled every drop of it.

"When they reached the spring the man kneeled down and dipped his pail in the water, and Bufiddle kneeled down on the other side and dipped his pail just exactly as the man did, and then followed him to the house, close at his heels. Not a drop of water did he spill, for he walked along as steady as an old man.

"After a while he got better of his hurt and went back to his own country and married a beautiful lady, who looked very much like your Grandma whom I see coming this minute to put you to bed."

Nannie slid slowly down from the settle and put up her hand to go with Grandma. But suddenly she turned back and clasping her hands on Grandma's knee, looked up into his face and said: "Grandpa, was it Grandma hurt the man?"

"There, there, run along with Grandma; little girls shouldn't ask so many questions."

"Pa," said Grandma, reprovingly, "you shouldn't tell the child stories that are not true."

"Well, well, mother, some of it is true."

But how much of it is true, nobody but Grandpa ever knew.—[Independent.]

something in it for there was fresh blood on it; so he knew Bufiddle had been there.

"The next trap was empty too. And so he went on and on, till he came to a trap where the grass and dirt had been torn up all around, and there was blood on the leaves.

"The man saw that there must have been an awful struggle there, and he grew sick and faint for fear something had happened to Bufiddle.

"He followed a track by drops of blood on the grass and leaves, till pretty soon he saw something moving ahead of him. He hurried on as fast as he could, and pretty quick he could make out what it was. There was six or eight big monkeys dragging poor little Bufiddle along on the ground, his pretty red dress trailing in the dirt!

You see the monkeys were jealous of Bufiddle's bright clothes and had made a raid on him. As soon as they saw the man coming, though, they dropped him and took to the woods.

"How the man wished he had his gun, so that he might shoot some of them! but they were all off before he reached the place where poor little Bufiddle lay.

"The man was afraid that he was dead; but he put his hand on the little fellow's heart and felt that it was still beating. Then he picked him up as carefully as he could; but it hurt the poor little chap pretty bad. He gave a sort of whine and opened his dull eyes; when he saw that it was the man, he nestled up to him as if he was pretty glad that he had come.

"Well, the man took him home and did everything that he could think of for him. But it wasn't any use. The little fellow was hurt too bad, and he just got weaker and weaker, till one day as he was lying on the man's arm, he opened his eyes wide and looked at him kind of sad and gentle, as if he knew how lonesome the man would be after he was gone, and then he just turned his head on the man's arm and died."

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Live geese feathers of the very best quality and pure curled hair mattresses can be obtained at very moderate prices from Paine's Furniture Company, Boston.

A Strange Freak.

The wife of our esteemed citizen, Mr. John Rowell, while suffering under a severe attack of the blues, tried to commit the crime of infanticide, but failed. She was discovered by a neighbor. Her case had been considered by the best doctors incurable, but her husband was highly pleased, after using a course of Sulphur Bitters, to find that she was entirely cured.—[Kingston Herald.]

At this terrible threat Nannie dried her eyes and Grandpa went on:

"Well, the man dug a little grave for Bufiddle near the house, and put up a headstone with the name Bufiddle cut in it. Afterward he had a great many monkeys to live with him, but never one that he loved so well as Bufiddle.

"There, there, run along with Grandma; little girls shouldn't ask so many questions."

"Pa," said Grandma, reprovingly, "you shouldn't tell the child stories that are not true."

"Well, well, mother, some of it is true."

But how much of it is true, nobody but Grandpa ever knew.—[Independent.]

AUGUST MAGAZINES.

The notable features of the August Wide Awake are the first of a series of sketches of Old Concord and a paper on Summer Sports, both illustrated. The latter is by Elbridge S. Brooks, late of the St. Nicholas staff. Charles Egbert Coddock goes on a coon-hunt and trees a panther in the "Story of Keedon Bluffs"—her second young folks' story (both of them written for Wide Awake). There are long stories by Catherwood, Davis, Chapman, Hopkins; short ones by Mitchell, Hart; poems, sketches, skits, biographies, peeps at the Zoo. All through all, the serious purpose of entertainment and education both of the higher sort made winning and popular. \$2.40 a year—a sample copy sent for five cents. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Scribner's magazine for September will contain essays on "The development of the American university," by Prof. George T. Ladd of Yale, and "English in newspapers and novels," by Prof. Adams Sherman Hill of Harvard. Edward L. Wilson will describe "The modern Nile," his article being illustrated from photographs taken by the author. The Thackeray letters will be continued and extracts will be given from Kate Terry's recollections of Thackeray, as well as several anecdotes furnished by Mrs. Brookfield. It is a disappointment to learn that the letters will end with the October instalment, which will consist of letters written by Thackeray to his wife.

"So there he lay thinking that probably he should die all alone there in the woods and nobody would ever know it; for there was no one but Bufiddle to tell the story and people wouldn't understand him if he tried to tell them.

"The man was sure that Bufiddle knew something was wrong; for he was perched on the foot-board of the bed, his little red cap awry, and looking as grave as an owl.

"By and by he slipped down from the bed and took his little tin pail from the shelf. Then he opened the door and slipped out.

"Pretty soon he came back, and the next thing that the man knew there was the little fellow sitting up on the bed by his pillow and holding a cup of cold water for him to drink. He held it up to his mouth just as careful till he had swallowed the last drop. And then he hopped down from the bed and took his piece of string to bring in some wood.

"When he had brought in the sticks and piled them up all nice in the wood-box, he looked all around the room; then he looked at the man; and then he went to the door, real slow; and went out, shutting it after him.

"The man turned over with a groan. He thought that Bufiddle had gone off to leave him and would never come back again.

"It seemed to him a long time, when the door opened real still, and there stood Bufiddle holding a couple of birds by the legs, all picked and dressed ready to cook.

"The man's head was feeling some better, and he watched to see what Bufiddle would do.

"He laid down the birds till he had made fire, and then he held them over the coals and roasted them to a turn.

"He looked funny enough sitting up there like a little old man, turning the birds every minute or two with an anxious look to see if they were browning all right.

"When he thought they were done, he took them to the man and fed him all that he would eat; it wasn't much, but not a mouthful would Bufiddle touch till the man had done. Then the way that he made way with what was left, showed that he was pretty hungry.

"Well, every day Bufiddle went around to the traps and did up all the work as well as he could, till by and by the man began to get better. He had got so fond of the little chap that he couldn't bear to have him out of his sight, and when Bufiddle was gone to the traps the man was always uneasy till he came back.

"One day he was gone longer than usual. The man waited and waited, but Bufiddle didn't come, and finally he couldn't stand it any longer. He crawled out of bed and dressed himself to go out and look for him.

"When he got to the first trap, he found that it was empty, but there had been

something in it for there was fresh blood on it; so he knew Bufiddle had been there.

"The next trap was empty too. And so he went on and on, till he came to a trap where the grass and dirt had been torn up all around, and there was blood on the leaves.

"The man saw that there must have been an awful struggle there, and he grew sick and faint for fear something had happened to Bufiddle.

"He followed a track by drops of blood on the grass and leaves, till pretty soon he saw something moving ahead of him. He hurried on as fast as he could, and pretty quick he could make out what it was. There was six or eight big monkeys dragging poor little Bufiddle along on the ground, his pretty red dress trailing in the dirt!

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Ayer's Pills.

HINTS FOR THE TABLE.

BREAKFAST FRITTERS.

One cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one tea-spoonful of salt, two eggs beaten lightly, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour, and enough milk to make a thick batter. Fry like griddle cakes.—[American Agriculturist.]

LEMON SHERBET.

One and one-half pounds of loaf sugar, one quart of water and nine lemons. Wipe the lemons clean, and rub them with the lumps of sugar in order to extract the zest. Put the rubbed lump with the rest of the sugar into the water, and allow them to dissolve. Then cut all the lemons into halves, squeeze the juice into the sweetened water, strain and freeze the same way as ice-cream.

STRING BEANS.

This vegetable is often spoiled because it is not properly cooked. String the beans carefully and cut up. Cook in just enough water to cover them, boiling steadily and slowly for two hours. Toward the latter part of the time do not replenish the water which should be nearly absorbed when they are done. Stir them lightly so that none may stick to the bottom and add a large cup of milk in which a tea-spoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of butter have been mixed. When this boils season and serve.

INEXPENSIVE DESERTS.

To make an inexpensive dessert, prepare a custard flavored with whatever is preferred. When cold put in a freezer, but not to be frozen too stiff. Before using stir into it small pieces of ripe peaches or pineapple, or whatever perfectly ripe fruit is in season. Another plain cream is easily made. Put the yolks of five eggs in a stew-pan with six ounces of sugar, beat it up with a spoon until white, in another stew-pan have a pint of milk and one ounce of isinglass, boil 10 minutes; stir continually to prevent burning, flavor with vanilla or whatever is preferred; pour the milk on the eggs and sugar, place on the fire, stir well together, do not let it boil; pass it through a sieve into a round bowl; when cold set it on the ice, add two or three glasses of liquor, continue stirring, and when settling add three parts of a pint of cream well whipped, mix well together and pour into the mold in the ice and keep there till required.

FRUIT PUDDINGS.

Few puddings can excel fruit puddings if carefully made and the fruit is ripe. It is best to make them in a basin which is buttered and lined with paste, then filled with the fruit, which is covered with the paste, the paste rolled round to the thickness of half an inch, and when the fruit is in, then drawn to the center and squeezed; then tied up in a cloth kept for the purpose, and boiled in plenty of water. When done, which will be according to the nature of the fruit put in, serve it in any form preferred in or out of the basin. The paste lid should be of the same thickness as the sides. Sugar should be added before being covered. Apples should be pared, cored, and cut in quarters, sugar, a few cloves, and a piece of lemon-peel added. Peaches, nectarines, apricots, and plums should be cut in halves, the kernels extracted from the stones and added, a little cream, according to the size of the pudding, in which, if not disliked, a little grated cinnamon is added, and may be put in at the same time as the fruit; use a little sugar. All small fruit may be similarly used.—[New York Evening Post.]

STEWED BLACKBERRIES.

Stew slowly any desired quantity of blackberries, allowing a tablespoonful of flour to every quart of berries, and the same quantity of sugar; stir in well and cook until it thickens; pour into moulds and cool. To be eaten with cream and sugar.

FROZEN PEACHES.

One quart of milk, four eggs, one-half cup of sugar and a pinch of salt; scald the milk as for soft custard and put away to cool. When cold add one quart of mashed peaches, with sugar to taste, and then freeze the mixture.

Horse Notes.

Mr. E. L. Smith of Boston, who lately returned from the Lady Patriot Stock Farm, Goffstown, where he sketched the celebrated trotting stallion Viking (20½), favors us with the following facts concerning his visit: "Boarding the 3 p.m. Manchester train from the Lowell depot, this city, a few days since, I soon found myself whirling over bridges, past the far-famed Mystic, through the celebrated leather-producing town of Woburn, thence over a dreary tract of country to Lowell. From this point the train skirts the margin of the Merrimac, crossing and recrossing the river and winding along its banks until Manchester is reached. At this point a change of cars is necessary, the transfer being to the Ware River road, which passes Parker's Station, the nearest point to the home of Viking. From Manchester this road runs through a hilly, picturesque country at quite an elevation above the valley farms lying along the somewhat pretentious little river Piscataquog, and passes within a few feet of the old Goffstown track, where Taggart's Abdallah and his get were wont to show their paces in years past. Arriving at Parker's, I espied a small lad eyeing me askance and asked him to direct me to Lady Patriot Farm. 'Have you come to see Viking?' he asked. 'Yes, my boy, you have sized us exactly.' The directions were followed, and in a few moments Mr. Thomas was found, looking somewhat feeble from the effects of protracted illness from which he is steadily recovering. After partaking of Mr. Thomas's hospitality, I went out to renew my acquaintance with my old friend, Viking, while he was undergoing his evening toilet, and found him in fine condition.

"The following morning an invitation to enjoy a birdseye view of Lady Patriot Stock Farm and its surroundings from a neighboring hill was accepted. From this elevation seven townships were visible, also a chain of mountains whose summits were still glistening with snow. The farm con-

tains eighty-six acres of land, mostly pasture. The water supply is excellent and the quality fine. It consists of a system of large wells so arranged that they can be attached or detached at a moment's notice in case of fire or other emergency. After Viking's morning toilet and walk were completed to the satisfaction of his old attendant, Jim Powers, who accompanied him through the circuit last season, he looked fit for a dress parade. When posing for the artist he stands in each position like a well-drilled soldier executing the manual of arms.

"Viking is a chestnut, both ankles white behind and a faint star. Foaled Feb. 23, 1881, he stands about 15½, and is built very powerfully, though with a great degree of finish withal. As a four-year-old he scored a record of 2.242, which at Hartford he lowered to 2.204 in his five-year-old form. He was got by Belmont from Waterwitch, the dam also of Mambrino Gift, the first 2.20 stallion, and of Scotland (2.22), sired by the race horse Bonnie Scotland, a notable production, showing the influence which old Waterwitch exerted over her produce. Although Viking passed through a series of races, winning all but one, he is today a perfect horse, and bears no mark or strain to indicate that he ever started in a race. As yet he has but few foals; all but one, I think, are sucklings. One which we saw speaks volumes in favor of Viking's superiority as a stock horse.

"It is a bay without white, has a remarkably strong set of limbs, with the most powerful coupling and quarter that we have seen for many a day. Its peri-carriage is really amusing. There are seventy-eight patrons already booked to Viking this season, fifty-six of which are to come. There are at the farm many finely-bred young mares from producing families, among which are Christine (2.204), Comee's Sister, a full sister to Comee (2.204), Jenny Middleton, sister to Molly Middleton (2.254), Ada W. (2.30), Tampa (2.40), Idleton, half-sister to Forrest Patchen (2.10¾), Balm o' Gilead, by Thorndale (2.224), a handsome daughter of Henry B. Patchen, sire of dams Adele Gould (2.19), Brown Wilkes (2.214) and others. Jim Golden's Blonde, by Vanderbilt, from Flaxy, dam of Blodine (2.244), Mr. Shepard's peerless daughter of George Wilkes, a daughter of Hammonian 10, one by Thomas Jefferson (2.23) out by Edward Everett, also a fine four-year-old by John F. Phelps, and a daughter of Mambrino Gift (2.20), being from the dam of Viking, is like an uncle marrying a niece. The writer is not an advocate of inbreeding so closely, yet as I do not chance to know how this mare's dam is bred, will not dwell too strongly on individual opinion. Galatia (2.244) is among the number which will produce foals by Viking this season. This partial list represents Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and two from Canada, showing the degree of confidence breeders impose in Viking.

"Lady Patriot Stock Farm is also the home of Patriot, by Thorndale (2.224); first dam, Lady Patriot (dam of Sentinel 294, of Volunteer 55, and Heroine, dam of Shawmut, 2.26). Patriot is a fine-looking, strongly made fellow, whose oldest colts are speedy and blood-like, especially a two-year-old from Bess Bright. Thorndale Echo fills my eye. He is a bright red chestnut in color, showing finish, substance and speed. His dam was Ariadne, by Mambrino, son of Mambrino Chief, and as Thorndale's dam, old Dolly, was by Mambrino Chief, Thorndale Echo is strong in the blood of the sire of Lady Thorne (2.182). But ten o'clock draws near, and little Besie, Mr. Thomas's matronly little daughter, announces that the train is up the road, so grip in hand, I bid adieu to the genial owner of Viking, promising him and myself that when time permits I shall again visit Lady Patriot Stock Farm, and advise all readers of the Cultivator interested in breeding fine horses to do the same. Mr. Thomas will make their visit pleasant, and is thoroughly conversant upon the horse topics of the day."—[Boston Cultivator.]

Ayer's Sarsaparilia is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood. No other preparation so well meets this want. It increases the appetite and rejuvenates the whole system. Its record, for forty years, is one constant triumph over disease.

A Good Appetite
is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the food, or the want of proper digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the climate. Ayer's Hood's Sarsaparilia is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilia.



This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany St., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilia,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1: six bottles, \$5.

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PROF. DRURY, Dermatologist,
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HAY FEVER

Is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-duets and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a bursting sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. ELY BROTHERS, 235 Greenwich Street, New York. 4

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SHRUBS AND HERBACEOUS PLANTS

FOR SALE.

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NEWTON CENTRE.

Hon. R. R. Bishop and family are now in London.

Mr. F. N. Thatcher and family are at Rye Beach.

Painters are now at work on the Rice school house.

Mr. William B. Young is off for a month's vacation.

Miss Hattie Sherman is in Connecticut for a few weeks.

Some slight repairs are being made on the Congregational church.

Mrs. A. D. Snow is visiting at her old home at Orlean, Cape Cod.

Mr. Samuel Ward and family of Crescent avenue have arrived home.

H. S. Williams and I. R. Stevens were among the sightseers at the races.

Mrs. Bemis is spending her vacation at the seashore and at Canaan, N. H.

Dr. J. H. Dodge went down to the yacht races Thursday in his catamaran.

F. E. King, the clerk at Seabury's drug store, is spending his vacation at Hull.

A. D. Colby, with his family, is spending three weeks at St. Albans, Vt.

The family of Mr. Daniel Hall, of Oak Hill, go to Vermont for five or six weeks.

A large number of people from this village went down to see Thursday's yacht race.

Assistant Engineer W. B. Randlett took a short pleasure trip the Cape this week.

Rev. L. C. Barnes, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday.

A considerable addition is being made to the floor space of S. L. Pratt's stable on Beacon street.

The road-bed at the foot of Summer street is hardly torn up, and water pipes are being laid there.

Miss Annie Burbank, who has been stopping at Mrs. Joseph Cousens, has returned to her home in Portland, Me.

Mrs. A. M. Gooch, now that the weather is more agreeable, instead of stopping at 65 miles, made a trip a few days since of 85 miles.

Frank Hyde made an exhibit of about 120 varieties of wild flowers at the last exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in Horticultural Hall, Boston.

The new house which Weir & Taylor of Dover street are building for Col. Haskell is being rapidly finished. It will be a great addition to Beacon street.

The chapel of the new Baptist church is now ready to be plastered, and it is expected that it will be ready for occupancy in September. The foundation for the corner stone is also being laid.

A kerosene stove which exploded in the kitchen of a house on Crescent avenue, came near being the cause of a serious fire. As it was, the flames were extinguished without an alarm being rung in, although the kitchen was somewhat burned.

A very pleasant meeting between Dr. S. F. Smith and B. P. Shillaber was noticed on Wednesday last in front of the residence of the former. Mr. Shillaber is in his 73d and Dr. Smith in his 78th, still they have never met before. The meeting was particularly cordial.

A lady here tied a bit of cloth to a spoke of her carriage wheel the other day to measure the distance to Wellesley by counting the revolutions, but after a mile or two she did what the man did who tried to get up perpetual motion. To wit: She gave it up.

Miss F. C. Sparhawk has written a charming book for young people, entitled "Little Polly Blatchley," which has just been published by the D. Lothrop company. Its stories are fresh, sparkling, and original, and the book will be popular with young people. A more extended notice will appear later.

One of the ladies stopping with Mrs. Dr. Bates was the observer of a very unusual appearance in the southwesterly sky about ten o'clock Monday night. Her attention was attracted by a brilliant light down near the horizon, which gradually came nearer and nearer. The rest of the occupants of the house were aroused and watched the approach of the strange visitor with great interest. The meteor was one of the advance guard of the meteoric showers usual this time of year. It was in appearance about as large as one's clenched fist, and of a rich color, traveling from southwest to northeast, and remained in sight about ten minutes.

Mrs. French Bennett, widow of the late Benjamin Bennett, died at the residence of her son, Charles S. Bennett last Saturday, at the age of 80 years. Her death will be a distinct loss to this village, where she had many warm friends and was held in great respect for her many excellent qualities. In spite of her advanced age, she retained her interest in current events and was bright and active to the last. She was one of a family of 23 children, of whom she was the last survivor, a sister, Mrs. William Burrage, having died in Jamaica Plain a few years previously, aged 76 years. Mrs. Bennett was born in Amherst, N. H., and was married in Boston, where for many years she was an active member of Park street church. She leaves two sons and a number of grand-children to mourn her loss. Her last illness was only of a few days duration, but its fatal character was evident for some days before her death. The funeral services were held at the residence of her son on Tuesday, and were very largely attended.

The residents of Newton Centre were greatly shocked last Friday evening to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Richard A. Howes of Moreland Avenue, while on the train from Boston. Mr. Howes was eminently respected, and has won to himself the friendship and good-will of the community in which he lived. He was born in Chatham, Mass., Oct. 4, 1829. While he was but a boy, his family removed to Boston, and since the time of his graduation from the E. H. S. he has been in business there. His business being among ships and sailors, he became intensely interested in the Baptist Bethel and Seamen's Exchange. Mr. Howes was in the best sense

a religious man, and he had long been identified with the interests of the Baptist denomination. During his residence in Boston Highlands, he served the Dudley Street Baptist Church as deacon, and was a member of that church at his death. In the Sunday school he had held the offices of teacher, superintendent, and secretary. The funeral was solemnized at his late residence last Monday afternoon, the exercises being conducted by Rev. Drs. Stearns and Hovey, with music by the choir of the Newton Centre Baptist Church. In the course of Dr. Stearns' remarks he spoke of his acquaintance with Mr. Howes. "He was a pleasant man to meet. He had faith, hope, courage, love. If he should sum up his character in one word, that word would be 'energy.' He was particularly happy in his home, and it was on his way home from his business he was called to his eternal home."

CHESTNUT HILL.

Judge Lowell and family spend the month at Winthrop.

Mrs. Dr. Slade and Miss Anna Slade have returned from their trip through the White Mountains.

It is understood that the will of the late John Woodman leaves all his real estate and personal property, to the widow of his recently deceased brother, Joseph Woodman.

Mr. George F. Stone and family are enjoying the summer by means of frequent trips to the various shore resorts around Boston. In this manner they secure all the comforts of home, and of the beach as well.

Mr. R. H. White is enlarging the house and improving the grounds of Col. Frank Lee at Chestnut Hill, so that when completed, it will be one of the handsomest estates in the neighborhood of Boston.

Mr. Leverett Saltonstall's recent reception at Chestnut Hill, though of an official nature, was made a very pleasant occasion by the presence of many of his friends and neighbors. The grounds, like all those about Boston this season, looked their best, with an almost English richness of verdure.

The residents of Chestnut Hill are much concerned over the high service question. There are many complaints in regard to the city water, its short supply and little force, and many people find it impossible to get water above the first story of their houses. The city ought to take early action in regard to this matter.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

Mrs. L. A. Ross is at York, Me.

Mrs. M. C. Jackson is at North Ashford, Conn.

Miss Clara White is spending her vacation in Maine.

Work has commenced in Fountain Square. The curbing is being put in position.

Mr. A. R. Cook and family and Mrs. Pottle will go to Maine to spend their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton and Mrs. L. K. Brigham have returned from Cottage City.

Mr. E. H. Tarbell and wife are at the Scribner Hill House, Goffstown Centre, N. H.

Mr. S. W. Jones and family and Mr. E. E. Bird will go to Lake Sunapee to spend a week.

The estate of Mr. B. S. Rowe on Floral avenue has been sold by Hon. J. F. C. Hyde to a Mr. Taylor.

Mr. G. D. Eldridge and family of Washington, D. C., are boarding with Mrs. Ball at his former residence.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Avery are spending the month of August at her former home at Chelmsford, near Lowell.

If the city forester is a tall man and wears a tall hat, he may find something to do after a vacation in this village.

Mr. E. G. Pond and Mr. Samuel Shaw with their families, have returned from their two weeks' sojourn at Nahant.

Rev. J. G. Roberts, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sabbath.

Miss Mary Chapin of Northfield was here this week, and made a short visit to her old friend and former neighbor, Miss Spaulding.

The death of Sergeant Stillman C. Spaulding of Company K, on the 7th of last April, has removed from our association a comrade who greatly delighted in fostering every recollection of his military service, and in doing honor to his brothers who with him stood in the front of battle. His life was a life of true devotion to principle in word and example, in the army and out of it. He sought and loved the society of faithful men, and laid no claim to meritorious acts, except in the way of conscientious performance of duty. Shortly before his death he said to me: "Say goodbye to all my comrades and tell them that I tried to do my duty." He was conscious till nearly the moment of dissolution, and realized that the last call in his tour of life's duties had been sounded. He looked forward with pleasure to the future existence, and was sustained by the blessed hopes of immortality. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, by the Thirty-second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Association, That we here declare our high appreciation of the life and services of our deceased comrade, and express our deep sympathy for the widow and daughter left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father, and we will treasure his example, so worthy to be followed, as an inspiration to every patriotic and noble purpose.

—As Mr. Sheldon's son was playing among the trees near the Congregational church, he fell upon the concrete sidewalk and received a severe bruise upon his head and a broken arm.

Mrs. Bowler, teacher of drawing at the High School, is furnishing her house on Walnut street, and will return from Cataumet, where she has been summering, on account of her daughter's health, and will occupy it in September.

The house lately built for Miss Duncklee, next west of Mr. R. C. Merrills, has been taken by Miss Dimmock from Newton, who now occupies it. Mr. J. P. Horner and sister, a nephew and niece of Miss Dimmock, are members of her family.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

The improvements on the Methodist church are progressing rapidly.

Mrs. George Pettee and daughters have returned from their visit to Manchester-by-the-sea.

Ground was broken this week for the cellar for a new house for Mrs. Dresser on Chestnut street.

Mr. L. P. Everett is off on an extended Raymond excursion to Saratoga, Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

Mr. John B. Lord and family of Chicago, Ill., a former resident of Newton, was in this village a few days ago, stopping with Mr. N. W. Everett.

Mrs. W. H. Petree of Ann Arbor, Mich., is visiting at her father's, Mr. W. E. Clarke. Mr. Petree is in New York to attend the

meeting of the Scientific Association, and will join his wife next week.

The long contemplated improvement of Winter street has been commenced by the city, and we expect to be able to record before long a decided improvement in the appearance of that locality.

The managers of the Newton Mills are showing a commendable public spirit in improving their property, putting their houses in good repair, and keeping their grounds in first-class condition.

A letter was received from H. A. Sherman and wife this week, dated at Berlin. They had a delightful voyage, untroubled by any seasickness, and expected to arrive at Rome on Saturday of this week.

The Knights of Labor held a very large picnic at Oak Island last Saturday. There was also another picnic at the same place on Saturday by the Sons of St. George, so that the exodus from this village was very large. They all report a good time.

Rev. Dr. Ashmore, for more than 20 years a missionary to Siam and China, now on a furlough and soon to return to Swatow, China, occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church last Sunday evening. It was a union meeting, the Methodist church uniting, making a congregation that filled the house. The speaker was very pleasing and interesting, holding the attention of the audience for over an hour.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

Mrs. W. B. Atherton is on a visit to Cottage City.

Misses Sarah and Nellie Lyon are enjoying a vacation at Monument Beach.

Misses Florence and Fanny Ball are sojourning at the Central House, Cottage City.

Several of the Knights of Labor and their friends from this place, attended the picnic of that organization at Oak Island on Saturday last.

Mr. Peterson, who cut his hand with a scythe, was taken to the hospital last Monday, where it was found necessary to amputate a finger.

Cordingley's mills are shut down for repairs, which are to be quite extensive, including a new water-wheel and new foundation and flooring in the picker rooms.

It is predicted that there will be a scarcity of fish along our coasts for some time to come, as a result of that large fishing party from the Falls this week.

It is rumored that Mr. Leonard Hurd has sold his old homestead to Mr. L. E. Leland, and will occupy the new house which he has recently had built on Beacon street.

The 32d Regiment Reunion.

The 32d Regiment Volunteers Association, to which so many Newton men belonged, held its 14th annual reunion at Melville Garden on Tuesday. About 200, including members and their families, were present, and after the clam-bake a business meeting was held. Resolutions were adopted on the death of Sergeant Stillman C. Spaulding of Company K, Newton Centre, and of Comrade Patch. A short history of the regiment was given. Its first service was at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where it was only a battalion of four companies. It began duty there in November, 1861, and in the following May, there being hopes of an early peace, Major Francis J. Parker resigned, but returned to his post before the acceptance of his resignation, and the regiment was ordered to Washington, Major Parker being promoted to the position of lieutenant-colonel. Soon afterwards Company K was recruited in Newton with these officers: Captain J. Cushing Edmonds; afterwards colonel and brevet brigadier general; Lieutenants, Ambridge Bancroft and John F. Boyd.

At the close of 1862 Col. Parker resigned and Lieutenant Colonel Prescott succeeded him, with Captain Edmonds as major. In July, 1865, the regiment was mustered out, having served three years, seven months and 25 days.

Among the members attending the reunion from this city was Col. I. F. Kingsbury, who was appointed chairman of the committee on resolutions. Following are those adopted on the death of Comrade

Spaulding:

"The death of Sergeant Stillman C. Spaulding of Company K, on the 7th of last April, has removed from our association a comrade who greatly delighted in fostering every recollection of his military service, and in doing honor to his brothers who with him stood in the front of battle. His life was a life of true devotion to principle in word and example, in the army and out of it. He sought and loved the society of faithful men, and laid no claim to meritorious acts, except in the way of conscientious performance of duty. Shortly before his death he said to me: 'Say goodbye to all my comrades and tell them that I tried to do my duty.' He was conscious till nearly the moment of dissolution, and realized that the last call in his tour of life's duties had been sounded. He looked forward with pleasure to the future existence, and was sustained by the blessed hopes of immortality. Be it, therefore,

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Newton's Famous Trout.

Some of our older readers will probably be able to identify the writer of the following amusing incident in the early history of Newton, which recently appeared in the Medfield Bulletin:

"The following incident happened about fifty years ago when my father lived in Newton, half way between Newton Corner and Newton Centre, in the large mansion afterwards owned and occupied by J. Wiley Edmonds, Esq. In the back lot of the land in the rear of the house was a narrow valley, through which flowed a brook of clear and remarkably cold water, which contained many speckled trout. Between the hills bordering this valley my father built a dam in which was a gate, easily raised and lowered when necessary to procure muck. The basin thus formed filled with water, making a pond twelve or fifteen feet deep, so icy cold that the one bath I once took in it, I never desired to repeat. It

was not long before this pond was richly stocked with beautiful trout, many of

which grew to a large size, occasionally affording a delicious breakfast for the family, and rare sport in angling to my brothers and me. After a time this secluded little lake was spied out by both the seminaries of Newton and of Harvard, who frequently resorted to it, carrying off baskets and strings of trout. My father, although he did not quite relish this trespass, was reluctant to complain, and so the sport was for a time enjoyed by the intruders without protest, until upon one moonlight night, several young men made a raid upon the pond, opening the gate, letting off the water, and taking away all the fish which they caught in a seine, leaving the gate open on their departure. What Christian could stand such an outrageous act with calmness? To say that my father was angry would be 'drawing it a little too mild,' he was decidedly mad. Calling the foreman of the farm hands, Mr. Belcher, he gave him imperative orders whenever he should find one of those rascally students fishing in the pond, to throw him in and he would be

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

Volume XV.—No. 45.

NEWTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

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They rank among the best made in any country. For purity, brilliancy and capacity of expression, evenness of action, elasticity and delicacy of touch, they are unsurpassed. In elegance of style, solidity of construction and durability of action, tone and finish they are as perfect as the highest skill in the art can produce. The numerous testimonials received from fairs, distinguishing musicians and patrons warrant the claim of superior excellence. Purchasers are assured that the reputation already established will be maintained. Prices and terms as favorable as this policy will permit.

Pianos to rent and sold on instalments.

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NEWTON.

—Mr. R. L. Merriam and family are at Jaffrey, N. H.

—Mrs. C. W. Bassett and family are at Read Field, Me.

—Miss Alice Angier is visiting friends in Worcester, Mass.

—Miss Adelia Chaffin is at South Lincoln, Mass., for August.

—Mr. George Scales arrived home this week from Kansas.

—Mrs. E. S. French and Miss E. S. Shirley are at Nantucket.

—Mrs. G. P. Atkins has returned from her visit to Augusta, Me.

—Mr. W. A. Alexander and family are at Murdock Cottage, Nahant.

—Miss Souther of Hotel Hunnewell is visiting friends at Hull.

—Miss Mabel F. Thayer is spending a few weeks at East Boothbay, Me.

—Mrs. John Lahey returned home from her trip to Europe Thursday night.

—Mr. J. C. Elms and family are expected to return to Newton next week.

—The Nonantum Cycle club will have its regular monthly meeting next Monday evening.

—The date has not yet been fixed for the other two races of the Newton Bicycle club.

—Mrs. James Paxton and Miss Sarah Parker are at the Catskills for the rest of August.

—Miss Laura P. Elliott, the hair dresser, is taking a two week's vacation in Belmont, N. H.

—Lewis H. Farlow, George Linder, Jr., and John Linder are at East Orleans for a few weeks.

—Mrs. A. S. March and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eliot are at the Hotel Pemberton, Hull.

—City Treasurer Kenrick has been spending the week with his family at Kennebunkport.

—Mrs. Geo. Lane is visiting at the home of her brother, the Rev. L. G. Ware at Burlington, Vt.

—Mr. F. A. Rogers, Miss Clara F. Rogers and Miss Carrie A. Cole are staying at the Pacific House, Nantasket.

—Angelo Biscotti, the Nonantum Square fruit dealer, has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

—Mr. and Mrs. Channing Lilly and Miss Edith Ballister arrived home last Saturday from their year's stay in Europe.

—Ex-Postmaster Latta and family leave on Saturday for Deer Park, Md., where they will make their home for the future.

—Garden City Encampment L. O. O. F. worked the royal purple degree on three candidates at its meeting Monday evening.

—Rev. Charles A. Allen of New Orleans will preach at the Channing church, next Sunday morning at 10:45. Seats for strangers.

—People who took their vacations in July were fortunate, as August promises to be a delightful month to stay at home with comfort.

—Mrs. Sarah Wetherbee has returned from Goffstown, N. H. She has received great benefit from the pure, bracing air of the mountains in that vicinity.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred. A. Wetherbee have returned from Cape Porpoise, bringing a good report of the place. A good house, well kept, and fine company.

—Mrs. Annie E. Blanchard has closed her dressmaking rooms, and is spending her vacation with her sister, Mr. Dr. Alderson, at Sacarappa, Maine.

—A meeting of the Prohibitionists of Newton will be held in West Newton Monday evening, August 29th, to elect delegates to attend the state convention at Worcester.

—The team that will be entered by the Newton club to compete for the Eastern Road club trophy, next month, will consist of W. K. Corey, E. L. Martin and W. H. Baker.

—Rev. Wolcott Calkins and his family are expected to arrive in Newton soon, sailing from Liverpool on the Cephalonia the 23rd of August. Mr. C. E. Whitmore and wife will also sail on the same steamer.

—Mr. David Farquhar and his two sons have returned from Waterville, N. H., but Mrs. Farquhar will remain for a few weeks longer. W. J. Farquhar left again Thursday for a trip to Lake Superior.

—Mr. S. M. Sayford will conduct an evangelistic service at the Fourth Annual Bible Conference at Crescent Beach, Revere, which is to be held Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. A number of prominent ministers will make addresses.

—A night blooming cereus blossomed on the lawn in front of Mrs. M. J. Nutting's on Washington street Friday evening, and a large number of people who had received notice of the event, inspected the beautiful blossoms, of which there was nearly a dozen. Some of them were picked and kept upon ice until the next day, retaining their beauty perfectly.

—Messrs. E. O. Childs, G. E. F. Donkin, E. L. Russell and E. Utley of Newton, E. A. Wood of West Newton, Geo. B. Appleton of Alston, J. T. Beers of Boston and Dr. W. E. Porter of Brockton, have just returned from a cruise on the yacht Mabel along the coast of Maine.

—The Newton & Watertown Gas company pay \$1,543.50 into the town treasury of Watertown; George S. Harwood pays \$688.63; Hiram Barker & Co. \$618.75; the Alden Spear Wheat Starch Co. \$319.88; Luther Bent & Co. \$137.87; and Edward B. Earle \$102. Newton citizens give the old town quite a lift.

—Private letters just received from Professor and Mrs. Baermann report them as happy among old friends and the members of their own families in Munich. Marriages and other festivities had been deferred until their arrival, and a round of gayety was in progress, while many professional attentions were also offered. They

are to be at home in Newton about two months hence.

—Miss Mary A. Joyce is spending two weeks at Pelham, N. H.

—Miss Margaret Lovejoy has returned from her visit to the Isles of Shoals.

—Alderman Harwood and wife returned from Tuesday from their trip to St. Johns, Fredericton and the Provinces.

—Dr. and Mrs. P. C. Burtschell of Hotel Hunnewell, left on Wednesday for a visit of several weeks at Newburyport.

—W. B. Whittier has rented the store in Howes' block, formerly occupied by Barber Brothers, and is fitting it up for his market, which he hopes to reopen next week.

—A very interesting article in the last Wide Awake, descriptive of entrance into the Harvard "Annex," is by Miss Feona Marie Brooks, formerly of this city, a graduate of Smith College and of the "Annex."

—The incandescent lights in the various depots in the city will be started up the first week in September. The company has a row of street incandescent lights in Watertown, some 40 in number, nearly ready to be started.

—The iron pole for the electric light in Farlow Park was put up Thursday morning and the light connected with the circuit in the evening. The light is 40 feet from the ground, and is given by the company, citizens having furnished the pole.

—H. G. Croker was quite successful in the Cleveland races this last week. He engaged in a one mile professional with W. A. Rowe and was given a handicap of 45 yards. The contest resulted in a dead heat, time 2.42. On the running off Crocker was the victor with a time of 2.57, securing first money. He also took two second prizes.

—Rev. Dr. B. K. Pierce, editor of Zion's Herald, has resigned, the resignation to take effect on the first of January. He will be succeeded by Rev. Dr. D. A. Goodsell of New Haven. Dr. Goodsell has for some years been the literary editor of the Christian Advocate of New York. He is widely known among the denominations to which he belongs as a strong preacher and close thinker, and without doubt he will worthily fill the chair vacated by Dr. Pierce.

—Miss Mabel Kenrick, who has been spending six months in Honolulu, left San Francisco for home on Wednesday of this week. Mr. Edwin A. Jones of Honolulu, her cousin, is accompanying her to Newton, where he will pass a month with relatives. Mr. Jones is the son of P. C. Jones, of Honolulu, who presided at the great mass meeting of the residents of that city at the recent excitement caused by Kalakaua's kick-up. Mr. Jones is a Boston boy; he is now of the firm of the oldest concern on the island, C. Brewer & Co., and is a brother of Geo. B. Jones and Wm. Parker Jones.

—Work on the improvements in Bacon block began on Monday, with the excavating for the cellar in the rear. It has now been decided to move the whole block back ten feet, and have all the new part in front. Mr. Meacham has charge of the plans, and a handsome block may be expected. A temporary building is being erected next to Cole's block on Washington street for Mr. Murdoch, who is to move in as soon as the building is completed. Ms. Atkins has not yet decided upon a location for his store during the improvements. The block is to be raised up and the floor dropped about four feet, and two large and handsome stores will take the place of the three now in the block. The second story will probably be fitted up for offices.

—A surprise party and house-warming was tendered Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Murray Tuesday evening, at their handsome new residence, corner of Washington and Park streets. It was such a perfect surprise that Mr. Murray had gone to Waltham for the evening, whence he was summoned in haste, and found his house in the possession of about one hundred and fifty of his friends, who presented him with an elegant French clock and a handsomely framed engraving. The Waltham Watch company's orchestra furnished music for dancing, and the guests had a very jolly time until a late hour. A bountiful supper was served and the guests admired the new house and its many conveniences and spacious rooms. Among the company were friends from Waltham, Cambridge, Auburndale, West Newton, Newtonville and a large number of the three now in the block. The second story will probably be fitted up for offices.

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—Mitchell Lafie, brother of Constable Lafie, met with a serious accident about 2:30 Sunday morning, at Hurd's Express stables, where he has been employed as a teamster. He has the habit of walking in his sleep, and that morning he walked out of the door in the second story of the barn, falling to the ground and shattering the bones of his right ankle so seriously that it is feared that the leg will have to be amputated. He managed to crawl to the house and call for assistance. Within fifteen minutes his brother was on hand, and also Dr. Scales. Doctors Reid, Utley and Hunt of Newtonville were also summoned, and the injured man was taken to the Cottage Hospital, in order that he might have the best of care. Three large splinters of bone were taken out, and there is but a slight hope of his getting along without an amputation. Mr. Lafie took care of Farlow Park last summer, and is a faithful and industrious man, who was much liked by his employers. He came to Newton from Vermont last spring, and has a wife and two children there, to whom his misfortune will be very sad news.

—Sarah Bernhardt gives it out cold and flat that she is going to pay her debts right away. Three cheers for Sarah! Three cheers and a—but she already possesses the tiger.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—Sarah Bernhardt gives it out cold and flat that she is going to pay her debts right away. Three cheers for Sarah! Three cheers and a—but she already possesses the tiger.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—Desirable Estates.

—A number of desirable estates are advertised by J. Cheever Fuller, in various parts of the city, and are offered for sale at reasonable prices. They have both moderate and high-priced houses, for sale and to rent, and those looking for a home or for an investment would do well to consult him at his office in Newtonville.

—Mr. G. Wilkins Shaw has the finest 5-cent CIGAR

in town. It is called the L. B. It has a long Havana filler, and will please the most fastidious.

THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

MRS. MARIA UPHAM DRAKE TESTIFIES TO

MRS. THORPE'S SUCCESS.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:

A sense of duty to the public impels me to call attention to a work which has of late come under my observation and which I believe deserves a more extended appreciation.

On one of our quiet streets lives a lady who has for 20 years devoted her attention to the cause and the cure of stammering. Her first object was the cure of a son whose speech was imperfect, and a mother's love inspired an intense earnestness and persistence, which never failed under the greatest discouragements, and which at last brought her the reward of seeing this son fully cured. She then began to give her attention to other sufferers of whom she chanced to hear. The work grew upon her, and now she gives it her whole attention. Pupils come to her from distant States, and her success is simply marvellous; but it is so only because it is strictly scientific and at once reaches the root of the evil.

A bright little boy whom I have known for years, and over whose imperfect speech I have often greatly grieved, was sent to her, and when he had been under her care but a few days I heard his mother say: "My boy is cured; he never stammers now; and it seems to me a perfect miracle." I have seen the boy a good deal of late and his cure is radical. Becoming thus interested in the work, I visited this lady's school and inquired as to her methods.

She smiled when I said: "My friend says you have performed a miracle," adding, "Let me read your letter I received this morning." It was a letter from the father of one of her pupils who had just returned home, and it ended thus: "There is no greater miracle between the two lids of the Bible." In answer to my inquiries she said: "It is only the result of intense concentration on one object for 20 years. I was determined to find the cause and I have succeeded." "Do you always cure so quickly?" I asked. She replied: "A change may be noticed in a very few days, but I do not consider any fully cured until they have been with me for a few weeks, and sometimes a few months are necessary to fix the new habit of speech. The younger the pupil the quicker the cure."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have known many people who were afflicted with stammering, and I know how greatly they suffer. Some are thus practically shut off from society. I have especially pitied little children who were thus afflicted. I know how prevalent is the idea that the trouble can not be cured, and I am so impressed with the remarkable results of this woman's work that I wish to make it better known. I believe there are many such sufferers all about us who do not know that the means of relief are close at hand. I have never been asked to write this by any one. It is the result of a purely benevolent impulse. I would like to add that the sympathy of this lady is so great that she never turns away a sufferer because of inability to pay for relief. "I cannot do it," she said; "I wish to help humanity." This lady's name is Mrs. E. J. Thorpe. Her address is Newton Centre, MARIA UPHAM DRAKE.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Newton, Middlesex County, Aug. 20, 1887.

MEN.

Rev Joseph A Barrett	G T C Lase
William Burt	John F Lond
Anabel Choninard	Bertie Lester
Henry L Camson	George Macse
James E Devitt	Edward McMannis
John E Fenn	H. N. Neel
George Mine Gutsen	John O'Brien
Dr H B Hayden	James O Sullivan
Willie A Hern	W Small
Thomas Jones	Francis A Waterhouse

WOMEN.

Mrs Douglas Blackburn	Annie M Larkin
Mrs F A Betts	Addie Lacompt
Mrs Catherine Bowler	E G Lund
Eliza C. Brown	Mary J McNamey
Jenifer F Brown	Eugenia McLean
Miss M P Buckley	Mrs C McBride
Mary Z Burke	Mrs Lily Moran
Mary F Carroll	Ellie Moran
Miss F Clark	Miss M J Ordway
L E Cobb	Kate O'Rourke
Lizzie Cronin	Annie Rule
Julia Donoughue	Mrs Martha Shaunessey
Catherine H Douglas	Mrs D L Shepley
Mrs S M Emery	Alice F Stewart
Mary E Greeley	Clary J A Smith
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Elizabeth L Kent	Mamie Feane
Mary Annie Kelly	Carrie Wetherald
Zelie Kelly	Mary E Walsh
Maria Lannon	Maud W Wilkinson
Mary Elizabeth Lawler	Rebecca Wilson
Lizzie Woodard	

Excursions to the Yellowstone National Park and Pacific Coast.

As a supplement to their regular series of summer trips to the Yellowstone National Park, Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb have arranged an excursion to include a grand tour of the Park and, in addition, a visit to the Pacific Northwest and California. The party will leave Boston Monday, September 12, and after passing ten days amid the wonders of the park, reach Tacoma, over the famous Switchback, October 5.

NOTES ABOUT NEWTON.

LOCAL TOPICS DISCUSSED BY MR. B. P. SHILLABER.

Mr. B. P. Shillaber, the Boston correspondent of the Hartford Post, has the following about Newton in one of his recent weekly letters:

CHANGE OF BASE.

While I am constructively in Boston, I am at Newton Centre, one of the strongholds of conservative theology—the Baptist Theological seminary being located here—one of the most charming places that the sun shines on, the gem of all the Newtons. There are natural features here more marked than in other portions, with an undulating surface and several prominent hills affording a fine view of the town and beyond. In the center of the Centre is a beautiful lake of some half mile in diameter, which is a delight to the people, who resort to it for fishing, sailing or bathing, and it is a pleasant sight on a bright day to see gay boats skim along its surface, reminding of other and wider waters but none more pleasant. To fish in the lake is a privilege, not generally allowed, and black bass of goodly size, I am told, are caught there, with no exaggerations permitted, even in the local papers, to emphasize the fact. The streets are the most perfectly kept of any place I have ever visited. They are as level and hard as a floor, and carts are around in all directions picking up loose pebbles, though scarce bigger than marbles, and the small boy has no munitions with which to exercise his stone-throwing proclivities. The streets are lined with varied and abundant foliage, and flower beds abound in all directions, giving a cheerful aspect to the town, very creditable to fair cultivators.

CENTRE AND CIRCUMFERENCE.

Newton Centre is on the Woonsocket division of the New York and New England railroad, the portion to Newton Highlands, a mile beyond, having been purchased by the Boston & Albany to form a part of its circuit road through the Newtons, which was opened last year and which has proved a successful experiment so far as accommodating the people is concerned, but whose profits will have to depend upon the future growth of settlements along its route. It embraces an area of some twenty-five miles with twenty stations, and one embarking at Boston is carried around the whole radius to its starting point without leaving the car, affording a most satisfactory view of a country of unsurpassed beauty, during which an hour is most agreeably passed, but which, strange to say, is very little availed of by stay-at-homes, who might, through this medium, obtain great enjoyment in summer. Some portions of the route is quite romantic, crossing ravines and passing through woods where settlements are sparse, though stations have been assigned for vacant places in anticipation of future improvement. The road is a great thing for Newton, and is availed of by residents for more social intercourse, which is growing more and more in favor, and neighborly calls are made possible though miles apart. It is especially handy for high school pupils, the school being at Newtonville, which scholars from all sections of the city attend. The young people call it the "circus railroad."

AS I HAVE SAID.

In a recent letter I alluded to certain possibilities wherein a teacher, appointed to succeed one deposed, would find himself opposed by a school in sympathy with his predecessor. I spoke on general principles, but I find here a case similar to that which I imagined, where the High School teacher who had brought his charge up to a high degree of excellence, and had won the respect and affection of his entire school, was suddenly dismissed by the committee, in spite of parental remonstrance and the united voice of pupils and people, and one in a remote city so suddenly called to fill his place that there was no time for ascertaining his merits or proving the necessity for any change at all. There was a recklessness of haste that was very offensive, resulting in putting the new teacher under ban and placing the new teacher into a bad position if the pupils will it so, as some threaten and many parents justify. This is altogether wrong, for however much the committee were to blame—if they were to blame—the new teacher should not be boycotted for their offense, nor his dignity assailed by vindictive acts. He is chosen to teach, not to fight, and those who would encourage resistance to his authority on the ground stated, have but a feeble appreciation of what a teacher is for and would pull down the structure to vindicate a mistaken sentiment. I sincerely hope that my former argument may not be found to apply here.

NOT FOR NEWTON.

We read here of fearful heat and violent storms with thunder and lightning prevailing elsewhere, but this vicinage seems specially favored in these regards, and the heat, though at times ardent, is never so intense as to provoke even the customary question regarding the weather. The question is usually merged in the remark that it is "a fine day," as I have heard on two occasions this morning. Thermometers are little regarded here; indeed I have not seen one since I have been here; the cool piazzas and the fine breeze from Baptist hill blending with the moister airs from the valley, rendering resort to the thermometer a matter of indifference. The temperature at the hottest doesn't seem so very hot to one escaped from the city, as I have experienced, and those living here and do business there, find on return at night a most invigorating change. It seems strange that aught beyond so delightful a precinct should be craved by residents, and yet even here a restlessness pervades the community, and desire for change culminates in a visit to some far resort, wearying to get there and not half so enjoyable when attained, as what is left behind. Boston is but seven miles from here, and, as I sit, I can almost deem that I see the shimmer of the city heat above the distant tree tops that hide the view in that direction. The woods are barrier against heat, and every intervening mile is a guaranty of security for this centre of sylvan luxury.

UPON THE HILL.

Looking down upon me—not, however, in an invidious sense—the Newton theological institution crowns the highest hill in the vicinity, its pinnacle rising above the

trees and houses, its gray walls in pleasant contrast with the surrounding foliage, and presenting altogether a very picturesque appearance. Though widely known as the Baptist theological institution, generally its work having been quietly pursued in the interests of a denomination, and its results have not been so extensively blazoned as those of grander institutions devoted to general culture. It has a noble record, nevertheless, and one of which all who have participated in its object or contributed to its growth have reason to be proud. It was begun in 1825 and chartered the succeeding year, simply as a training school for the ministry, with only two professors, but its object soon commanded it to public attention, and effort was made to increase its influence and enlarge its scope. The right men were engaged in the work, funds accumulated from generous contribution, the early necessities of a new enterprise were met and overcome, and from the most humble beginning the institution has grown to be a power in the field of conservative theology, ranking with its neighbor at Andover, though not so old, with no disturbance of creeds to affect its status. Located in the midst of a populous town so near Boston, where all facilities may be availed of, its students possess the most

FAVORABLE FACILITIES

for securing what they seek. The president for more than twenty years, Rev. Alva Hovey, D. D., with a faculty consisting of Rev. Heman Lincoln, D. D., Rev. Oakman S. Stearns, D. D., Rev. John Mahon English, Rev. Charles L. Brown and Rev. Ernest DeWitt Burton, are sedulous in bestowing instruction, while a library, a gymnasium and reading-room afford healthful exercise to mind and body. Two large buildings—Sturtevant hall and Farwell hall—afford excellent accommodations for students at very reasonable rates, and nothing seems wanting to conduce to the happiness and comfort of the students. It is vacation time now, and yet the school is not deserted, for there are seventy young ministers here, spending their off season in rubbing up their Hebrew, reminding one of Dr. Dowditch, the great American mathematician, taking up the translation of La Place's "Mechanism of the Heavens," as recreation after more serious toil. I hear the college bell calling them to their recitation, and there seems to be a reproach in the tone. Dr. Lincoln is my neighbor, a most estimable gentleman, who, though within the shady period of life, is as straight as an arrow and has a step as elastic as a boy, though he has been and is a hard worker, as a preacher, editor and teacher, since '45, and can take a vigorous hand at politics, hiding behind no pseudonym, but subscribing his name to every line he prints. He has a fine garden, in which I hear him at work even before the milkman takes his

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

List of New Books.

Adams W. H. D. England at War. (1513-1885) 2 vols.	75,194
These volumes give the successive battles and campaigns of the English army and navy, with short notices of the reigning monarchs of the several eras and of the times, with a criticism upon the conduct of the wars.	
Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia. Vol. XI 215.38	
A full and carefully prepared summary of events, political, industrial, social and ecclesiastical, for the year 1886.	
Bach A. B. Art of Singing. 102,447	
A text book for advanced students in music.	
Baylor F. C. Behind the Blue Ridge. 62,642	
An American fiction, noticeable for its local coloring.	
Browning R. Works, Poetic and Dramatic. 6 vols. 55,294	
The best complete American edition of his works.	
Burton R. F. Etruscan Bologna. 104,236	
A valuable archaeological and ethnological work.	
Clark F. E. Danger Signals; the Enemies of Youth. 53,325	
A collection of excellent short and practical addresses to young people.	
"Doctor Frank." Friend in Need. 105,231	
A carefully prepared work upon common diseases of families, with their treatment for family use.	
Ellis E. The Hunters of the Ozark. 62,634	
An Indian story for boys.	
Ewing J. H. Dandelion Clock and Other Tales and Peace Egg. 66,524	
Delightful stories for quite young readers, by a rare writer, whose death closes her infinitesimal series.	
Gilman A. Historical Readers. Discovery and Exploration. 71,228	
Colonization of America. 71,229	
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An admirable series for young readers, which our teachers will appreciate for illustration in their classes.	
Gossip R. Turkey and Russia. (710-1878.) 77,100	
This is an elaborate and valuable history of races, development of empire, national characteristics, etc., embodying a full account of the Crimean War.	
Hull E. Geology and Geography of Arabia Petraea, Palestine. 107,106	
A study for the student in natural science and of the Bible.	
Huntington F. D. Good Talking and Good Manners. 52,365	
An excellent little manual in the Bishop's best style.	
Morley H. English Writers; History of English Literature. 53,323	
The first volume of an extended series by an author every way competent for the undertaking.	
Parry E. L. Life Among the Germans. 32,358	
A volume at once instructive and entertaining.	
Ragozin Z. A. Story of Assyria. 72,260	
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B. K. PEIRCE. Librarian. August 17th, 1887.	

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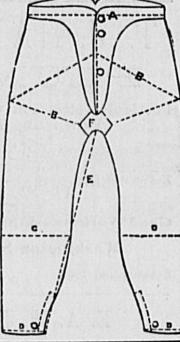
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THE HIGHEST BEAUTY.

MISS BEECHER GIVES SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

BREEZY POINT, N. H., Aug. 16, '87.

MY DEAR GIRLS:

So long a time has passed since we have been able to resume our "talks," that, perchance that which is already said, is already forgotten. Never mind, we will trust, and proceed to decide upon our standard of beauty; full definition and illustration would involve more than the space which even the generosity of the GRAPHIC could afford.

I have said that beauty—to be beauty—must follow nature and obey law. Hence it follows that the attempt to abrogate law, must result in greater or less deformity. The law is, that the interior forces must form and project the exterior, in all organized manifestations.

Let us, for convenience, eliminate from our problem of human existence the factors of mental and moral, as distinct factors, by combining them and calling them spiritual. This we can do without changing the value of the equation, since the mental and moral are the permanent, and the physical the impermanent. The spiritual then is the force, the potentiality, which, in shaping itself, and in its growth and activities under law, shapes the external forms. Don't you believe it? Did you ever in your studies of physiognomy, read character by contour and expression? When you see the corners of a mouth drawn down and permanently fixed; the expression, which is described as a nose turned up, as though some disagreeable odor was being inhaled; a corrugated brow, etc., do you not—at least mentally—congratulate yourself that you are not subject to the caprices of that individual?

Or, when you see a mobile mouth, which looks as though it had retained its mobility by real smiles, even though the curve of the lip is not perfect; when the eye lights and beams with warm affectionate interest, as though the heart spoke to you through it, even though the color and form are not the artist's ideal; when the furrows in the brow are longitudinal, bespeaking age, and perhaps care, but not querulousness and discontent, do you not draw near and say it is the choicest beauty, for it is the beauty of a spirit of goodness expressing itself objectively.

Yes, there are different standards of beauty, and the one most common among the *inexperience* is that of simple contour, where every natural line is destroyed, where the lines and curves of real artistic beauty are quite obliterated. We see specimens of such beauty every day and everywhere, with shoulders pushed well up under the ears, arms in skin-tight sleeves fastened upon the shoulders as though hung out from them on a pivot, the waist compressed until the ribs lap over, the hips pushed out of place and widened out of all proportion. To this add the awkward movement which is inevitable, when every part of the entire anatomy is displaced, and then perch this anatomy upon a pair of shoe-heels that utterly destroys the poise of the body; crown this with a steeple which vies with the steeples of the churches, and endow this marvellous structure with wings too stiff to fly and which suggest the useful brushes saved from the Christmas bows by our economic grandmothers, and you have "such a beauty!"

Is she? Can she be? She has violated every physiological and anatomical law, and first, or last, *must* suffer the consequences of that violation. In distorting her form she has rendered the functions of all the internal organs abnormal and changed the order of nature. For this there is the inevitable penalty of inconvenience and suffering to the body and to the disposition, which are so dependent upon physical conditions, such warpings and distortions as soon express themselves in objective forms. Petulance, peevishness, unhappiness are traceable from the spirit to the body, and by these external marks and signs we find that the spirit has been forced by bodily conditions, from its natural sphere into channels whence flow bitter waters. Action and reaction soon brings both body and spirit into conditions most unnatural—unnatural because in the original undesign—and thus law is trampled upon and penalty follows. Remember, the spirit, the potentiality involves all that is solvable, all that is permanent, all that lives on after the outer husk, the external shell has been sloughed, and so is deserving of first consideration; anything, therefore, that militates against the full development of the spirit along the line of law is not only disastrous in time, but its effects are felt away over into the aeons of the future. Is there not, therefore, something more here than the simple consideration of "looks?" This spiritual part of us, as the forming force, as the propelling force, *must* have its machinery in good working order, or it must not be blamed if it makes a batch of external forms or run you off the track. That the permanent should dominate unpermanent "goes without saying." That it does not manifest wherever external forms by artificial means are made paramount. When the order is reversed the law is not made void, but the head butts against the stone wall and is made to feel the impotence of its efforts.

Here are our imperfect definitions, here a hint at the application of our principles. Health is the working of law in the entire being. The spiritual, speaking itself out in the material without friction is in itself happiness, and in the external manifestation is the truest beauty. This beauty is cumulative, progressive, eternal.

Choose ye, therefore, comfort, ease, happiness, the highest beauty, or the inevitable penalties of resistance of law.

Very sincerely your friend,

A. M. BEECHER.

"Oh, I'm just crazy to get to the sea-shore!" said the Chicago maiden, who didn't know an ocean from a hydrant. It must be lovely sitting under the beach trees listening to the roar of the waves."—[Life.]

A summer boarding-house keeper in the interior of Massachusetts has inscribed the following legend over his front door: "Fresh vegetables from the city every day."

"That is rather a shabby pair of trousers you have on for a man in your position." "Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man. What if my trousers are shabby and worn? They cover a warm heart, sir."—[St. Louis Sunday Critic.]

"Say, mister, have you got a shotgun?" asked a ragged urchin of a man whose peach trees were swaying with the fruit. "No, my boy. Why?" "Oh, miflin' in particular. I was jus' goin' ter climb over an' get sum peaches, an' I thought it would be miflin' mor'n fair ter ask of yer had wun?"—[Fort Worth (Tex.) Colonel.]

Another ship belonging to our navy is falling to pieces, this time at Panama, and it is thought that the crew will have to come home afoot by the way of the City of Mexico and Texas. It is beginning to be the saddest sight in Washington to see the secretary of the navy go down to the dock and put a trunk-strap around every vessel before it starts out on a voyage. But he has to do it.—[Dakota Bell.]

John C. Scarborough,

The Ex-Superintendent of Public Schools, North Carolina, Writes as Follows:

SELMA, N. C., Feb. 11, 1887.

Gentlemen—Yours inquiring whether or not I had been benefited by Kaskine, and if so to what extent, &c., to hand. In reply I will say that my health has not been as good in twenty years as now. I suffered with chills from malarial poison contracted while serving in the Confederate army on the Peninsula Campaigns in Virginia. Did not miss a chill at least once in twenty-one days, and more frequently once in seven days, for more than fifteen years. The result was very poor health and a general letting down of the system which only those similarly affected can appreciate.

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Now, unless in case of exposure to extreme bad weather, I do not have chills, and my general health is quite good. I turned over half a bottle to a young lady friend a few weeks since. Learned from her mother that she was much benefited by it while I lasted.

I trust you may be able to introduce Kaskine generally in this country, in which many suffer from diseases consequent upon malarial poison in the system. From my own experience I can emphasize its excellence for such diseases. If I can serve you call on me.

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52-4

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

NEWTON, MASS., AUGUST 20, 1887.

EDWARD D. BALDWIN.....Publisher.

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Subscribers going away for the summer can have the GRAPHIC mailed to them without extra cost, and the address will be changed as often as desired.

A NEW SEWAGE SYSTEM.

The sewerage question is receiving more or less attention from all our neighbors, and even in Cambridge there is a demand for better facilities and improved methods, which finds a voice in the Cambridge Tribune. That city has a system already, such as it is, so that it is better off than Newton, but it is the primitive one of emptying the sewage matter directly into the Charles River, which is not practicable here.

With the improvements that are constantly taking place in other details of living, it would seem not only possible but probable that some better way will be found of disposing of waste matter, which will be simple, practical and feasible. There are more or less valid objections to every scheme yet proposed, but one has just been invented by two Worcester men, A. P. Marble and G. W. Knapp, which may possibly be, as is claimed, free from objections, and also economical and efficient. It is thus described by the Daily Telegram:

"The system which they have perfected and patented has but little to do with fields; it can be used in any locality or any climate; the first cost is not great, and the operating expenses are not high. The apparatus consists of a series of filters along side of the trunk-sewer, each one independent of all others. The water taken from the sewers into these filters is first introduced into a chamber of masonry, and filtered upward through earth or gravel several feet thick. The overflow from this filter-chamber is then taken over an aerating incline to another chamber, where it passes down through another earth-filter and thence to a channel which conducts it to a brook or stream. The series of strainers and filter-chambers may be more or less numerous, according to the amount of sewage to be disposed of, and the whole system except the aerating incline is roofed over."

"One of the great points of the invention is the arrangement of these filter-chambers so that they may be easily emptied of the necessary earth or gravel and refilled. For this purpose a narrow-gauge railroad is laid along the side of the filter-chambers so that cars loaded with earth, from the most convenient bank, by steam-shovel, or otherwise, may run alongside, and their contents dumped into the filter-chamber until full. Then almost directly beneath the row is another narrow-gauge railroad track. After the water has been drawn from the filter-chamber, ears can be run up underneath it and by means of a shoot and a trap receive the contents of the filter, which may then be hauled to the nearest field and plowed in. Although the whole system is connected, each section is independent of all the others, so that when the sewage is shut out of one chamber the others may continue in operation."

AFTER VACATION.

It is quite in place to make some suggestions to people who are now, or soon will be, coming back from their vacations.

In the first place if your house or your rooms have been shut up in your absence, see that there is a thorough airing before using them. Throw wide open the doors and the windows, and permit the wind to blow through. Especially have the cellar aired, for there is no time when cellars collect injurious odors as when shut up in the summer season.

Then, if you detect dampness anywhere in the house, start a fire. You may not need a coal fire in the furnace. A wood fire may be enough. Get rid of the dampness, however, even though you do have to run your furnace for a day or so.

Next, if you find yourself or any of the family suffering with dull headaches, or general lassitude, send straight off for the doctor. Do not delay, for these may be the premonitory symptoms of disease which you have contracted while away from home, and which the changes of place and of temperature may be developing. You may save months of sickness by calling in the doctor early.

MAYOR O'BRIEN of Boston defends his presence at the meeting in honor of John L. Sullivan, by saying that neither the mayor nor any citizen of Boston should be ashamed to attend a performance licensed by the city council, and that the meeting in question was respectable and orderly in every way. It is perhaps a good sign that Mayor O'Brien feels called upon to defend his action even in this slight degree, as certainly Boston has never before had a mayor who would have even desired to assist in the worship of such a man as Sullivan. Considering the spectacle that the majority of the Boston city officials make of themselves, it would not be a bad idea for the better class of citizens there to take an active part in city politics.

SOME very complimentary things about Newton have been said by Mr. Shillaber in his letters to the Hartford Post, and a lengthy quotation will be found on another page. The High School question is also touched upon, and for every reason it is to be hoped that the misfortune alluded to by

the writer will be averted. In their hasty action the committee probably did not think of the future, or what might reasonably be expected to follow their course, but it remains for the pupils to show that they are not quite so unwise as the members of the school board.

THE Democrats who manage the party evidently do not like Collector Saltonstall! and Postmaster Corse, but "the enemies they have made" are certainly creditable to those officials. The howl that has gone up from the Democratic state central committee shows the pressure that Messrs. Saltonstall and Corse have had to bear, and which so far they have managed to resist. The Democratic politicians will get little sympathy in their crusade for the spoils.

In an article on "The Sixteenth Amendment," to appear in the Forum for September, Senator Ingalls will set forth the arguments derivable from history and from political science which go to show the impolicy of extending the right of suffrage to women. Evidently Senator Ingalls does not believe there is much chance of their getting the right while he is in public life.

THE Blue Book containing the acts and resolves of the legislature of 1887 will be published the last of this week or the first of next. The Senate Journal will also be ready at the same time.

MISS BEECHER resumes her letters to the girls in this issue, and gives them some very sensible advice upon the subject of beauty, the true and false standards.

A BOSTON hostler by the name of Bean has just fallen heir to a fortune of over a million. Outsiders will not dare to say anything against Boston beans now.

Little Polly Blatchley.

This charming book for children is by Miss Francis C. Sparhawk of Newton Centre, whose short stories and sketches are so popular. It is an account of a little girl and her experiences, mishaps and adventures, but she is an unusually bright and interesting child, full of original conceits, and novel ways of expressing them. The book is written in such an easy and natural style that it will be of interest to older people as well, and parents can not find a better book for a birthday or holiday gift to their children, as the tone of the book is perfectly healthy and at the same time free from the impertinences and bad manners of some of the popular books for children.

If this is Miss Sparhawk's first venture into the field of juvenile literature, it is a remarkably successful one, as the book can not fail of having a large sale. It is published in handsome style by the D. Lothrop company, whose imprint on a book is a guarantee of its excellence, and it is very fully illustrated. The price is \$1.00.

Teaching Boys the use of Tools.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:

The article headed "The Boys in Newton," printed in your last paper, is most timely and important, and deserved more than a passing notice. Now that these practical suggestions have been made, in regard to utilizing a portion of the weeks of summer vacation, for purposes of improvement in the use of tools by "our boys," the next step will be to secure the cooperation of parents, and then the services of a skilled and conscientious mechanic, to train a class of "growing boys" in the use of various implements of labor. The old adage, Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do, is as true now as ever. If we would keep our children out of his reach we must provide for them, not only recreation, but useful employment. Who will "set this ball a rolling," and thus prove himself a benefactor of the rising generation?

A MOTHER,
Newton Centre, Aug. 16, 1887.

NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

We have often puzzled over the staccato style adopted by some of our "esteemed contemporaries," and have just hit upon a plausible theory that fits every requirement like a key. You are following a writer along the drift of his argument or narrative and suddenly come to a full stop, with a ditch before you and a fence of "caps" to leap over; then the course is resumed again on the other side till you come to another halt, and so on to the end of the article in question.

How to account for these pauses—apparently to take breath—but there is nothing so breathless in the article as to require them. The true inwardness of this eccentricity of journalism will be found in the domestic habits of the Bohemian. The attic salt which he sprinkles betrays its flavor the domicile in the upper story under the eaves. There, striped to his work, with his style gathering diffuseness and his strophographic gliding merrily, a sweet permanent voice comes up the stairway:

"Frederick, the grate!" or "Frederick, come and rock the baby!" or "Frederick, we are all out of butter, you know?" or "Frederick, the store man has not brought the things!" etc.

Thus endeth the first paragraph, and thus the next:

Our theory of the "causes of cleavage" rests upon internal evidence furnished by the articles themselves. Besides, there is no other conceivable motive why "Lister," "Taverne," and other brethren of the quill should drop the curtain so often and make so many distinct acts out of one scene.

These assumed domestic interruptions are of course unfavorable to depth of thought, which fortunately tallies with the popular demand.

Most readers are in similar conditions and domestic environments with the quill-drivers who cater for their penances.

They read as they run, smoking thrown in. Their thin slices of knowledge are to

be sandwiched with their daily bread and butter. Opinions are wanted ready-made and cheap, also brief notices of everything that has happened the day before, the ridiculous aspect of men and things to chuckle over—no long exhaustive and exhausting researches into the unknown and unknowable, and not more than one idea to a mouthful, and that well cooked and served with condiments.

GREYSTONE.

The Late Edward R. Seecomb.

Resolutions adopted by the directors of the Cambridge Mutual Fire Insurance Company, in session August 17, 1887:

Whereas the news of the sudden death of our esteemed associate and brother Director, Edward R. Seecomb, Esq., has come upon us as the thunder-clap out of a cloudless sky, removing from our circle one whose counsel always brought wisdom, whose face gave forth sunshine, and whose Christiansm and humor and manly walk commanded the respect of all whose kindness and generosity were unbounded.

Resolved, That we extend to the family and friends of our beloved brother our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement, assuring them of our deep sorrow, and that our prayers ascend to the all-wise God that the comfort of the Holy Spirit may sustain them in this terrible and mysterious bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Cambridge and Newton papers, entered upon the records of the company, and a copy be sent to the family. JOSIAH W. COOK, President.

ALFRED L. BARBOUR, Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Mayors and Aldermen of 1879-1880, held at City Hall on Wednesday afternoon, to take some action relative to the death of ex-Alderman E. R. Seecomb, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, the hand of Divine Providence has removed our friend and associate, ex-Alderman E. R. Seecomb, and desirous to testify our respect for his memory;

Resolved, That in the death of E. R. Seecomb the community has lost a citizen whose uprightness, benevolence and Christian life was an example worthy to be cherished and followed;

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy is hereby extended to the family of the deceased;

Resolved, That these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased as a token of our respect and expression of sorrow.

J. WESLEY KIMBALL, JAMES F. EDMANDS, Committee.

In the absence of Rev. Mr. Cutler, Rev. S. W. Dike occupied the pulpit at the Congregational church last Sunday morning.

—The outside of Lasell Seminary is being painted by Allen & Barry of West Newton, and the inside is being thoroughly renovated in preparation for the coming school year.

MARRIED.

In Newton, Aug. 14, by Rev. M. Dolan, Antoine Pearle and Henrietta Cote, both of Newton.

DIED.

In West Newton, Aug. 15, Edward R. Seecomb, aged 71 years.

In Newton Centre, Aug. 14, Jerry Haley, aged 8 years.

At Newton, Aug. 15, Mary F. M., wife of W. O. Hunt, of Newtonville, aged 33 years, 3 months, 18 days.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WANTED—A middle-aged American widow would like a position as housekeeper, companion, or any place of trust; references exchanged. Address Box 358, Watertown, Mass.

FOR SALE—A Miller piano, 7 octaves; will sell cheap. Can be seen at Mr. Neal's Trowbridge place, opposite Newton Bank, Newton. Mass. 45

FOR SALE—A No. 7 Magee cook-stove, with water front and couplings, in perfect order; for sale cheap. Inquire of Charles F. Rand, 45th

TO LET—In Upper Falls, a convenient house of 7 rooms, just put in nice repair, to a small and neat family; has city water. Rent, \$12.50 per month. Apply to John Richardson, rear of High street, off Boylston street. 42

HOUSE, with stable, garden and fruit, for sale or to rent; 1½ acre of land; eight minutes from station; \$300. W. Thorpe, Newton Centre.

FOR SALE—A three-year-old Ayrshire cow, giving 11 quarts of rich milk; price, \$50, apply to Wm. Easterbrook, Newton Upper Falls. 37

TO LET—Choice suite of four or five rooms with use of bath in one of best locations in city; few minutes' walk from Newton depot; house in first-class order; large yard; plaza; fine view; moderate rent. Box 277, Newton.

TO RENT—Small house of eight rooms, laundry and bath room, only three minutes from station in Newton. Inquire of Charles F. Rand, 201, Box 263, Newton.

ARIETY STORE FOR SALE—Enquire of M. J. Connery, second door from Postoffice, Newton.

RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.

All Traveling Expenses Included.

A party will leave Boston Monday, September 12, for a Grand Tour of 66 days in the YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,

AND

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Ten days in Wonderland, a Journey on the tire line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, including the famous Switchback, the picturesque Puget Sound Region, the Columbia River, the magnificent Mount Shasta route from Oregon to California, Central and Southern California, with all their Famous Resorts. Incidental trip to the Yosemite Valley and Big Trees. Return Tickets Good Through the Winter and Spring.

A party will leave Boston Tuesday, October 11, for a Grand Tour of 51 Days through the Pacific Northwest and California,

Following the same route over the Northern Pacific Railroad, the New Overland Line from Oregon to California, etc. Return Tickets also Good through the Winter and Spring.

"Frederick, the grate!" or "Frederick, come and rock the baby!" or "Frederick, we are all out of butter, you know?" or "Frederick, the store man has not brought the things!" etc.

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A SANDWICH? AH!

Do you know what a DELICIOUS

sandwich you can make with

HUCKIN'S Sandwich Meats,

either Ham, Tongue, Chicken or

Turkey? Cut the slices of bread

thin, spread one slice with butter

and another with HUCKIN'S

Sandwich Meat. Put them face

to face and press gently together;

now trim off the crusts and cut

the slice into any dainty shape you

please. You have then a PERFECT

Sandwich. If you want to

keep them, wrap in a MOIST

napkin and lay them in the re

frigerator. Your grocer sells

HUCKIN'S SANDWICH MEATS.

CHURCHILL & BEAN,

TAILORS,

503 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

ARTHUR HUDSON

Analytical and Pharmaceutical

NEWTONVILLE.

—Mr. J. S. Maxwell is at Ocean Spray.
—Mr. O. B. Leavitt's family are at Hampton Beach.
—Mr. F. R. Barker and family are at Chatham, Mass.

—Miss Ella Leavitt is at Gardiner, Me., for the rest of August.

—Mrs. J. B. Turner left on Thursday for a visit at Gardiner, Me.

—Mrs. A. Williams has arrived home from her vacation trip.

—The Boston Heater is sold by O. D. Leavitt at less than Boston prices.

—Officer Clay, with his family, is spending his vacation at the Point of Pines.

—Rev. C. E. Nash and family are stopping at Mr. Cotton's on Newtonville avenue.

—Frank Dexter of the Fire Department is spending two weeks in Prince Edward's Island.

—Miss Mollie Wallace and Miss Margaret Wallace are spending a few weeks at Deerfield, N. H.

—Mr. W. B. Bosson of Mt. Vernon street has been confined to his house for a short time by illness.

—Rev. C. Ellwood of Akron, Ohio, will preach in the Universalist church next Sunday morning at 10:45.

—Four miles from North Conway, at the base of the Kearsarge Mountain, in a beautiful location, can be found Mr. John Q. Bird and family.

—It is said that Mr. Goodwin, the new master of the High School, and his family, will board at Mr. Cotton's on Newtonville avenue for the winter.

—Peaches at 50 cents a dozen are rather high, but when you see those wrapped in tissue paper at H. P. Dearborn's, you think they are worth the money.

—Mr. W. S. French has declined to serve as district deputy, I. O. O. F., and has been appointed by the Most Worthy Grand-Master one of the committee on elections and returns.

—Mr. Charles V. Wood and family, who have been boarding at Mr. Cotton's on Newtonville avenue for the last three years, have taken the furnished house of Mr. Loomis on Lowell street.

—An alarm was rung in from box 228 at 11:55 a. m., last Friday, for a slight fire in a haystack owned by Moses Tenney on Norwood avenue. The damage was slight. This is the first fire to which the department has responded since July 4th.

—The morning service at the Congregational church next Sabbath will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Tarbox, and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will have charge of the evening service.

—The high wind of Thursday did considerable damage in this ward, breaking off limbs of trees and plants. A large maple tree on Court street was split in halves, and will have to be removed.

—The problem about the Square now is how to get rid of the stagnant pool in front of Lancy & Leavitt's block. The opening into the street drain is several inches higher than the rest of the gutter, and some genius is wanted who can make water run up hill.

—The death of Miss Victoria Adelaide Gove removes a lady who will be greatly missed. She was born in Amesbury, Mass., in 1840, and early began to teach, her remarkable executive ability and tact making her very successful. Ill health forced her to give up her chosen work, and for a number of years she has been an invalid. She will be greatly missed by many friends.

—Rev. J. Coleman Adams, in giving the notice of Rev. E. Frank Howe's death last Sunday, took occasion to speak of his friendship for Mr. Howe, saying that although they differed in matters of theology they always came back to that Christian privilege of calling each other brother, and enjoying that friendship which death alone could terminate.

—The many friends of Mrs. Nelson Hyde, Jr., will be glad to learn of her partial recovery to health after her severe sickness of ten weeks or more with a complication of diseases. Mr. Hyde has started with his wife on a cot bed, accompanied by a daughter, for the south shore of Buzzards Bay, hoping that she may entirely recover her health and strength.

—The railroad men have been much troubled lately by thieves breaking in to freight cars on the siding between Newtonville and Newton. Last Sunday Mr. Mead, the section foreman, caught a party of young fellows in the act and captured one of them. They had broken open casks of sugar and opened barrels of kerosene and mingled the two articles, merely for the sake of a little amusement. The police are after the others who were concerned.

—There was very pleasant family wedding party at the residence of Mr. William E. Fuller, on Crafts street, Wednesday evening, when Miss Marion Fuller was married to Mr. R. A. Oldrieve of Newton. Rev. W. G. Wells of St. Mary's, Lower Falls, officiated, and the happy couple received a large number of handsome presents. Only members of the respective families were present, and Caterer James of Waltham furnished the supper. Mr. and Mrs. Oldrieve will make their home in Somerville.

—Many friends were saddened on Monday to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary F. M., wife of Dr. W. O. Hunt, who had been ill but a short time with acute consumption. When the dangerous nature of her illness was learned Dr. O. E. Hunt and wife were sent for from the mountains, and arrived late last week. Mrs. Hunt was the eldest daughter of Col. Gibbs of Waltham, and leaves two young children and her husband to mourn her early death. The funeral services were held at Dr. Hunt's residence on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Pleasant Hunter, Jr., officiating, assisted by Rev. Thomas F. Fales of Waltham. The burial was in the Newton cemetery.

—Last Sunday a man reported to Officer Bosworth that he had observed a number of boys breaking limbs of trees and stealing fruit all the way from the Brighton line to Newtonville. After some trouble Mr. Bosworth spotted the boys stealing fruit on Harvard street, and captured four of them, lodging them in the Williams drug store, while he sent to West Newton for a team. While there a team from Waltham met with an accident in front of the store, and while the officer was helping the team the boys escaped. After a hot chase by Officers Bosworth and Harrison three of them were recaptured in West Newton. They were from the newsboys home on Causeway street, Boston, and gave the

names of James Dorothy, John McClusky and John E. Wilson. Through the intercession of a citizen of this ward, however, the boys were released before the case came to trial, although they were clearly guilty. This fruitstealing is getting to be quite a serious matter in Newtonville, and over thirty complaints were made to the police last week on account of it.

—The funeral of Rev. E. Frank Howe, whose death occurred at Peoria, Ill., last Thursday afternoon, took place in the Central Congregational Church, of which he was formerly pastor, Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. A large number of his former parishioners and friends were present, many gentlemen arriving on the quarter to three train from Boston, and the church was crowded. A delegation from Rev. Mr. Howe's church in Peoria, beside a large number of relatives and friends from Grafton, Mass., and other places, were also present. A loving tribute to his memory was paid by Rev. William Slocum of Baltimore, Md., remarks were made by Rev. Pleasant Hunter, Jr., pastor of the church, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Furber of Newton Centre. A male quartet sang appropriate selections, and the church was adorned with flowers, tokens of affectionate regard. The burial was in Newton Cemetery by the side of the first wife of Rev. Mr. Howe, who died during his residence here. The bearers were the deacons of the church, Messrs. W. F. Slocum, H. C. Haydn, E. W. Greene and E. E. Styles and Mayor Kimball and Councilman Chadwick. Mr. W. S. Slocum had charge of the funeral. Rev. Mr. Howe, Mayor Kimball and Mr. W. F. Slocum were all natives of Grafton and were warm friends during the former's pastorate here, which lasted for about seven years, ending about 1882. While here Mr. Howe labored zealously to build up the church, and by his own industry and his persistent efforts, the church was freed from a heavy debt and its membership largely increased. As a writer and a preacher he was always interesting and instructive, and wherever he went his cheerful, genial nature and his devotion to his work made him warm friends, and many hearts are saddened by his death. His health was never perfect, but no one expected when he left here but that he had a long and useful life before him, and from his last charge in Peoria and a former charge in Terre Haute come the warmest expressions of affection and esteem. Mr. Howe was born in Grafton, Mass., educated at Monson Academy and at Amherst, studied theology at Yale, and was soon after called to Terre Haute, where he remained for a number of years, until his health failed, after which he came here. From here he was called to a large and flourishing church in Peoria. His health failed about a year ago, a winter in California failed to benefit him, and he came home to die of consumption. He was about 55 years old and leaves a wife and four children. The elder son graduated at Yale this year; the second son is in business and the daughters have not yet reached womanhood.

WEST NEWTON.

—Prof. H. C. Sheldon is at Brunswick, Me.

—Mr. V. E. Carpenter has returned home.

—Mr. Joshua Blake is staying at Rye Beach, N. H.

—Miss Carrie Childs is at the Lawrence Cottage, Winthrop.

—Mr. Harold Van Duzen has gone to Bayonne, N. J.

—Mr. Wilder M. Bush and family are at the Mt. Kineo House, Me.

—The work is progressing slowly on the interior of the Baptist church.

—Geo. W. Homer and family are summering at Cottage Park, Winthrop, Mass.

—Miss Helen Wheeler has been appointed librarian of the West Newton Atheneum.

—Misses Jennie and Ellie Simons are at East Wakefield, N. H., for the rest of August.

—Mrs. Capt. Doane and her two children have returned to their home at Crete, Nebraska.

—Peter McKay, who formerly lived at the corner of Davis and Chestnut streets, left for California quite suddenly this week.

—Mrs. B. F. Houghton has been quite sick at Ipswich, where she is spending her vacation, but she is now somewhat better.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Wilson of Norfolk, Va., have arrived in West Newton, where they are visiting their relatives and friends.

—In the police court the past week there have been four cases of intoxication, one for disturbing the peace, one for assault and battery, and one for non-support of family.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stewart, Miss Mabel Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elder, Miss Gertrude Elder, and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Pratt are at the Namepashemach, Marblehead.

—Newton Lodge, I. O. O. F., initiated twenty-seven members into the second degree, Thursday night. The place of holding the meeting is to be changed from Nickerson's Hall to Knights of Honor Hall.

—In the police court Thursday, William A. Wetherston was sentenced to thirty days in the House of Correction for the non-support of his wife and children. He was arrested at Beverly by Officer Henthorne.

—By the new catalogue of the Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons, we see that the college is in a flourishing condition. Hon. Julius L. Clarke of West Newton is the clerk of the corporation, and Mr. Nathaniel T. Allen one of the trustees. Dr. Albert Nott of this place is the dean and the professor of physiology and hygiene.

—A little boy five or six years old who was stealing a ride on the tail-board of one of Ware's ice carts through Washington street Wednesday, had a narrow escape from death. A heavy piece of ice became detached from the top of the load and fell to the ground, narrowly escaping the boy, and in the rebound striking him on the leg.

—Mrs. Catherine McKinnon, 68 years old, left her home at two o'clock Tuesday, and has not been heard of since. She had been sick for a number of days, and was consequently very weak, so that the gravest fears are entertained concerning her. Diligent search has been made for her through Waltham, Auburndale and West Newton, but no clue has yet been found. She was of medium size, dressed in black, spoke Scotch, but could speak very little English.

and wore on her head either a bonnet or a hood.

—Miss Marian E. Sheldon, daughter of Mr. W. E. Sheldon, has recently admitted to the girls' school of which she is principal in Adabazar, Turkey, the first Moslem girl who ever entered the lists for a regular education. Miss Sheldon began teaching in the language after being in the country five months. She has translated two American text-books into the Armenian. Adabazar where she is located is 100 miles east of Constantinople. The Turkish governor of the province has through the agency of Miss Sheldon, become much interested in the education of girls.

—The members of the Allen family held their reunion on the homestead, now known as the Castle Hill Farm, Medfield, Thursday. This site was settled upon by James Allen about 1640. There were present at the reunion five members of the sixth generation from James Allen, viz: Mrs. Lucy L. Allen of West Newton, aged 95 years, Silas Allen, in his 93d year, a classmate of George Bancroft, Mrs. Abigail Adams, in her 89th year, Norah Allen, 81 years of age and Paulina Allen, aged 81, a former pupil of Seth Davis. Of the seventh generation there were 23 representatives, of the eighth 19, and of the ninth 11. Five members of the ninth generation have just come from China, and other persons present had come from California and the West. Although a heavy rain was an unpleasant feature, a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

—The sudden death of Mr. Edward R. Seecomb on Monday morning caused universal regret and surprise in this ward, where he was widely known and esteemed both as a citizen and a friend. He had been to church as usual on Sunday, and retired in his usual health, but before morning he was dead. Since his severe sickness last spring his health has not been good, and he had just returned from Marblehead, feeling somewhat improved. The immediate cause of death was paralysis of the heart. Mr. Seecomb was in active business in Boston for many years, as a member of the firm of Seecomb, Bartlett & Co., and afterwards Seecomb & Taylor. It was at a time when Boston's commerce was flourishing and its merchants were shipowners as well, and transacted business with the most distant parts of the globe. Mr. Seecomb did a large business with the Cape of Good Hope, importing from thence hides, sheep and wool, and his firm was noted for its fine vessels, owing at one time seven clipper ships, among them the celebrated Red Jacket, noted for its speed. The firm was a very successful one and Mr. Seecomb retired from business with a well-earned competence. Before coming to West Newton some 18 years ago, he resided in Brooklyn, but he brought with him an active interest in city and public affairs, and served in the board of aldermen in 1870 and 1880, and also served in the state legislature. In Brooklyn he was a member of the board of selectmen for several years, and he also resided for a time in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was always a kind and generous friend to the poor, who found him ever ready to give his sympathy and also something more substantial, and in this respect his loss will be severely felt. He was a prominent member of the Baptist church in West Newton, which will miss his presence and benevolence. He was also a Knight Templar, of De Molay Commander, and a member of St. Paul's R. A. chapter. He was the first president of the Continental bank of Boston, and at the time of his death was a director in the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine, and of the Cambridge Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Cambridge, Mass. He was 71 years of age and leaves a widow and two children, a daughter and son. The funeral services were held at the late residence of the deceased on Prospect street, at 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, a large number of friends and relatives being present. Delegations from the various organizations of which Mr. Seecomb was a member attended, including the present and past members of the city government, and many of his former business associates. The services opened with the singing by a male quartet of "Abide With Me," followed by prayer by Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newton Centre. Rev. Dr. Mills of Salem, a former pastor of the deceased, read from the Scriptures, and Rev. O. D. Kimball made an address, referring feelingly to the generous character and earnest Christian manhood of the deceased, and the great loss his family, the church and community had sustained. Rev. Mr. Brackett of the Brookline Baptist church, to which Mr. Seecomb formerly belonged, closed the services with prayer, and the quartet sang "Gathered Homeward, One by One." The burial was in the Newton cemetery.

AUBURNDALE.

—Mr. T. W. Gore has returned from his Canada trip.

—Master Fred. P. Harvey is at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Thorndike are at the Maplewood, N. H.

—Mr. D. S. Emery and family of Central street are at Sullivan, Me.

—Mr. J. H. Thorpe and family are at Arlington Heights for the season.

—The family of C. S. Ober are spending a few weeks at Sedgewick, Me.

—Repairs are being made in the tar sidewalk on a part of Auburn street.

—Mr. Henry T. Turner with wife and daughter are at East Douglas, Mass.

—Mr. W. J. Ratsey and family, and Mr. W. M. Lawrie are at Ipswich, Mass.

—Mrs. M. H. Cole and Miss Julia N. Cole have returned from Mt. Desert, Me.

—Miss Nellie Plummer is a guest at Mr. E. L. Pickard's cottage at Harwell, Me.

—Mr. Geo. E. Johnson is spending the week at Hotel Bartlett, York Beach, Me.

—Mrs. Frederick Johnson and Miss Helen A. Johnson are at Hotel Humarock, Scituate.

—Mr. M. L. Henry and family are summering at Bradford, among the Berkshire Hills.

—Miss Helen B. Walker is entertaining two school friends, Miss Swinton and Miss Gregg.

—Clarence B. Ashenden has gone on a yachting trip, his destination being Harpswell, Me.

—Mrs. Catherine McKinnon, 68 years old, left her home at two o'clock Tuesday, and has not been heard of since. She had been sick for a number of days, and was consequently very weak, so that the gravest fears are entertained concerning her. Diligent search has been made for her through Waltham, Auburndale and West Newton, but no clue has yet been found. She was of medium size, dressed in black, spoke Scotch, but could speak very little English.

—The game of base ball played August 13th between the married men and the boys, resulted 18 to 6 in favor of the latter. Inability to bat was the principal cause of the defeat, 13 failing to hit the ball, and but five hitting safely. Frank Ashenden pitched for the boys. A second game will be played at Islington Park on August 20th, to which all interested spectators are cordially invited, the game beginning at 3:30 p. m.

—Charles D. Pickard is at Cross Island visiting Fred. Plummer.

—This year Maine seems to be fulfilling the function of being the summer resort of Auburndale.

—Mr. L. Bridgeman and family are spending their vacation with relatives at South Amherst, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Higgins and Master Albert Higgins started on Friday last for Atlantic City, N. J.

—The family of Councilman Gore are enjoying the season at the Sea View House, Kennebunk Beach, Me.

—Mrs. Janeway and daughters of Philadelphia are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Robinson of Lexington street.

—Mr. and Mrs. John M. Burr and Miss Abbie Chamberlain, spent last week at Provincetown, returning on Friday.

—Mr. Francis Blake and family left on Monday for their annual sojourn at the Glen House, White Mountains.

—Mr. J. H. Bancroft is confined in the house by a slight illness. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

—Dr. and Mrs. John Renton are spending a short time in town, previous to sailing for Europe next week to stay a year.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis are at Hotel Look-off, Lisbon, N. H., for a few weeks.

—Mr. E. E. Staples, the popular clerk of the Woodland Park, returned on Monday from a visit to his parents at York, Me.

—Miss Hattie Todd of Minneapolis is to be the guest of Miss Johnson of Grove street for the rest of the summer.

—George and Fred. Coffin returned on

FRAILTY'S SHIELD.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Look what arms the fæceless wield—
Fraud! falsehood! we frailty's shield!
Sheepleast outrides the gale;
That has shred the frigate's sail;
Curlew skims the breaker's crest;
Swims the oriole in its nest;
Flower a single summer bred
Lightly lifts its jaunty head;
She is past, staled, whose stroke
Laid the pride of centuried oak;
Where with it the soil was bathed
The white trefoil springs unsathed.

Frailest things have frailty's shield;
Fraud! falsehood! we frailty's shield!
Sheepleast, tossed aside
Under ancient lava tide.
Meets the musing delver's gaze,
Time the king's memorial lays,
Touching it with sportive staff,
But spares Erosion's epitha.

Frailest things have frailty's shield,
Guarded by a charm concealed,
So the gaunt and ravenous wild
Softens toward the weaning child,
And along the giddy steep
She is past, staled, blind with sleep.

Art thou mighty?—Challenged Fate
Chooseth thee for wrestling mate!
Art thou feeble?—Fate disarmed,
Turning, leavest thee unharmed.
Thou that bendest shan't break,
Shan't bend, though sheepleast's bane;
Man shall rise and see around
How the strong ones strew the ground;
Savvage lightning then didst shield—
Frailest things have frailty's shield!

—Century Magazine.

THE CURATE'S WIDOW.

John had kept me awake all night listening to his groans when not engaged in relieving the pain that had settled in the face, distorting it into ridiculous proportions. I found Bridget in open revolt upon my descent to the region below the stairs; and, as it was general sweeping day, and that provoking functionary was determined to seek fresh fields, the condition of my nerves and temper can better be imagined than described. I prepared a hasty breakfast, and, after it had been partaken of, hurried the children off to school. Early as it was I had been called to the door several times only to waste time in getting rid of some suave canvasser. At length, wearied with their importunities, I determined to pay no attention to the door bell. This resolution brought relief, and I smiled grimly at each peal, renewed at intervals all through the morning.

I looked around in dismay, hardly knowing where to begin; as, with the true instincts of her guild, Bridget had left the kitchen in sad disorder.

Calling to mind a story I had read to the children, of wonders achieved by a boy with a woodpile entirely out of proportion to his strength, by merely looking at one stick at a time, I rolled up my sleeves and valiantly attacked the dishes. That task completed, further progress towards "heaven's first law" was interrupted by a lugubrious voice calling down the staircase:

"Madge, I'm most starved to death. Can't you send Biddy up with my breakfast?"

The thick utterances came unmistakably from the invalid, whom I had entirely forgotten in the complexity of domestic worry. The complaining tone of this question plainly denoted the impatience of a hungry man. Hurriedly calling back to him an explanation of the situation, I began preparing a tempting repast. This done and carried to him, I found the patient dressed and determined to join me at the scene of labor.

It taxed my endurance to the utmost to induce him to remain where he was; a deft allusion to his swollen face, and the figure he would cut should any of the neighbors "drop in" had the desired effect. It were bad enough to have the house all topsy turvy without a man in the midst of it. This sentiment was not expressed aloud; what well-trained wife would be guilty of such indiscretion?

Woman like, I seasoned the poor man's repast with an account of Bridget's shortcomings, carefully avoiding looking at his ludicrous attempts to mystify, as John cannot endure being laughed at.

His breakfast finished I was about to return to the kitchen, when there came a faint, timid ring at the door bell.

"That's no canvasser this time," John said, "but the simon pure ring of a beggar," and my husband tried to look amused, but only succeeded in throwing a sardonic grin into his features. "Run down, dear," he continued, "and impovish us for his or her or its sake."

This bit of pleasantries was in derision of the many times I had been "taken in" by some plausible tale of want and woe which upon investigation proved to be a pure invention, leaving me the butt of John's jokes for months afterward.

Something in his tone aggravated me, and in defiance of previous resolutions I determined to answer the bell.

Hurrying down stairs, I found an elderly, sad-faced woman at the door. She was clad in a cheap suit of rusty mourning, and her whole appearance denoted a struggle between gentility and poverty.

With a diffidence painful to see, she asked me to buy some little paintings she had with her. The pathos in the time-touched face, together with her refined, trembling accents, strangely interested me, and, forgetting the many tasks before me, I asked her into the house. After seating her in a comfortable chair, I took a neat package from her shaking hands, and undid its fastenings. Some bits of card-board with morning glories, and autumn leaves and water colors upon them were revealed and wavering, uncertain lines in the drawing told of aged and nervous hands. Ten cents apiece was the modest price, and—well, I bought them all. She thanked me with tears that she tried in vain to conceal, and my own eye moistened in sympathy.

With an old-fashioned courtesy as quaintly graceful and as reverent of "ye olden time" as the smell of lavender flowers, she bade me good bye and left the house. I rolled the pictures up and returned to John, to be met with his playful remarks: "Well, Madge, did she or it get all the silver and the best linen?"

In a weak moment I had once given an old table cloth and some plated spoons to

an arrant imposter, and John, dear soul, never forgets. "Whoever it was, you were detained long enough to provide a month's supply."

The pitifully forlorn face of my visitor rose up before me, and I felt as if listening to the profanity of holy things. Summoning a severe tone, I replied:

"John Ashley, if I had a face swollen out of all shape, I would maintain a dignified repose and refrain from all attempts at being sarcastic," and, without gratifying the curiosity I knew he felt, left the room.

Through the numberless tasks of "putting things to rights," I could not banish the memory of that sad, old face, and regretted a dozen times not having asked her name and residence.

In the midst of dusting the parlor, John presented himself armed with a wisk broom and a fixed determination to help me at all hazards. Beginning with the usual grace-graceful manner with which the lords of creation perform such services in like trying times, his attempts at usefulness amused me exceedingly.

Thus engaged, the morning's episode nearly escaped my mind. It was suddenly brought back to me by John's exclaiming: "Hello, what's this?" and he held up the little package of paintings.

Before I could interfere he had opened them and an explanation was unavoidable. "Another case of swindle, my dear girl, you may depend upon it. The old girl has a snug back account, I'll be bound; all owing to the guilibility of such goosey women as yourself."

Here, seeing a frown upon my face, he gathered me up in his strong arms, and placing me upon the piano, delted me to come down. The children returning from school interfered with this little pastime, and I was graciously permitted to descend.

This trying day ended as all days, joyous or sad, must, and the next brought relief in the shape of a friend's Biddy. Leaving town for a few days she kindly loaned me her tidy little maid during her absence. This gave me an opportunity to go in search of one of my own.

After several hours spent in this discouraging employment, I was about giving up for the day when I saw my visitor of the day before cross the street and ascend the steps of a tenement. Determined to learn more of her, and in some delicate way relieve her evident destitution, I followed her.

Up several flights the weary old figure toiled, while I kept behind. At last she stopped, and entering in a room closed the door after her. In answer to my rap, a voice bade me "come."

I found her seated by a little table, upon which a Bible and a well worn spectacle case lay. She arose and with a quick look of recognition, came towards me.

"How glad I am to see you," she said extending her hand, and then, as if remembering that we were strangers, hesitated.

I hastened to apologize for my intrusion and to assure her that I had come to learn more of her, and to render any service in my power. She thanked me with dignified politeness, and offered me a chair. Saving a neat bed, two chairs, a diminutive stove and table, the room was destitute of furniture, but despite its bareness bore an air of cleanly cheerfulness. I inwardly rejoiced, as I surveyed the surroundings, that for once my provoking old John was mistaken and I had really found a case of genteel, deserving poverty, and all his croaking could be put to the blush.

After a brief conversation she told me her story and I will try to give it in her own words.

"I was born in England in a quaint old manor house that belonged to my father's vast estate. Mother died when I was quite a child, and a widowed sister of father became the head of our domestic establishment. A brilliant, strong-minded woman, she soon succeeded in having things almost entirely as she willed. She had one son, several years my senior, and it was not long until he had ingratiated himself with my father, to whom he bore a strong resemblance.

"My birth had been a great disappointment, and father had never quite forgiven my sex. Naturally a cold, stern, self-repressed man, he had little affection to bestow upon me, and I grew up in more awe than love of him.

"My aunt tried to be kind to me, and in her stern way probably was; but her death when I was but 14 years old removed whatever influence she might have had over my later life. Several years after this I spent at a girl's finishing school, and upon returning home found my cousin a power in father's affairs. There never had been any affection between us, and our dislike for each other increased daily.

"Craving tenderness, and constantly under a cloud of misunderstanding, it was little wonder that my heart went out to the good, brave man, that afterward was my husband. He was a curate, and the last of an obscure family; rich in nothing but an honest heart and a noble manhood.

"When his devotion to me became apparent, he fell under the ban of father's displeasure, who had determined upon my making a more worldly marriage. My cousin joined forces with him, which only made me the more determined not to yield the one ray of joy that had come into my life. After all my attempts at softening my father failed, we fled together, and were married in a distant county. Our youth and great love are the only excuses I can offer for this rash step, which greatly injured my husband's prospects.

"After becoming almost destitute, he secured a curacy in a small mining district at a salary that, by our most rigid economy, barely sufficed our most urgent needs. Pinched and bare as those days were, they were happy ones, and I would not have exchanged them for the luxuries of the past. Two peaceful, contented years passed away and our son was born; and, as he grew into a sturdy, romping lad, we looked forward to the advancement long promised my husband, with eagerness.

"When the child was five years old, my husband, returning from some parochial duty, met with a serious accident which disabled him for months. Our limited income left nothing for the rainy day, and, as I saw him lying so patiently day after day, bearing the intense pain without murmur or complaint, and deprived of the many things his condition required, I wrote my father asking assistance. After weary days of waiting my letter came back unanswered.

"At length my husband recovered, only to drag out a suffering, crippled existence for two more years. The advancement was now an impossibility, yet he never lost cheerfulness.

"Although outwardly so calm, I knew that a weary disappointment was laying its weight of lead upon his heart, and when a sigh would escape him, while he watched our merry, light-hearted boy at play, my

burden seemed too heavy for me to bear. The end came one summer day."

Here the tears that had been slowly gathering on her lashes coursed silently down her faded cheeks and her lips trembled pitifully.

"He had not been unusually ill and the suddenness of his loss nearly killed me. After his burial a letter from my cousin told of father's death, and as I had remained unforgiven to the last, the writer had been willing to let the property.

"I don't wish to be unjust," the letter ran, "and I have heard you have a son. I will, with your consent, adopt him. I shall never marry, so he will eventually become my heir. The conditions are that he is to be mine absolutely; you to surrender all claims upon him, and to see him only at such times as I deem expedient. In case you agreed to this proposition (and I see no good reason why you should not) an annuity will be settled upon you, which will place you beyond want. I still feel the stigma cast upon the family by your rash conduct and am disposed to think your father's anger well merited; but I see no reason why your sins should rest upon the child, and therefore make this offer. If you have his interest truly at heart you will consent; if not, you may expect nothing from me."

"I grew hot and indignant when I read this cruel, cool-blooded letter, and ended in a perfect storm of tears, which I could not part with my child. My whole nature was in revolt against it. All the money we had between us and actual want was a few pounds raised by parishioners, many of them as badly off as ourselves. Reason argued that it would be the acme of selfishness to refuse the promising future offered my boy, but my heart would cry out in agony against it.

"All that night I battled with my mother's love, watching my child in its innocent slumber, and when morning came I had made up my mind, and a few weeks later I was alone. The dreary desolation of the days that followed. Only a mother can understand how I wept over his broken toys, and missed, every hour in the day, his merry laugh and chatter.

"Months passed away, and beyond a curt note telling me of his safe arrival, I heard nothing from my son. Grown desperate with longing and anxiety, I wrote my cousin begging for just one glimpse of the dear little dimpled face, and in reply was told that he had been sent to Germany to be educated.

"Five years dragged away and I had not been in all that time permitted to see my child. Absence has weaned him from you, and I deem it unwise for you to meet, only to make a separation hard to bear. Your son is well and happy, and you should be the one to interfere in his future; beside, I was compelled to tell him you were dead in order to put an end to his homesickness." This was the contents of one letter to be followed by others even more cruel if possible.

"The annuity came regularly and, though enough to supply the wants of a plain life, it was not sufficient to allow any luxuries. The years rolled on until my son was a youth; the curt letters came at intervals, but at last one brought news that nearly killed me. My son had run away—presumably to America. The letter denounced him as an ingrate, and informed me that my income would cease from that date. A lingering illness followed, from which I recovered to begin a struggle for existence.

"Going to a large town as soon as my strength permitted, I was successful in starting a small school, and the weary years that followed were cheered by the one desire of my life—to find my son. To this end I saved all the money I could, and succeeded in reaching America only a few months since.

"A serious illness has exhausted my little store before I have found even a trace of him, and I am now depending upon the sale of my little paintings for subsistence."

A look of patient sadness settled on her face as she finished, lifting somewhat when I told her that my husband was an Englishman, and as he knew quite a number of her countrymen, might be able to render assistance in the search. I succeeded in cheering her considerably before leaving.

John had hardly donned his slippers upon returning from business that night before I was telling him my poor old friend's story. He looked bored at first, and kept interrupting me with provoking remarks, but as I proceeded he became interested more and more, finally leaning forward in his chair in his eagerness to catch every word. When I finished he started up exclaiming:

"Where is she, Madge, and did you ask her name?"

My confession that I had forgotten that name was rewarded by one of the dear old boy's characteristic remarks to the effect that there was no danger of me losing my reputation for brilliancy.

I hardly know how it happened, but John hurried me into wrap and bonnet, and we were soon hastening toward the old lady's abode. To all my questions John's only answer was, "Wait and see."

We were not long in reaching the obscure street, and were soon ascending the steps of the tenement in which my friend lived. Reaching her apartment, she welcomed us with graceful words.

"This is my husband," I said, "but I do not know your name yet."

"My name is Ashley," she replied, and before I could realize what had happened John was clasping her in his arms, and she was calling him "My son, my son."

It never had occurred to me that this might be John's mother. I vaguely recalled something he had told me of running away from a tyrannical relation and of his parents being dead; but as I was not inquisitive, I had never ascertained the particulars, and my surprise and wonder can be imagined.

It was some time ere they could calm themselves sufficiently to talk, and then explanations followed.

John told his mother—holding her trembling hands in his white—how, thinking her dead, and despising the tyrant who was bringing him up, he ran away. Fired with the improbable stories in regard to America current among the students, he had watched his opportunity to hide in a vessel bound for that land. His description of the manner in which a stalwart sailor dragged him out, and after roundly cursing him set him to work; of how he sick he was, lying in his hammock, with the big waves swaying the vessel from side to side; of his delight in reaching the new land, and his subsequent struggles among strangers—was interesting in the extreme, and my jolly, teasing husband suddenly became an Othello in my eyes.

It was indeed a joyous group that sat in our parlor later. Harry's and Annie's delight and wonder knew no bounds when they were made to understand that they had a "real live grandma;" destitute of all the silver and the best linen!"

In a weak moment I had once given an old table cloth and some plated spoons to

grandmamma's lap and looking up into her happy old face.

Grandmamma Ashley has been with us two years and really seems to be renewing her youth, so cheerful and happy is she. John has grown less cynical since her advent, and has gone to the opposite extreme in the line of charity, and oftentimes interference is necessary to prevent his landing us all in the poorhouse.

The little pictures, neatly framed, hang in the "snugger," and I am sure no price would tempt John to part with them.

The children idolize their grandmamma, and she is the happiest when doing little surprises for them.

The despicable cousin has lately died without having made a will, and as John is next of male kin, he inherits the wealth that should have been his mother's all these years.

We are going to England next month to enjoy our new possessions.

A Good Suggestion.

Why can not there be placed in the stations of the different Newtons, a box such as is found in Boston depots for parcels of old linen and cotton, as well as pictures and reading matter for the Cottage hospital. I feel convinced that many a package of such articles would find their way to the hospital through such an agency.

S. R. N.

A Strange Friend.

The wife of our esteemed citizen, Mr. John Rowell, while suffering under a severe attack of rheumatism, had a desire to have a walk, but was prevented by the opportune arrival of a neighbor. Her ease had been considered by the best doctors incurable, but her husband was highly pleased, after using a course of Sulphur Bitters, to find that she was entirely cured.—*Kingston Herald.*

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors claim that it is based upon sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

Young, old, and middle-aged, all experience the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children, suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald head, or with any scrofulous taint, become healthy and strong by the use of this medicine. Six bottles, \$1.

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Of the peculiar medicinal merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have tried it. Peculiar in the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme care with which it is put up, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in the unequalled good name it has made at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Is agent for the GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also Real Estate to sell and to Rent.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—F. S. King returned Saturday from Hull.

—Mr. and Mrs. Turner of Lake avenue are at Nantasket.

—Mr. George E. Barrows is expected home next week.

—Mr. Thomas Nickerson of Centre street has arrived home.

—Dr. S. A. Sylvester and family are at Great Head, Winthrop.

—Mr. David Hall's family are at Taunton, Mass., for a few weeks.

—Mr. Irving Cntler is at Saratoga Springs for a couple of weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. D. Gross are at Marthas Vineyard for a week.

—Mrs. Frank Chapman of Watertown is spending week here visiting her parents.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Bassett and daughter have returned from Newport, R. I.

—George Shearman and Willard Monroe took a short trip to Plymouth this past week.

—Mr. Ernest Nickerson and party have returned from their three weeks' trip to Mt. Desert.

—Geo. K. Stacy, who has been acting engineer on steamer 3, leaves soon for steamer 2.

—Mr. Porter and family of Boston are occupying their summer residence on Beacon street.

—Capt. E. H. Atwood and family of Boston have moved into their new house on Knowles street.

—Mr. D. T. Kidder and family have returned from Cataumet, where they have been for some time past.

—The storm of Thursday morning knocked a number of heavy decayed limbs into the middle of the streets of the village.

—F. S. Bates obtained three honors as a result of his past year's work at Harvard. The honors were in Greek, chemistry and geology.

—Edward Bowen and Fred. S. Bates have gone to the mountains in New Hampshire. Base ball will receive a decided impetus on their arrival.

—Mr. C. A. Seabury starts Monday, by the Boston and Savannah Line, on a trip to Washington, Baltimore and other cities of the South and East.

—The village Improvement Society are making improvements and alterations on the land owned by the city about the engine house.

—The Baptist society expect to use their old chapel, which has been removed to Pleasant street, for their Friday evening prayer meeting.

—President Levi C. Wade says that the reported strike on the Mexican Central Railroad is not a serious matter, and passenger trains are already running regularly.

—Rev. L. C. Barnes of Pittsburg, Penn., a graduate of Newton Theological Institution, was listened to with much interest last Sunday in the Baptist church. He is an earnest and pleasing speaker.

—Officer Frank B. Fletcher was united in marriage to Miss Myra Wilson of Stoneham, at Stoneham, Friday night. He will take a vacation of two weeks, which will be spent in Vermont, and officer Bartlett will fill his place on the force.

—The private school to be opened about the second week in September by Misses Friend and Cook in their new rooms on Pleasant street, promises to be one of unusual excellence. Their long experience as teachers in our public schools is well-known and gratefully remembered by many parents.

—An infant child of Mr. W. O. Knapp was left by a careless servant in a carriage a sloping path leading to a flight of six or eight steps. The carriage in some manner got in motion and ran down the steps into the street. The child was injured somewhat, it is hoped not seriously.

—Joseph Mytte, a carpenter from Halifax, who has been at work on the new Baptist church, stole a watch and chain and some twenty-four dollars from his room-rate, Alexander McKay, last Friday morning, and left for parts unknown. Both men boarded with Mr. Head in Farnham's block. He also forgot to pay seven dollars which he had borrowed, and two weeks board is still due Mr. Head.

—Mr. James Cutler has recently been spending a few days with a former clerk of his, who is pleasantly located on the shore of Bloody Pond, nine miles from Plymouth Rock. It is well stocked with fish and the story is that the Indians stole two white children from the settlers some 250 years ago. The children escaped and told their story. The settlers pursued the Indians, driving seven or eight of them onto a little peninsula in the pond, shooting them all, hence the name of the pond.

—Frank Gilkey, 22 years old, five feet nine inches high, and red hair, cut short, left his boarding house at ten o'clock on morning of July 22, in his working clothes and has not been seen or heard from since. He was of temperate habits and came to Newton Centre to pursue his trade as a carpenter, and boarded at Mrs. Irving's on Station street. Many searched for him have been made, and the woods were searched Monday on both sides of the railroad track as far as Chestnut Hill by a number of his friends and by Officers Fuller, Bartlett and Heustis. Any information concerning him would be gratefully received by his friends.

—Jerry Haley, nine years old, was drowned in a pond beyond the ice houses on Boylston street, about five o'clock last Sunday afternoon. In company with two other boys, Frank Reagan, aged seven years, and Frank Burns, aged eight years, he went down to the pond to go in swimming. Young Haley was the first one in the water, and wading out got in beyond his depth and sank. He rose to the surface three times, but the others were unable to aid him. The other boys made his clothes into a neat bundle, and hiding them under a bush, started for home. On the way they met Mr. Beecher, whom they told of the affair, and who proceeded to the pond and recovered the body. Young Haley was the only survivor of five children.

CHESTNUT HILL.

—Mr. Morris Gray and family have gone to Nahant.

—Mr. Ernest Winsor and family leave this week Friday for a few weeks outing at Mattapoisett.

—Mrs. Gilds and Mrs. Porter of Pittsfield, Mrs. Seth Frick and grand child of St. Louis, have been visiting Mrs. Isaac Kingsbury this week.

—The grounds and all the surroundings about our railroad station—always very neatly kept—never presented a more beautiful appearance than at this time. Similar stations may well be desired by patrons of the circuit at other points.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. and Mrs. Small have returned from their summer trip.

—Miss Eva Denison is at home from her visit to Plymouth, N. H.

—Mr. O. C. Pullen and family are at home from their vacation.

—Mrs. D. C. Fisher and daughter have arrived home from Worcester.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Nelson and daughter are home again from their trip to Maine and the Mountains.

—Mr. S. D. Whittemore and family arrived home on Tuesday from their visit to his mother at Paris, Me.

—Miss Nellie A. Paul of South Boston has been spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. Albert H. Greenwood.

—Rev. Pleasant Hunter of Newtonville will be the preacher at the Congregational church, next Sabbath morning and evening.

—Mr. D. A. Ross is having a cellar made ready for house on the lot between the residences of Rev. C. P. Mills and E. L. Ritchie.

—Rev. S. H. Dana of Quincy, Ill., summing at Magnolia, was seen in this village one day last week, looking fresh and vigorous.

—Rev. S. H. Austin of Darien, Conn., a former resident here, came up from Nantasket to look about the village and witness its growth.

—Mr. Vivian Greenidge has commenced the cellar for a house for his own occupancy on Bowdoin street, near the residence of Mr. O. J. Kimball.

—Now that we have a new railroad station and the improvements going on in Fountain Square, we much need a hall and stable for the public wants.

—A son of Mr. O. J. Kimball received a very severe blow from a ball at the ball grounds this week, striking him near the heart, just escaping what might have been of a most serious nature.

—Mr. G. P. Stevens, who was so seriously injured a short time since by a fall from a house on which he was painting, met with another accident on Saturday, by which his right shoulder was dislocated.

—One car on the seven o'clock train from Needham, was thrown from the track at the junction near Cook street on Thursday morning, but fortunately no one was injured. The circuit trains were delayed about two hours.

—Mrs. C. S. Fifield, wife of the former station agent here, after a long and severe illness has passed away. Her death took place at the home of her brother, Mr. John Shaw, at Quincy. The remains were taken to Newton cemetery.

—We understand that the item in last week's GRAPHIC in relation to the gates at Ward Three, was Knapp's error. We desire to call the attention of those citizens of Newton who believe that the majesty of the law, against the breakers thereof, should be enforced, and to give them a little insight as to the most unfair discrimination exercised toward different parties, arrested for like offences, and how it is brought about.

—Three years ago this fall several boys belonging to excellent families residing in Ward Three, were arrested for larceny of fruit. None of them were over fourteen years of age, but they were put into court, tried and convicted, so that to-day their names stand on the police records as convicted law-breakers. Now let us see what happens. On Sunday last four young fellows from Boston were arrested in Ward Two for larceny of fruit, their depredations extending along a line between Brighton and Newtonville Square. At that point they were taken into custody by an officer. In addition to their larceny, they were profaning the Sabbath and disturbing the peace. None of these fellows were less than sixteen years of age, and two of them claimed eighteen years each. After their primary arrest, owing to "favoring" circumstances, they managed to get away from the officer, but assistance opportunity arriving, all but one of them were recaptured and lodged in Station Three. Were these fellows put into court? Were they tried and convicted? Not a bit of it. A member of the lower branch of the city government made it his business to secure their release, and having the desired "pull" at headquarters and with the court, they were discharged without a hearing. Is this equity? Hardly. But let us go a little further. Last Decoration Day a citizen of Ward Three was arrested for being drunk. He was not an occasional drinker, but one who was prone to use intoxicants whenever he could procure them. This man was hardly placed behind the bars, than a philanthropic (?) individual, a resident of the same ward as the prisoner, proceeded to hunt up a friend, who was also a member of the lower branch, and solicited his aid, and this member being possessed of this magic "pull," the man's immediate discharge was procured. Many more authenticated cases of a like character could be cited, but these that have been given will suffice for examples. It seems to me that this making "flesh of one and fowl of another" should be done away with, unless we wish to remove all incentives on the part of our patrolmen to do their duty. This much every good citizen does desire, namely: that the men elected to the city government by their votes, should not consider that that gave them a right to dictate as to what should be done with transgressors of the law. Let our court decide that. We are not ready for "ring-rule" yet.

—Norman Probert, who was injured some time ago, and subsequently taken to the Cottage Hospital where a limb was amputated, returned to his home on Saturday of last week.

—On Friday evening of last week, at the residence of W. S. Cargill on High street, there was a beautiful specimen of night blooming cereus, and on Saturday evening there were two more equally as beautiful, which were admired by many of his friends and neighbors.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—Mr. Jackson and family have returned from their summer sojourn at "delightful Duxbury."

—Mr. Samuel Leland and his family are spending a part of his vacation at the home of his father, Mr. L. E. Leland.

—Repairs are being made on the Newton half of the Charles River bridge, which will render the flooring, at least, safe and sound.

—The carpenter's shop was safely moved last Monday from Concord, through Washington and Wales to its position on Walnut street, where it is said it will be utilized as a dwelling-house.

—If the amount of money taken by the Indian doctors, who visited this place Wednesday evening, was in proportion to the size of the crowd which gathered, they must have reaped a rich harvest from their labors in this vicinity.

—Thanks to the labor of Mr. Carroll and his men our streets are very much improved in appearance and convenience and one need no longer find, on reaching the morning train, that all the polish has been removed from his boots by the grass and weeds which encumbered the sidewalks.

—The electric lights went out suddenly for a couple of hours, Tuesday night, owing to the fact that a house that was being moved had come in contact with the wires and broke the circuit. The company repaired the damage as soon as they could get up here, but the work necessarily took some time.

BASE BALL.**A VICTORY FOR THE NEWTON COLLEGE LEAGUE.**

The Newton College team visited Brookline Wednesday, and defeated the local team. The game was witnessed by many Brookline residents, who, on several occasions, showed their appreciation of the exhibition by hearty applause. Both sides did good ball playing but the Newtons gained the advantage by good base running and safe batting at opportune times. On the other hand the Brooklines were unable to hit Wood at times when most necessary. On three occasions, with two men on bases and no one out, the following three struck out or went out on easy flies to the infield. One noticeable feature was the striking out, three times in succession, of Cushman, whom the Boston Globe has written of as being the best amateur batter in the country. This man did not reach first base during the game. Wood's pitching was highly praiseworthy, and much of the victory is due to his efforts. One play deserving of special mention was that of Hunting, who caught a difficult fly after a long run, and then made a phenomenal throw cutting off a man at the home plate and accomplishing a brilliant double play.

The Newton men are representative ball players from many colleges, and some of the names are familiar from their connection with the Newton High School team, which, two years ago, won such a good reputation in the High School League.

Bates is from the Harvards; Duane, Edgerton and Wood, Techs; Hovey and Warren from Brown, and the remainder represent various colleges. The umpiring of Mr. Bowker of Brookline was most satisfactory.

The score:

NEWTON COLLEGE BOYS.

A. B. R. B. SB. PO. A. E.

5	2	1	2	4	0
3	2	3	3	2	7
4	0	1	1	0	0
4	1	2	4	1	0
4	0	0	0	0	6
4	2	0	0	0	4
3	1	1	3	2	1
4	0	1	0	1	0
3	2	1	1	1	1
Totals.	34	10	10	12	17

BROOKLINES.

A. B. R. B. SB. PO. A. E.

5	1	2	1	2	1	0
5	0	1	1	5	3	2
4	0	1	1	8	1	2
4	1	3	1	0	10	6
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	2	2	2	7	3	4
4	1	1	1	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	18	6	10	7	24	19

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West Newton Swimming Bath.

The Third Season will Open Saturday, June 25, 1887.

Bath Open Daily. Sundays Excepted

For men and boys, 9 to 12:30 a. m.

5 to 7 p.m.

For women and girls 2 to 4:30 p. m.

Evening baths by arrangement.

A careful attendant always in charge.

Bathers to furnish towels, suits, tights.—The same

The Ancestry of Mr. Seth Davis.

Editor of the GRAPHIC:

A genealogical sketch of the ancestry of Mr. Seth Davis back to the original settlers may be of interest to your readers at this time.

Seth Davis is a descendant of the sixth generation from Dolor Davis, born about 1600, and probably a native of Kent, England. He married at East Farleigh, Co. Kent, March 1624. Margery, daughter of Richard Willard of Horsemonden, Kent, and sister of Major Simon Willard, one of the original settlers of Concord, Mass.

The issue of this marriage was six children, three born in England and three in America.

Dolor embarked for Boston during the early part of 1634, and was first heard of in Cambridge, where the town records of Aug. 4th, 1634, contain a grant of land to him as follows: "Granted Dolor Davis there 25 acres." On April 16, 1635, Margery and her children left England on the ship "Elizabeth" to join her husband. Dolor did not long remain at Cambridge, and we find him mentioned successively as of Duxbury, Scituate, Barnstable, and in 1655 we find him at Concord, Mass., where he remained eleven years. On May 11, 1655, Roger Draper of Concord, Mass., conveyed to Dolor Davis one hundred and fifty-two acres, including his house and house lot. This became the Davis Concord homestead, and is now owned by a lineal descendant of Dolor, Abel Davis Clark.

Margery Davis died between 1658 and 1660, and in the latter year Dolor removed to Barnstable, and in 1671 married Joanna (Hull) Bursley.

Dolor was a carpenter by trade, which probably accounts, in a measure, for his many changes of residence. He died in Barnstable, June 1673, aged 80. Samuel, the second son of Dolor born in America, married at Lynn, Jan. 11, 1665-6, Mary Meddowes. She died at Concord, Oct. 3, 1710. He married 2d, Ruth Taylor, Oct. 18, 1711. She died without issue, Aug. 7, 1720. Samuel was made freeman March 21, 1689-90. He settled in that part of Concord which afterwards became Bedford. His homestead is owned by his descendants today. He was a farmer and took but little part in public affairs. The date of his death is unknown. He was alive in 1714. He had by first wife seven children, Eleazer, the fifth, born July 26, 1680, married at Concord, May 7, 1705, Eunice Potter, born Dec. 10, 1688, daughter of Judah and Grace (Brooks) Potter, and granddaughter of Dea. Luke Potter, one of the original settlers of Concord, Mass., and his wife Mary Edmunds, daughter of Walter and Dorothy Edmunds. (Her younger brother, John, born at Concord, July 2, 1640, was the ancestor of the sixth generation of the late Hon. Wiley Edmunds.)

Mary Edmunds was the maternal ancestor in America of the Potter family of Concord, Mass., who have been noted for their longevity, six children of Luke and Judith living to an average age of 92 years, one dying at the age of 102. To this marriage of Eleazer and Eunice can probably be attributed the source, in part, of Mr. Seth Davis' long life. Eleazer was a farmer and lived on the farm of his father in Bedford, and had by his wife Eunice, seven children. He died Aug. 10, 1721, at the early age of 41 years. She married again and survived Eleazer nearly fifty years, and died July 27, 1770. Timothy, the third child, born Dec. 8, 1709, was one of the early settlers of Townsend, Mass. He was a blacksmith and nail maker by trade. Was also a soldier in the Revolution. He married Feb. 9, 1737, Hannah Smith, born Jan. 21, 1716; died Aug. 6, 1787. Timothy died in 1800, aged 91 years. They had eleven children, Timothy, the tenth child, born Feb. 2, 1760 in Townsend, was a Revolutionary soldier. He married Oct. 3, 1782, Betty Flagg, born Jan. 30, 1759, daughter of William and Lydia (Child) Flagg of Ashby, whose ancestor, Thomas Flagg, first settled at Watertown, Mass., in 1643. William Flagg, a brother of Betty, married a Seaverne and lived and died in Newton, Rhodea, a sister, married in 1797 Micah Moseman of Newton. Timothy and Betty were the parents of Seth Davis, Esq., who was born at Ashby, Sept. 3, 1787. Timothy died Feb. 7, 1826. Seth had three brothers and one sister.

Asa, born Feb. 14, 1793, married Alice (Williams) McLay, daughter of Wm. and Abigail (Harris) Williams, and widow of James McLay of Watertown, Mass. They had five children. He died May 1, 1847.

Betty, born June 28, 1796, married June 25, 1818, Abner Proctor, and had nine children. She now resides at Townsend, aged 61 years.

Timothy, born April 26, 1798, married Abigail Wellington. He is dead.

William, born Nov. 17, 1803, married Eudie Turner, and died in 1837.

Seth married Oct. 27, 1810, Mary, daughter of John and Mary (Winchester) Durell, born Dec. 27, 1789, died June 16, 1867. He married 2d, July 1, 1868, Mary J., daughter of John and Eliza (Braun) Glidden of Whitefield, Me. Seth had by 1st wife Mary, two children, 1st, Mary Winchester, born Nov. 27, 1813, married May 7, 1835, Rev. Augustus W. Willard, she died Nov. 12, 1842, leaving one daughter, Harriet Davis, born Oct. 1, 1836; died April 18, 1857. 2nd, Harris L., born Feb. 24, 1820; died March 12, 1853. J. H. POTTER, West Newton, Aug. 18, 1887.

Reform the School System.

As the time draws nigh when the pupils of our schools will return to their desks, we are more and more impressed with the crying need of reform in the system they are compelled to suffer under. The teachers are powerless, although they are fully aware of the terrible iniquity of the present state of affairs, to accomplish anything in the way of ameliorating matters. If our people will but see to it this fall that the present school committee gets a thorough overhauling, and new members are elected who will drop a lot of unnecessary rubbish from the prescribed course of studies in each grade, thereby enabling the scholars, with far less work, to become more proficient in the studies which aid in the acquirement of a sensible education, they will do a wise thing. There is a good deal of truth in the remark of the Boston Record, recently, to the effect that "our public school education is a poor smattering of what the children do not need to know, and an incomplete skimming over of things that are essential."

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

List of New Books.

Chautauqua Series for 1888. Hale E. E.	
History of the United States (1000-1814.) Hatfield M. B.	73,176
Physiology and Hygiene in English. Wilkinson W. C.	104,238
Short History of Mediaeval Church. Hurst J. F.	55,300
Readings from American Literature. Irving W.	91,495
Outline Sketch of American Literature. Beers H. A.	51,408
Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. Walker J. B.	51,409
Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle. Goethe J. W.	53,318
This volume is appreciatively introduced and edited by Charles Eliot Norton.	
Russian Church and Russian Dissent. Head A. F.	94,399
This volume gives an instructive sketch of the Russian branch of the Greek Church, with the non-conforming sects which have arisen.	
Allan Quatermain. Haggard H. R.	61,625
A weird romance of the Jules Verne order.	
Nursing and Care of Nervous and Insane. Mills C. K.	102,444
A small hand-book by an expert, giving valuable instructions upon an important subject.	
U. S. in the Administrations. Ireland J. R.	75,196
A separate volume is devoted to the history of the country under each successive Federal administration. Four volumes of the set have been issued.	
Collected Works, 2 vols. Rossetti D. G.	53,321
Fall of Maximilian's Empire. Schroeder S.	73,172
An interesting short sketch of the close of the Austrian-French effort to seize the throne of Mexico is given in this volume, by an officer of the U. S. navy.	
Winsor J. W.	52,371
Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A bright little brochure, showing how readily a historical doubt can be raised and sustained.	
Dorothy Thorn of Thornton. Ward J. Dorothy	65,560
A wholesome and pleasantly told story for the hour, involving the question of labor and capital, and the industrial possibilities of an intelligent young woman.	
Henry IV, and End of Wars of Religion. Masson G.	71,200
Edited from the History of France by Guizot.	
China; Travels in the Middle Kingdom. Wilson J. H.	33,354
This is a thoroughly interesting and instructive volume. Gen. Wilson visits the country as a business man and an experienced engineer, to discover its possibilities for railroad building, the developing of mines and the establishment of manufactures. He had the best of introductory letters, conferred with leading Chinese statesmen, and gives in this volume the incidents of his visit both in Japan and China.	
Cyclopedia of American Biography. Wilson J. G. and Fiske J.	215,80
Two volumes of the six of this valuable work are published—the most complete in American biography that has been issued.	
Narrative and Critical History of America. Winsor J.	77,93
Five volumes of this elaborate and valuable work have now been issued from the press.	
Natural Law in the Business World. Wood H.	81,107
This is a successful effort to show that the same certain ordinances of law exist in the social and industrial world that we find in the material universe.	
PEIRCE, Librarian. B. K.	
August 24th, 1887.	

Caution to Bad Writers.

Horace Greeley, who wrote a miserable scrawl, one day sent to the Iowa Press Association: "I have waited, till longer waiting would seem discourteous, and now decide that I cannot attend your press meeting next June, as I would like to do. I find so many cares and duties pressing on me, that with the weight of years, I feel obliged to decline any invitation that takes me over a day's journey from home.

Out of this, the recipients, in consultation assembled, made:

"I have wondered all along whether any squint had denied the scandal about the President meeting Jane in the woods on Sunday. I have hominy, carrots and R. R. ties more than I could move with eight steers. If eels are blighted dig them early. Any insinuations that brick ovens are dangerous to hams, gives me the horrors."

Miscellaneous.

Husband (dressing for an evening entertainment)—It seems a pitiable thing to me, dear, that women should wear corsets. But women are weak creatures, at the best.

Wife—if you really wish me to go without one, John, I will.

Husband (hastily)—No; certainly not.—[New York Sun.]

—(At the breakfast table)—Why, aren't we to have those fish I caught yesterday for breakfast, my dear?

Wife—"No, John. When I came to look them over I found they were all stale.

Husband (putting on a bold front)—Stale! That's funny!

Wife—Yes, very funny.—[New York Sun.]

—The age of a goose, a scientist states, frequently extends to 50 years. It should be explained that the goose never takes "tonics" nor "sure cures," he never takes appetizers, he is not afraid of water, he doesn't speculate and wear out his nerves, he doesn't drink or smoke; he has sense, in short, and isn't such a goose as he looks.—[Chicago Tribune.]

"Did you hear about poor Smithers?" asked the judge. "No," replied the major. "What is the matter with him?" "You know he has been nearly deaf for some time. Well, now he has lost his sight. I don't see what he can do for a living now." "He might become a Chicago detective."—[Chicago Tribune.]

"Yes, sir," remarked Mr. Roundtrip, I asked the judge. "No," replied the major. "What is the matter with him?" "You know he has been nearly deaf for some time. Well, now he has lost his sight. I don't see what he can do for a living now." "He might become a Chicago detective."—[Chicago Tribune.]

"Worth Ten Dollars" to any family, is Dr. Kaufmann's book on diseases; finely illustrated plates from life; don't be humbugged, but cure yourself. Send three 2-cent stamps for postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

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SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Boston at 6:50, 7:30, 8, 8:30, 9, 10, 11 a. m.; 12 m.; 1, 2, 2:30, 3, 3:30 (4 ex.), 4:30, 5 (ex.), 5:30, (ex.) 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8, 8:30, 9, 20, 9:50, 10, 50, 11:15 p. m.

Leave Lynn at 6:10, 6:50, 7 (ex.), 7:30 (ex.), 8 (ex.), 8:30, 9, 10, 11 a. m.; 12 m.; 1, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:45, 9:10, 10, 10:30 p. m.

Leave Cambridge at 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45 p. m.

Workingmen's Train.

TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE?

A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Smoking clergyman!" I heard some one say in the seat behind,—meaning me. Why not? Has a clergyman no rights?

Smoking merchant sounds well enough. Smoking lawyer and smoking gentleman are permissible, and even smoking doctor.

Smoke by itself, in the abstract, is a chemical process.

If we students see fit to extract the oil from a vegetable substance, what business is it of the laity? Come, this is a nice question and personal.

Sometime I ought to ventilate it and now is always a good time. Wherein lies the offence in those two words? They simply state facts.

Suppose there had been occasion to say "gluttonous, wine-bibbing or profane clergyman?"

Can it be that my mental faculties are narcotized, and incapable of holding balance steadily.

I have heard of such a thing, but did not imagine that I had gone so far as that.

Spurgeon and many others of my brethren smoke.

What has that to do with the subject? When he and I travel by railroad, our place is in the smoking car, with birds of like feather—where gentlemen of low tastes can herd with those of like instincts, without the social stigma of second class.

In this pandemonium of sights, sounds and odors, wedged in with profanity, obscenity, cards and tobacco, all in fit accord, I sit sphinx-like and smoke with the rest of them, separated from society by a habit so offensive as to level all other distinctions.

The welcome din of the cars deadens the jargon, but each shriek of the steam-whistle startles my spiritual senses with the stern message, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" Listen! Is this the proper place for the younger members of the church which I belong, and where I occasionally minister at the altar? But what can I say about it? Can I take Paul, and Peter, and John along with me, or must I part company for a while, that I may have my smoke?

Can I say, as Brother Spurgeon once did, "I smoke to the glory of God," with the inevitable inference, the more smoke the more glory, and as my example induces others to smoke, and some more than ever, the volume of praise rolls up accordingly? Perhaps it depends upon where you smoke, as well as other considerations, for we are enjoined to avoid the appearance of evil. What does that mean?

Surely there is a time and a season for every purpose under heaven—a time to laugh, a time to dance, etc., and why not a time to smoke? If a clergyman sees fit to carry a briar in the top of his hat, fed with the dried leaves of the iodes fuitidus, it is a matter of taste rather than of morals. Some people are more nice than wise.

Truly, this subject grows upon me. It is the most difficult piece of casuistry I ever meddled with. Every touch of the spear of Ithuriel seems to rouse new antagonists, that will not be put down.

If I could only say confidently, "the Lord is on my side, what have I to fear?" This bush-fighting is a new mode with me. It is not my style to be dodging texts, and skulking behind fences. The archers have hit and sorely wounded me.

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Among the three great classes, the good, the bad, and the indifferent, where do I find just now, my companionship? Smoking is a lonesome habit, always whining for company, and isn't averse to seven other spirits more sinister than itself, but they all have the same smutty look from lying among the pots.

Look at any bar-room on the face of the wide earth. What are they doing there, that makes the place what it is? Uniformly, drinking and smoking. What am I doing in my study, when I add a glass of ale, which our English brethren are permitted to do by public opinion? Remove the partitions, and we are all on a level, the common level of the bowl and pipe. Wherein is the difference between us? The company? Suppose I invite the smoking and drinking clergy to a convention, and open the meeting with prayer for the presence of the Holy Spirit. Why not? "All the deeds done in the body they be evil, etc."

It will be of some importance to me in that trial, which class of deeds I have been doing all my life. The trial now is before my peers, a sort of trial by jury, where every other jurymen is a party to crimes, bearing the odor of recent participation in his breath and garments. "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son." A fearful appointment this, for the Son was made flesh, and dwelt among us.

He was a man and knows all our temptations, and what it is to be a man. Hence His example in all things is our safe guide. Many practices of the present day were then not current. Among the articles now in common use but then unknown, is tobacco. How would the spirit of His life, without spot or blemish, allow us to place Him in reference to the habit under consideration?

Had tobacco been in general use, and occupying just the debatable ground it does now, would Christ as He sat wearied with his journey, on the well-curb at Samaria, have refreshed Himself with a quiet smoke? The anachronism does not affect the argument. In such a supposable case, would the woman of Samaria have said: "I perceive that thou art a prophet?" And again, "Children, have ya a drop of ale?" instead of "have ya any meat?" These hypothetical examples are the proper touchstones of my conduct, and not public opinion of the age in which we live.

The life of Christ is not ancient history, but present vitality. The question for me,

is how would He have acted under like circumstances and conditions. There is one other sure rule of life. The well-done of the Master is worth more than the applause of men of like passions with myself.

"The little foxes spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Shall "an idle word be judged," and idle habits be passed over?

To a Christian of keen spiritual perceptions and enlightened conscience, the severest ordeal is himself.

After a public act of doubtful propriety the public withdraws, but the accuser remains, for the culprit is never less alone than when alone with the judge.

The eyes of the world are no longer upon him and the scales fall from his own. He is weighed, and the balances are held by an inexorable hand.

Will this practice injure others who take me as an example?

Can I justify an idle habit which tends to disease in others, if not to myself?

Think you of our two Generals, Grant and McLellan, and of thousands of others whose sad personal experience is the same in a greater or less degree, but whose persons were not of sufficient public note to attract general interest.

The great centres of civilization, festering in the heat of the nineteenth century, are evolving new agents of destruction and delusion, some for the nerves, some for the muscular system, others to act upon the viscera—all poisons more or less active. With the masses they are like the firewater to the native Indian or raw whiskey to the sons of Erin—seductive, irresistible.

What can I say to the victims of opium, absinthe, hashish, chloral and other stimulants, the names of which it is not desirable to advertise by enumerating them?

So far as I am concerned, morally, it is as though I held all the tobacco seed in the world in the palm of my hand and the plant had died out. The demon is bottled up and the responsibility rests upon my soul to let him loose again upon the race. What would I do? What ought I? There must be something in it that "cometh of evil," else why so much fierce denunciation from the good and pure?

Are their spiritual perceptions more acute than mine? The current opinion of the world respects the man who has no "small vices." The habitual use of tobacco in snuffing, chewing or smoking is a stigma upon character otherwise above reproach. The intuition of woman cordially assents to this with emphasis. Would I light my pipe or cigar in a lady's presence without asking permission?

Why is woman out of place in the smoking car? Why is it so manifestly indecent and outrageous for a female to happen by mistake to enter here? And yet I am here, Elijah?" Listen! Is this the proper place for the younger members of the church which I belong, and where I occasionally minister at the altar? But what can I say about it? Can I take Paul, and Peter, and John along with me, or must I part company for a while, that I may have my smoke?

Can I say, as Brother Spurgeon once did, "I smoke to the glory of God," with the inevitable inference, the more smoke the more glory, and as my example induces others to smoke, and some more than ever, the volume of praise rolls up accordingly? Perhaps it depends upon where you smoke, as well as other considerations, for we are enjoined to avoid the appearance of evil. What does that mean?

Surely there is a time and a season for every purpose under heaven—a time to laugh, a time to dance, etc., and why not a time to smoke? If a clergyman sees fit to carry a briar in the top of his hat, fed with the dried leaves of the iodes fuitidus, it is a matter of taste rather than of morals. Some people are more nice than wise.

Truly, this subject grows upon me. It is the most difficult piece of casuistry I ever meddled with. Every touch of the spear of Ithuriel seems to rouse new antagonists, that will not be put down.

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SHIVERING in the SUNSHINE.

A Short Story by a Steamboat Pilot—Why He Closed the State-room Window.

About twelve years ago I was master and pilot of the steamboat Sarah Brown, that ran between Peekskill and New York, carrying freight. At Peekskill we lay up at a dock near which one of the main sewers from the village emptied into the river. The bad air and gas from this sewer was fearful. It was so foul that I often slept in my bunk on the boat with the door and windows tightly shut rather than breathe it; and that, too, in hot weather. I used to notice that the water set over night in a basin or bowl to drink would in the morning be covered with a sort of slimy coating if the sewer air could get to it.

It was in this way I had my first attack of malaria. Before that I had never been really sick in my life, and I could stand any amount of work and sleep like a healthy child. But as the malaria took hold of me my appetite began to fail and my good sleep went with it. Sometimes I could eat heartily enough, and then, again, nothing seemed to tempt me or to taste good. And as to sleeping, I would often toss and tumble in my bed nearly all night, then fall asleep about daylight, completely tired out. This irregular and broken fashion of eating, drinking and sleeping pretty soon brought on indigestion and symptoms of dyspepsia. In fact, after a while, it came to be what is called—and very properly, I think—nervous dyspepsia.

At the very start, as soon as I told my physician how I felt, he began giving me quinine, and I often took sixteen grains a day. It didn't cure me, and so far as I know, quinine never does really cure malaria. But as neither the doctor nor anybody could tell me of anything better I kept on taking it.

Then I commenced having severe headaches or bow aches, and felt fagged out and low spirited. With the idea that quinine might possibly help me if I only took larger doses, I increased the dose from four to ten grains at a time.

This kind of thing went on for six years—and six very long years they were to me, you may be sure of that. Of course my business involved almost constant exposure to the weather, which greatly increased the severity of the attacks. I have stood in the pilot house steering, with my overcoat buttoned to the chin, shivering in the hot summer sun.

All this time I kept on taking quinine in large doses, and as I had become very weak my physician told me that the malarial poison was making my blood thin and poor—abstracting the very life from it. After a few months I began to feel the effects of the large quantity of quinine I had used to break up the malaria. First I was troubled with ringing and buzzing in the ears, I began to grow hard of hearing, my eyesight became weak, and from enjoying the use of a pair of eyes clear and strong as anybody ever had, I soon had to help my vision with a pair of glasses, while yet a young man. This, I was informed on medical authority, was what is called malarial iritis, or a loss of the coloring of the iris, due to malarial infection. My eyes watered easily at night on attempting to use them, and seemed to lose the deep clear color which was natural to them.

Bleeding from the nose was about this time a common thing with me, so much so that the doctor plugged up the nasal orifices to stop it.

On my return from the West, where I had gone in hopes that a change of scene and air might do me good, I first saw an advertisement of KASKINE in a New York daily paper. It was called "The New Quinine." "That meets my idea," I said. "Anything to take the place of the old quinine, for between that and the malaria I shall be completely used up before long."

So I began on Kaskine, taking about fifteen pellets at a time four times a day, and in a few days I felt much better. I slept better, food tasted more natural and I digested it and got my strength back by degrees; and, briefly, in the course of a reasonable time it worked a perfect cure of the malaria with all its symptoms and evils—the headaches, dizziness, etc.

I should not fail to mention that on beginning the Kaskine treatment I threw aside the quinine and depended on Kaskine alone.

WILLIAM TEED,
133 East 12th Street, New York.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

The Kaskine Company, 54 Warren St., New York, and 35 Farringdon Road, London.

"No, Algernon, I cannot marry you. Your will not allow it." "Why not?" "Because he says you are an actor." "Your father is much kinder than the press." —[Washington Critic.]

—And now it is said that, contrary to earlier reports, the cranberry crop of Cape Cod will be very large this year. This may not please the turkeys, but it will please the turkey gobblers.—[Boston Post]

—The entire business portion of a Dakota town was reported to have been swept away by the fire last week. Upon investigation a charity society discovered that three saloons were burned out.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—First Omaha Girl—"Dear me! the paper says Miss Ramsay, a girl of twenty, who goes to Cambridge University, beat all the male students at the recent examinations." Second Omaha Girl—"Well, well! Took all the prizes?" "I suppose so." "Poor girl! She must be terribly homely to be so smart."

Nearly three hundred different patterns in book-cases, secretaries and desks are displayed in the spacious warerooms of Paine's Furniture Co., Boston.

FOULD'S WHEAT GERM MEAL,
August Vacation

and hot weather is now in order, but whether at home or away at the seashore, or in the country, don't forget FOULD'S WHEAT GERM MEAL,

(the germ and gluten of wheat) is the cereal food of the world for breakfast. Have it for the children, for

If they are fed on cake and pie, they'll have Dyspepsia by

A cup full of wheat germ meal, and ten minutes gives you a dish fit for a queen; grueers sell it everywhere in 15 cent packages.

BUTLER, BREED & CO., AGTS.,
BOSTON, MASS.

INSURANCE TO ANY AMOUNT
placed in first-class Stock and Mutual companies

Sole Agent for Newton of the

Middlesex Mutual of Concord, Mass.

MAKES EXCELLENT SHIRTS FOR \$1.50. FINE DRESSES \$2.00. IF NOT CONVENIENT TO CALL AT HIS OFFICE NOTICE BY POSTAL WILL SECURE A PROMPT CALL AT YOUR RESIDENCE OR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

E. B. BLACKWELL,
CUSTOM SHIRT MAKER,
School Street, - - Newton,

MAKES EXCELLENT SHIRTS FOR \$1.50. FINE DRESSES \$2.00. IF NOT CONVENIENT TO CALL AT HIS OFFICE NOTICE BY POSTAL WILL SECURE A PROMPT CALL AT YOUR RESIDENCE OR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

JAMES H. NICKERSON

WEST NEWTON, MASS.,

Merchant Tailor

and Clothier.

NEW FURNISHING GOODS.

EARLY ORDERS FOR SPRING OF 1887 WILL BE APPRECIATED.

45.

DR. W. W. HAYDEN,

DENTIST.

Pleasant Street, Newton Centre.

SPRING AND SUMMER.**MILLINERY.**

Latest styles in Hats and Bonnets and general assortment of

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

NEWTON, MASS., AUGUST 27, 1887.

EDWARD D. BALDWIN, Publisher.

OFFICE, Rear of Post Office, Newton. Subscription, \$2 in advance.—Single copies for sale at the office and by all newsdealers.

Telephone No. 2909.

THE NEWTON TRANSCRIPT HAS BEEN CONSOLIDATED WITH THE GRAPHIC.

Entered at Newton P. O. as Second Class Matter

POWERS OF A SCHOOL BOARD.

There has been a good deal of inquiry of late as to the powers of a school board, under the public statutes, and apart from any local considerations it is something that should be clearly understood. The men who framed those statutes evidently labored under the impression that only the wisest, most upright and conscientious citizens would be chosen to fill such positions, and therefore they gave them practically unlimited powers.

Mr. John W. Dickinson, secretary of the state board of education (also a member of the Newton school board) has a good deal to say upon this subject in his last annual report. From his position Mr. Dickinson is able to speak with some authority, and no one who has read his reports will dispute that his theoretical statements are eminently just and sound. Of the school boards he says:

"From the nature and extent of the duties of school committees it will at once appear that they should be skilled educators, able and willing to devote their time and study to school work. * * * It is generally true, however, that school committees are quite fully employed with their individual concerns; that their school supervision is accidental, and not always performed with the skill which knowledge and experience alone can give."

These statements show that Mr. Dickinson has a pretty accurate knowledge of the average school board, and in his report he goes on to give the foregoing as a reason why school boards have elected superintendents and delegated to them "the general care and supervision of schools."

The powers of school committees, as given by Mr. Dickinson, are as follows: By act of 1859, school committees have power to select and contract with teachers. Under an act of the same year abolishing the district system, school committees are given the control and supervision of the public schools and school houses. Under an act of 1876, school committees are given full power to direct what books shall be used in the public schools, and to prescribe the course of studies. Under an act of 1886, the tenure of office of teachers is left at the pleasure of the committee. A law of 1870 enables the committee to fix the salary of the superintendent, they already having the power to elect whom they please. By an act of 1878 they are given power to approve or disapprove of private schools. An act of 1882 gives them the same powers over evening schools, as they have over day schools. An act of 1885 gives them power to purchase text books, apparatus, etc., at the expense of the town. The committee also have power to exclude any pupil from any school in the town, for misconduct. The committee may, when they think proper, dismiss any teacher, and such teacher can recover no compensation for services rendered after such a dismissal.

These are the most important of the powers given to school committees, and they can exercise them without the possibility of a veto. The only possible check is the fear that they may not be re-elected, and this is not a very powerful one, on account of the length of the term of office.

The necessity of electing only such men as can be thoroughly trusted can be seen from this, and to quote again from Mr. Dickinson's report: "As the Public Statutes invest these boards with almost unlimited power over the schools, the public good requires that the power shall be exercised in good faith and with great wisdom." Another election is close at hand, and the people of Newton should be thinking over the choice of candidates. It is a much more important matter than the mayor or the members of the City Council, as the powers of those officials are far from being as extensive.

We can not close this article in a more fitting manner than by this quotation from Mr. Dickinson's excellent report. "It is not to be expected that a school committee, or any member of it, will so far forget the dignity of his office as to sacrifice the educational interests of a community to gratify personal prejudices or to promote selfish interests." If the unexpected should happen, and an old saying tells us that it is only the unexpected that does happen, Mr. Dickinson advises the community not to rest until there has been devised some mode of relief from the disastrous consequences of the mischief that is sure to follow." This is excellent advice. The only remedy for such "mischief" seems to be to elect only men whose "good faith" can not be questioned, and whose "wisdom" makes it impossible that they can be influenced by any but the highest motives.

The five members of the board who retire this year are Fisher Ames, George A. Walton, William S. Smith, Isaac Hagar and Alonzo S. Weed.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

Gen. C. C. Andrews of Minnesota, one of the leading Republicans of the Northwest, has written a little pamphlet on "Administrative Reform as an issue in the next Presidential canvass," which ought to be made a Republican campaign document. It is

so perfectly fair and liberal in tone, and yet shows up so clearly the weak spots of the present administration, as far as civil service reform is concerned, that it could not fail to convince the average reader.

Whatever the politicians of either party may say, the question of civil service reform is one of the most, if not the most important one before this country to-day. With so many thousand office holders, who can so easily be made the corrupt creatures of the party in power, the purity as well as the stability of our whole system of elections is threatened. A few offices have been placed under the reform law, it is true, but they are only a fraction of the whole.

The recent attacks made upon Collector Saltonstall and Postmaster Corse by the Democratic leaders, because they have not replaced every Republican clerk with a Democrat, shows how little sympathy that party has with civil service reform principles, or with men who practice them in any degree, and the Independents have even begun to doubt whether President Cleveland is as much a friend to reform as they had fondly imagined.

Gen. Andrews thinks, and with justice, that "the Republican party has only to show an honest purpose to abolish the spoils system, and the worse than kingly one-man power which it fosters" to attract to their former allegiance the already disaffected Independents, and to win in the next campaign. He says that "our leaders will greatly lighten the labors of the impending canvass, greatly lessen the wear and tear and expense, the need of brass bands, torchlight processions, and large subscriptions of money, if they will seasonably commence an intelligent agitation of the question of civil service reform, and educate our party up to a hearty and enlightened appreciation of the subject."

The present civil service law is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, Gen. Andrews says. It ought to take in the three thousand civil officers of the United States, who can be appointed only by the President by and with the consent of the Senate. What has the consular officer, for instance, five thousand miles away, to do with party politics, that he should be changed every time a new President is elected? Or the Indian agents, to take a still more disgraceful illustration of the spoils system, what have they to do with party politics? No reform in the Indian service can be hoped for as long as the President uses the agencies merely as rewards for party workers.

Gen. Andrews calls attention also to the equivocal course of the President in making removals,—instead of saying frankly that the removals were on party grounds, he caused it to be understood that they were for the good of the service, thus allowing old and faithful officials to retire with a stigma upon their reputations. Nevertheless when the Senate asked for the record of some of these removed officials, he was obliged to confess that he had kept none, although he still professed to make removals for "the improvement of the public service." This was before the Higgins episode, however.

Gen. Andrews speaks of the great good one genuine civil service reformer could do in Congress—perhaps our Congressman Burnett will turn out to be such a man; he was elected by the votes of the most outspoken leaders of reform! It would not be a bad idea to carry civil service reform methods into our selection of Congressmen. There is certainly need of some method of getting more efficient and skilled legislators.

This little pamphlet is so full of wise and practical suggestions, that we hope it will have a wide circulation. It can be found at any of the newsdealers, and it presents the whole question in the clearest possible light.

THE CENSUS OF CHILDREN OF SCHOOL AGE, just completed, shows some interesting features. Ward Two is the banner ward in number, as it has 740, and Ward Six comes second with 612. The latter has gained 53, more than twice the gain of any other ward save Ward One, which has gained 35. Ward Four has lost 12 since last year, and Ward Three has only gained one. Ward Seven has by far the smallest number of children, only 295, but it has gained seven during the year. The total gain in the whole city is 112, nearly half of which is credited to Ward Six, which evidently intends to hold the balance of power in city politics at no distant day.

THE GREAT SUCCESS that has attended Ticknor's summer series of original copyright novels has induced Messrs. Ticknor & Co. to continue their publication, but hereafter the books will be issued semi-monthly. "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," Robert Grant's popular novel, leads in this later series and it is followed by Eugene Field's "Culture's Garland," about which every one is now talking. These handsome books are only 50 cents each.

THE SUCCESS of the experiments made upon the Cambridge street railway with electric motors shows that electricity will soon take the place of horses. The Newton Street Railway company probably look with some complacency on the delay in getting a location for their road, as it enables them to profit by all the costly experiments that are being made by other companies.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION is to meet at Worcester on September 30th. It is to be hoped that the delegates will remember the experience of the legislative committee in that city last winter.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL'S PARAGRAPHER thinks a "gosling" is "a little duck," if we are to judge from one of his jokes. He is evidently in training for the next vacancy on the state board of agriculture.

Where is the Garbage Collector?

Editor of the GRAPHIC: A bad smell in the neighborhood caused by the accumulation of swill, and the neglect of the collector to remove the same, has been a great nuisance this week. We have not been favored with a call from the gentleman since Friday last, and here it is Wednesday—four day's collection on hand this weather is a little heavy.

A few days since a peddler of small wares remarks to a customer that he was not making many sales now as all his best families were away. Perhaps this collector thinks so many families are away that the stay-at-homes don't have anything to eat, so there is no necessity of his calling, when the fact is the unfortunate stay-at-homes fare a deal better than the goaways. Fresh vegetables, ripe watermelons, delicious muskmelons, cantalopes, peaches, &c., don't show up on every table in the country—so the stay-at-homes fare sumptuously, and their tubs for the refuse are full and overflowing. A remark once made by an assistant of the collector's on seeing the well-filled tub was: "I see yes feed well in this house." It may be that the collector is off on an outing at the Mountains, Saratoga, Newcastle or Newport. If so, a substitute should be appointed.

I have not seen his name mentioned among the arrivals at any of the fashionable resorts. Perhaps he is traveling incog or under a nom de plume.

We wish he would hurry back and mount his own cog and don his own plume and clean us out of the refuse.

"You may call it whatever name you will, The scent of roses does not hang round the swirl.

Field Day to Newport R. I.

The Newton Natural History society will have a "Field Day" at Newport, R. I., on Wednesday, September 7th. If the number of excursionists is less than twenty-five, the round trip tickets will be \$2.50. If the number is twenty-five or more \$2.30. Arrangements have been made for barges to take those who desire, on the ocean drive out to the Cliff Walk. The party will leave from the Old Colony depot, at 8:30 a. m. Returning, leave Newport about 5 p. m. For further particulars, apply to Dr. J. F. Fribbie.

MARRIED.

At West Newton, Aug. 21, by Rev. J. A. Barrett, John W. O'Donnell and Agnes Bryson, both of Newton.

At Newton Centre, Aug. 22, by Rev. T. J. Holmes, Wm. C. Ritchie and Susie B. Stromach, both of Newton.

At Newton, Aug. 23, by Rev. L. R. Thayer, John M. Kidder of Ayer, and Lilla E. Farrar of Boston.

DIED.

In Watertown, Aug. 21, Mrs. Isabella Flagg, aged 85 years 5 months.

In Newton Centre, Aug. 21, Elizabeth C. widow of Dr. Thomas Sparhawk of Amesbury, aged 70 years.

At West Newton, Aug. 18, Lewis F., son of Lewis H. Edwards, aged 1 year, 7 months, 17 days.

In Nonantum, Aug. 18, William Waldron, aged 42 years.

In Nonantum, Aug. 19, Joseph P., son of Michael J. Ryan, aged 7 months.

In Lower Falls, Aug. 23, Michael Daniels, aged 40 years.

In Newton, Aug. 23, Elmira S. Sage, aged 77 years.

In Augusta, Me., Aug. 24, Nellie S., wife of Josiah E. Daniell of Newton and daughter of Wm. R. and Sarah B. Smith of Augusta.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

LOFT—Friday 10th, a White Enamel Paney Lace Pin, with diamond centre. Finder will please return to Mrs. D. G. Rawson, Vernon street, and receive reward.

WANTED—A lady to solicit orders and give instruction to the "IMPROVED FAMILY SINGER" MFG. CO. To the proper party, a permanent position is offered. Experience not necessary. Apply between 7 and 8 a. m. at office, Corner Centre and Jefferson streets, Newton. The Singer Manufacturing Co.

FOUND—Two cows, Wednesday morning. The owner can have the same by paying charges and calling on John Lalley, Gardner street, Newton.

WANTED—A cook and second girl. Apply at house corner of Center street and Fairmount avenue, Ward 1, on or after Thursday, September 8th, 1887.

FOR SALE—A No. 7 Magee cook-stove, with water front and couplings, in perfect order; for sale cheap. Inquire of Charles F. Rand.

TO LET—In Upper Falls, a convenient house of 7 rooms, just put in nice pair, to a small and neat family; has city water. Rent, \$12.50 per month. Apply to John Richardson, rear of High street, off Boylston street.

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NEWTONVILLE.

—Mrs. C. E. Adams is at North Conway, N. H.
—Mrs. John L. Roberts is at Intervale, N. H.
—J. M. Viles is making a short visit in Maine.
—Mr. F. W. Gaffield is stopping at Nantasket.
—Mrs. E. Smead is visiting her sister at Worcester.
—Miss Nellie Sherman is at the Pigeon Cove House, Rockport.
—Robert S. Shedd has gone to Portsmouth, N. H., for two weeks.
—Mr. George W. Morse and family have gone from London to Dresden.
—Miss Fanny Page is at Fort Point, Stockton, Me., for two weeks.
—J. C. Fuller advertises a number of desirable houses for sale and to let.
—Ex-Postmaster Lovett and wife are at Gardner, Me., for a few weeks.
—Miss Carrie Blodgett has gone to West Brookfield for a few weeks' vacation.
—Mr. G. H. Loomis, after a brief visit home, has gone to Westfield for a short stay.
—Mrs. John G. Thompson and Miss Grace Thompson left this week for Duluth, Minn.

—Mrs. William E. Smith of Boston Highlands has been spending a few weeks with her friends in Newton.
—Rev. A. G. Rogers of Albany, N. Y., will preach in the Universalist Church next Sunday morning.
—Mrs. L. M. Ryder and Mrs. Fuller have gone to Onset Bay and Monument Beach for two or three weeks.

—Mrs. I. H. Houghton and children left this week for Columbus, Ontario, where they will reside for the future.

—Mr. H. S. Calley and family returned this week from Plymouth, N. H., where they have been spending the summer.

—A number of young maples have been set out this week on Washington street, between the square and Harvard street.

—Mrs. C. E. Atherton, the dressmaker in Central block, has gone to Detroit, Mich., for a couple of weeks, to visit her mother.

—The Newton Electric Light company have commenced the work of putting the electric lights in and around the Newtonville depot.

—At the meeting of the Nonantum Cycle club, Monday evening, George H. Cranitch was elected to the office of second lieutenant.

—In the police court Friday the boys who were charged with the breaking and entering of the freight cars on the Newtonville siding, Aug. 14th, were discharged for lack of evidence.

—Mr. Edward P. Call and Miss Annie Call have been invited to give the pretty play of "Old Love Letters" at Clifton a week from this evening, for the benefit of a local charity.

—Mrs. F. H. Emerson and Miss Macomber have returned from Bradford, Vt., where they have been spending the summer. Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Tewksbury are expected home on Saturday.

—Atwood & Weld have given up their permanent office here for the present, but they will always be ready to show Newtonville property to customers, who apply at their office in Sears' building, Boston.

—Among the Newtonville people at Ocean Spray the past week have been Mr. G. W. Pope and wife, Mr. W. L. Chaloner and wife and Miss Gertrude Cook, at Hotel Shirley, and Mr. W. M. Rumery at Lawrance Cottage.

—Mr. J. Cheever Fuller has leased the McAdams House on Brooks avenue to W. H. Westcott of Boston, and the Chafin House on Lowell street to H. A. Boynton of Boston. He has sold the Methodist parsonage on Bowers street to A. D. Slack of Boston.

—At the Central Congregational church next Sunday morning at 10:45, there will be preaching by Rev. Wm. F. Slocum, Jr., of Baltimore, Md. He will also speak in the evening at 7:30 on "The Problem of the Christian Education of the Colored Race in the South."

—Miss Evelyn Rich, the proficient and cultured teacher of English literature at the High School, has accepted the position of teacher of literature and English composition in the Dana Hall Preparatory School at Wellesley. The school is to be congratulated on securing such a superior teacher of these branches. She will be greatly missed at the High School.

Pupils of Seth Davis.

The following are the pupils of Mr. Seth Davis, so far as their addresses are known, to whom invitations have been sent for the celebration of his 100th birthday, on Saturday, September 3d:

Mrs. Noah Allen, Medfield; Otis Allen, Lowell; Aaron Barker, West Newton; Hiriam Barker, Boston; H. A. Barker, West Newton; Mrs. Hiriam A. Barker, West Newton; Benjamin Barrett, West Newton; Mrs. Charles C. Carter, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Nathaniel Carruth, Dorchester; Sett Chandler, Somerville; Dr. Curtis, Medford; Dr. George C. Cummings, Cambridge; Charles A. Dean, Painsville, O.; Wm. C. Fay, Boston; Gilman Fuller, South Framingham; George W. Gould, Newtonville; Mrs. C. E. Grant, Concord; Daniel B. Haggar, Salem; Walter Hagar, Xenia, O.; Mrs. Mary Hayden, Framingham; Gladys H. Hough, Boston; Mrs. Samuel Hough, George Homer, Boston; B. F. Houghton, West Newton; Mrs. J. A. Houghton, West Newton; H. N. Hyde, Newton; Samuel J. Hyde, West Newton; Helen M. Jernigan, West Newton; Louis T. Jernigan, West Newton; St. Kilian, West Newton; L. A. King, Marlborough Hills; Mary Loring, Newton Centre; Charles H. Lyon, Boston; A. Pearson, Boston; C. L. Pearson, Boston; Edward Pearson, Boston; G. H. Pearson, Boston; Henry C. Pearson, Cambridgeport; J. W. Pease, Lowell; Mrs. S. Pease, Cambridgeport; Hon. Alex. H. Rice, Boston; Charles Rice, Boston; Mrs. Anna Hall, Henry Ross, Newtonville; Mrs. J. W. Silver, West Newton; Mrs. Elizabeth Small, South Framingham; Mrs. Mary Small, Allston; Frank Smith, Pittsfield; J. Upham Smith, West Newton; S. W. Smith, Walhampton; Mrs. S. W. Smith, Hiriam Street, Sudbury, N. H.; Joseph A. Stone, West Newton; Mrs. S. M. Stone, West Newton; Mrs. Marian Trobridge, South Framingham; Mrs. James Watson, Lowell.

The reception will be held at 2:30 Saturday afternoon, of next week, and the special invitations are limited to former pupils. A general invitation to the citizens of Newton and others who are interested, is to be given by the committee. It has been decided to hold the exercises at Mr. Davis's residence on Watertown street, West Newton, at which Ex-Gov. Rice and others will make addresses.

WEST NEWTON.

—Mr. E. S. Merchant and family have arrived home.
—Mrs. S. H. Newell is at Fisher's Island, N. H., for a month.
—Miss Emma Nickerson has arrived home from Provincetown.
—The Pierce School is being made ready for the coming school year.
—Mr. A. B. Potter and family and Miss Etta Thaxter are at Cottage City.
—Mrs. W. Rice is spending several weeks at her farm in Kittery, Me.
—Mrs. Nathaniel Allen and Miss Lucy Allen are at Siacaset, Nantucket.
—Mr. E. E. Allen has arrived in West Newton from Europe, via New York.
—Prof. William Allen of Madison University is visiting friends in West Newton.
—Mr. Fisher Ames and family have returned from their visit to Franconia, N. H.
—Messrs. Warren Kilburn and Arthur White have returned from Squirrel Island, Me.
—Misses Fannie and Sarah Allen are staying at the Goodnow House, Franconia, N. H.
—Water pipes are being laid on River street, near the junction with Lexington street.
—Mr. George P. Whitmore and family have returned from their stay at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

—Morning and evening services at the Congregational Church next Sabbath, conducted by Rev. Dr. Williams of Chicago.

—Some slight changes were made in Knights of Honor Hall this week, and Newton Lodge, I. O. O. F. will now hold its meeting there.

—From some reason the clock on the Congregational Church did not strike for a number of days this week. Its tones were greatly missed by a number of thrifty housekeepers.

—In the police court, Monday, Geo. W. Davis, a brakeman on the B. & A. R. R., was fined \$3 and costs for disturbance of the peace and \$10 and costs for an assault on Conductor Dewing on the last train Saturday night.

—At the Catholic Church, last Sunday, Rev. John Peters, son of Mr. Andrew Peters of this place, celebrated for the first time a solemn high mass. Father Peters is here on his vacation, but expects to leave for the West soon.

—Mr. B. F. Houghton is the possessor of measures which have been in constant use in West Newton for at least 100 years. They were originally the property of Sol. Flagg, who in the previous century kept a grocery store on the site now occupied by H. H. Hunt's carpenter shop. They are pewter tankards, and the sizes are a gallon, one half-gallon, quart, pint and gill.

—A resident of Newton, just this side the Waltham line, complains of fruit and other depredations by those who it is claimed come from the Waltham Chemistry district, and the instances cited are of a very aggravated form. Anything of a practical nature to put an end to this thieving that we could suggest, says the Waltham Tribune, "we should be glad to make known, but the subject is a difficult one to handle. The police of this city, most assuredly, are not to blame, since the offences are committed in Newton and they and our court have no jurisdiction over the offenders. But the lawlessness ought to be stopped, and we can suggest no better way than for our correspondent to get the names of the offenders, or of some of them, and have them brought into court."

—Mrs. Catharine McKenna, who so mysteriously disappeared August 16th, reappeared last Saturday. She crawled out of a swamp in the rear of Michael McCarty's house on Auburndale avenue until she was seen by his family. She was much exhausted by hunger and exposure, but by careful care is now entirely recovered. She had got into the swamp on Tuesdays and had not sufficient strength to get out. The slough is only about 300 yards from the road, and she stated that many times people passed within hearing and that she could often hear voices in McCarty's house but was unable to make herself heard. She remained through two heavy rains, during which she obtained water by wringing out her shawl and had nothing to eat from Sunday to Saturday except one boiled egg, which she ate before she left home. Under the circumstances her recovery was certainly wonderful.

—The Brookline News, in its account of the death of ex-Alderman E. R. Seecomb, says: "He was a merchant of the old school; that is, he was thoroughly trained for his calling, and pursued commerce in a large and legitimate way. In company with the late Capt. Isaac Taylor (under the name of Seecomb and Taylor) his firm were for many years the leaders in Boston's African trade. In 1853-4, when Boston had a shipping interest to be proud of, Seecomb & Taylor built some of the fastest clipper ships which ever sailed from that port. Business reverses overtook the firm at one time and they failed, making an honorable and satisfactory settlement with their creditors, but a few years later, having again won success, they revived the old accounts and paid all their former creditors in full, principal and interest. This performance also indicates the old school of merchants, for the present generation knows of such transactions only as history or tradition. It used to be said of Mr. Seecomb and Capt. Taylor that they were well mated, for the senior was the complement of the junior partner. Capt. Taylor was a man of great executive ability, active, energetic, of sanguine temperament, warm-hearted, cordial, and withal, a thoroughly equipped sailor, while Mr. Seecomb was the ideal of an office man, thorough and painstaking, conservative, calm, courtly in manner, a trained accountant, and a man of rare gifts and accomplishments as a correspondent. Each in his own way made an honorable record."

—Few of the many persons who daily pass the old building between Nickerson's block and B. F. Houghton's store realize that they are passing by one of the oldest buildings in West Newton. The first date that can be attached to it with any certainty is 1760. In that year, and probably for a number of years, the building was a tavern on the old Natick road, now Washington street, kept by Ensign Phineas Bond. That tavern was of an entirely different shape from the present tenement. It comprised the middle portion of the present building, was hip-roofed and faced broadside to the street. The front room was a bar-room, to which

entrance was obtained through a door placed where at present there is a bay window. The horse sheds attached to the hotel extended west along the road a considerable distance, and the well was placed where Elm street now runs. The hotel extended east to the present line between the Congregational Church and the Pierce school, but in 1760 a lot, including the present church lot, was sold to the first parish for \$12. The building was used as a tavern until about the year 1833, when the brick hotel on Washington street was built, and many stirring scenes it, and the old elm which stands beside it, has witnessed. During the Revolution the British soldiers of Burgoyne's army came through Newton on their march to Boston, coming in over Weston bridge along the present Woodland street and down the Natick road. In front of this tavern they made a long halt, and numbers of them partook of liquid refreshment from the bar-room. In 1825 Lafayette stopped at the tavern and visited its bar-room. To the same place came the famous highwayman, Mike Martin, and his captors, after his robbery of Major Bray on the Medford turnpike. About the year 1833 the property was bought by Seth Davis, the building enlarged in its present shape, a second piazza built on and a summer-house built in the old elm, the work being done by Le Grand Lucas. It was then used as a boarding-house. The building is now owned by B. F. Houghton and used as a tenement house.

AUBURNDALE.

—H. H. Haskell is at Indian Rock, Me.

—Mrs. H. H. Newell is visiting in Maine.

—Miss Fanny Brush is at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

—Mias Ahce Breed is at the Churchill House, Brant Rock.

—G. G. Brown is spending this week at Hubbardston, Mass.

—There are several severe cases of whooping cough on Central street.

—Miss E. B. Goodrich is the guest of Miss Richards of Brookline.

—Mr. E. B. Haskell and family are at their cottage at Rangeley, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fiske and daughter returned this week from Magnolia.

—Miss L. G. Fuller is spending a few weeks with relatives at Wellesley.

—Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has returned from her trip to Nova Scotia.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Doliver have gone to Marshfield, Mass., for a short vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bourne returned on Saturday from a trip to Martha's Vineyard.

—Mrs. Ella L. Pluta has been quite seriously ill. She is said to be now recovering slowly.

—Rev. and Mrs. Calvin Cutler returned Tuesday from a pleasant sojourn at Camden, Me.

—Mr. Henry R. Turner and family of Maple street are with friends at East Douglas, Mass.

—Miss Florence Stewart has been the guest of Miss Mabel Thorpe at Arlington Heights the past week.

—Rev. Dr. Roberts of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach on August 28th at the Congregational church.

—Charles A. Brown goes to-day (Friday) to the Mountain House, Princeton, for a short vacation.

—Mr. Ernest F. Markham is at Potter Place, N. H., and reports that he is steadily improving in health.

—Mrs. C. A. Miner and Miss Helen D. Soule are visiting Mrs. Miner's parents in Northampton, Mass.

—Rev. Dr. Roberts of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to occupy the pulpit at the Congregational Church next Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bennett from Chicago have recently been visiting their daughter, Mrs. A. H. Mather, of Fern street.

—Mrs. J. L. Hurlburt of Plainfield, N. J., and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Chase, at the home on Ash street.

—Mr. Louis Robinson, the genial porter of Lassell Seminary, returned from a month's visit to his parents at Gordonsville, Va., on Saturday.

—Mrs. A. A. Young of Hancock street goes to Pittsfield, Mass., Saturday, to attend the celebration of her father's birthday.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Miller and Master Frank Miller returned Thursday from Pocono Spring, Peake Island, and various other resorts in Maine.

—W. A. Hall and Frank R. Kimball are attending the American Canoe Club assembly on Lake Champlain. They report lively times up there.

—Rev. J. W. Harding of Longmeadow, Mass., brother of Mrs. E. H. Walker, preached at the Congregational Church Sunday to a large audience.

—Miss Isabel and Hattie Harding, who have been the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Walker, returned to their home in Pittsfield, Mass., on Monday.

—Miss Louise C. Hazen, who has been for some time the guest of Rev. H. A. Hazard, returned this week to her home in Hartford, Ct.

—The death of Mrs. E. C. Sparhawk, for some time a resident on Rowe street, is noted. The family have the sympathy of their Auburndale friends.

—Rev. J. S. Chandler and bride arrived at the Missionary Home on Friday after an extended trip through the West. They will sail for India September 8.

—William C. Brown has been appointed assistant freight agent for the Pennsylvania railroad. The appointment is a very good one, and the speedy promotion from a lower position evidently deserved.

—Postmaster Bourne and wife returned home from Cottage City on Wednesday, he having gained in health and hopes to be able to attend to his duties at the post office soon.

—Mr. Charles B. Bourne's new house on Woodbine street is just completed and is a great addition to the street. It has been rented to Mr. Edwin Almy, who will take possession at once.

—We are pleased to see the familiar face of Mr. George L. Chandler, former principal of the Williams School, who arrived at Auburndale last Saturday direct from Nebraska. We are glad to know that he is to return and take up his abode among us again.

Rev. Mr. Lamb in London.

The following letter from Rev. Mr. Lamb to some of his parishioners will be of interest to many of our readers:

LONDON, England, |
August 1st, 1887.

Dear Bro.'s:

We are all well and I hope this will find you all enjoying the same blessing. The weather is cool and comfortable. Every one feels like sleeping nights. The atmosphere is different from that of New England. I attended Spurgeon's Tabernacle yesterday. What an immense structure! They have no organ, no choir. Everybody stands up and sings. But what poor music they sang! We are ahead of them in this matter I think. Mr. Spurgeon spoke the only pure English I have heard in England. He has been ill of late. We have visited the Congregational church of Upper Norwood. It seems more like an Episcopalian. So dull. The prayer meeting was dull. Still there seemed to be a quiet spirit of reverence for all that was said.

In the Sabbath school, the superintendent goes about pinching the boys ears when they don't behave; then they do not act much better.

All the churches here of our denomination seem to be thriving. They have large communities to draw from. There seems to be no Catholics here. All are Protestants of some sort or other.

The Crystal Palace is quite near, and on some days there will be 20,000 people assembled. I like to see them. They seem well-behaved and courteous. I am afraid America has a bad effect on our English boys, as all the boys here are courteous. They know how to say, "Yes sir, and no sir," etc.

We have visited the Tower and the British Museum, Royal Academy, National Gallery and London Bridge. One day we drove to Shirley Hills and visited the Bishop of Canterbury's fine estate. Now you will want to know how we like things. Well, we like about everything thus far. I am surprised at the fruits, vegetables, meats, they are so nice.

The hedges and trees are quite fine. I bought cherries the other day that were nearly an inch in diameter. Fine sirloin beef can be bought at 9 pence per pound. Clothing is almost as dear as in America, but many things are somewhat less. Not a great way in the future the United States may be the cheapest of the two countries.

Before long we intend to visit Ireland and Scotland. There is a great exhibition of paintings at Manchester, paintings that have been made during Victoria's reign, which we hope to visit. Saturday we visited the great watering place, Brighton.

One thing is true, we keep tired all the time. I am not used to walking on such hard pavements. Mrs. Lamb stands it better than I do. The children eat like pigs rather than like Lambs.

STANZAS.

Heavenly Shepard, gently lead us through this vale
of earthly woe,
Through the meadows and the pastures, where thy
tender love plants blow.
These, strewn all along our pathway, teach us how
to learn to live.
Teach us how to learn and listen, how to use and
spend and give.
Savior let them grow and prosper, till they
reach thy Heaven above.
Till we there shall call their blossoms in thy home
of perfect love. L. H. H.
August, 1887.

HIC ET UBIQUE.

In trouble deep, why should I fear?
Though sorrows at my weak heart tear,
Is not my Heavenly Father here?
Yes he is here and everywhere.
The deepest pain that mortals know,
Our God alone can give and share,
Then why weep on; our courage low?
For He is here and everywhere.
—Belle A. Mundy.

FORTUNY'S PIPING SHEPHERD.

What youth is this that pipes so lustily.
Singing of summer and the days of June,
While all his flocks, shunning the heat of noon,
Have sought the shade beneath some spreading
tree?

He pipes to crickets and the wandering bee,
In fields untempered, until the moon.

And night disturb his notes, alas too soon!

And yet that song shall never cease: to me
It still shall be a joy and a delight,

Telling of rustic things: of shepherd's bells,
And round of rural cares, with tales by night.

Of sheep that strayed in far-off, shadowy dells,—
Of purpling grapes, and red lips stained with wine,
And mirth and laughter of a youth divine.

—G. McIlvay Upton in August Overland.

FATE AND THE CAPTAIN.

"What is Mrs. Gray trying to start—a
menagerie, reform school or a gymnasium?" inquired Capt. Holton, in an injured tone. He was trying to thread a small needle with very coarse thread, and made an unsuccessful dive at the needle as he spoke.

"No, sir, I reckon not. She's only got some new boarders from the city," replied Mary, putting down the lamp that she had brought.

"Boarders! Three—five—six children, two dogs, and an animal that I suppose they call a pony. Oh, ye powers supreme! I don't think that this needle has any eye in it at all!"

"Let me thread it for you, sir," said Mary.

"No, thank you; I will thread it myself if it is possible for any one else to do so. The fault is in the needle, and it is the only one I have. So you say that caravan has come to stay. What's in charge of it—father, mother, nurses, etc?"

"Mother's an invalid, gent comes down Saturdays. Old maid aunt brought the young ones down for the air."

"Six children and an old maid! They say the cholera is on its way here, too. A year of plagues. Moses in Egypt!" Mrs. Gray may find it profitable to run an orphan asylum for a few hot weeks, and turn out steady boarders who have stood by her through thick and thin, but when the winter of her adversity comes, she may be sorry. Humph! I may be called upon to advise in small matters when a loan is needed, but when it comes to anything that affects my comfort I am disposed of without a word. Hear that how! I wonder if I could get that darning needle through this button! How miserable is man when his suspender button is off, and a flock of little demons are running through the geranium beds. Here, you get out of those flowers, I say! Do you hear me? Then why don't you do it?"

The devastation of his flowers was more than the captain could stand, so he laid down needle and thread and substituted a nail for the missing button, as he had long since learned to do. After a rapid toilet he hurried down stairs as fast as his lame ness would permit. "I'll tell that old maid what I think of her government; infamous cheek, anyhow, to bring such a herd into a quiet neighborhood. I'll blow her up so that she'll know what she's done."

He bolted, red and wrathful, from the front door, just as Mrs. Gray came upon the steps with a tall, stately young lady, whose handsome eyes widened with surprise at the captain's confusion.

"Good evening, captain, I was just going to call you. Allow me; Captain Holton—Miss Terrell. I was telling Miss Terrell that if you were down you would give us some flowers, but I didn't dare to pull them, knowing how particular you are," said Mrs. Gray.

"Yes, I am particular about my flowers. Just step this way, Miss—ah—Terrell, and see—the bed is in a fearful state—the children—that is—"

"Oh, they will be delighted! Come, darling, the gentleman is going to give us a bouquet. I am so glad for their sakes that there is something of the kind here, for the little ones are passionately fond of flowers, the boys particularly, and it's a taste that I take great pains to cultivate. Ah, thanks! How lovely they are. One doesn't know the beauty of such things unless he has been shut up in brick walls. You are too generous, Capt. Holton; you will find us troublesome. Don't cut those splendid roses. You are robbing the bush!"

"No matter; you need a little more color in your bouquet; and they will soon fade on the bush. Don't mention it; it is a pleasure, I assure you."

The evening was so fine that the lady lingered on the lawn, and the captain's old-fashioned gallantry would not permit him to leave until she did, so that he found himself doing the agreeable for the first time in many years, being a bachelor of the strictest sort.

True, the flow of his conversation was interrupted by a ball in the chest, he was tripped by a bat, sat down on a paper of

fish-hooks, loaned his knife to dig angle-worms, and finally retired with an overripe tomato in his shirt bosom, which was intended for the imp who dodged behind him. Miss Terrell whipped out her handkerchief to brush the tomato off, explaining that the boys were just liberated from school, and were wild with delight at the freedom of the country.

"Ah, it is no matter; they will settle down in a day or two. I like to see them happy," replied the arch hypocrite, with a ghastly smile, as he turned into the hall.

"Shame for that poor girl to be monopolized by those little demons," he growled, viewing himself in the glass. "They ought to be drowned like kittens when the mother can't manage them, and then they could not torment any other woman's life out of her."

The following day the captain thought he would avoid the terrors of the evening by calling upon an invalid friend, a comrade whose days were numbered. Accordingly he brought out from the city a basket of the choicest fruit that he could find, and arranged it upon his table in a tempting display.

When he returned from tea every rich pear had been bitten, every choice peach bore the marks of little teeth, and the skins of the rare grapes were scattered about the table. For a moment the captain was speechless with amazement, then, with a wrathful interjection, he picked up the basket of remains and resolutely crossed the hall to Miss Terrell's door. The lady opened the door, her face flushed with laughter at some prank of her tyrants.

"Miss Terrell—I—ah—I just thought I would ask you to—ah—accept this fruit. The children—you know—"

"Ah, those naughty boys. I know who did it. Thank you; you are very kind, especially when we have made you so much trouble. I shall watch the children more closely." And she bowed him away with some grace.

"George Holton, you would better retire until you learn to let that woman alone. You will make a fool of yourself every time you attempt to defend your rights." And then putting on his boots: "It is a shame for that young girl to be monopolized by those little fiends. Her relatives have no right to ask such a sacrifice of her. She is an uncommonly fine girl, and old enough to have gotten over her nonsense."

For the next week the captain kept his door sacredly locked, changed his seat to the other end of the table, and enveloped an amount of passive courage that surprised himself, and was successful in avoiding any further encounter with the terrible children. At the end of the week, grown reckless with success, he strode bravely out on the veranda, intending to enjoy the fine midsummer twilight in a row down the little stream, by courtesy called "the river." His boat was moored in a tiny round bay a short distance from the landing, and as he approached the clump of alders which hid it from the road, he heard shouts of child glee, that told him of some new disaster.

"Now, as a friend, I'm going to tell her how she is ruining those children by her indulgence; she is so sensible that she will tell it kindly, I am sure," mused the captain.

But, like former experiences, the task was more than the captain expected.

"Miss Terrell," he began in a didactic tone, then paused, grew red in the face and wiped his forehead. "Miss Terrell, I hope you'll excuse my presumption and understand my motives. I wish to speak to you upon such a delicate subject that—well—our acquaintance has been short, but I think we have a very good understanding, considering that fact, and I felt sure that you would make all allowance in view of my very great regard for you—" And he stopped awkwardly as he noticed her blushing face.

"Really, Captain Holton, I—I think that you had better wait until our acquaintance is a little older. As you say, we have such a very good understanding that I cannot tell you how much I enjoy your friendship and appreciate your regard, but—but—certainly we are little more than strangers yet. Tom is asking to see your watch. Won't you please show it to him?"

A few years after, when they were spending a few weeks at Mrs. Gray's, Mrs. Holton said, with a thoughtful poise of the head: "Do you know, dear, that I thought you the shyest man in the world in those first days of our courtship. You blundered and stammered until I wondered if you had lived in a country without women. You seemed easy enough after that, though." And the captain laughed so immoderately that his wife wondered if he had smuggled a case of wine down with his fishing tackle.

to throw them out of the window he threw out Mrs. Gray's decorated basin also.

Presently a shrill voice screamed an explanation above the hubbub in the opposite room.

"I didn't either, Aunt Nell. I caught 'em for my fish pond, and old Hannah hollowed and said I brought 'em up to scare her, and told me to throw 'em out. But I put 'em where she can't find 'em and I won't tell where neither; and if she says I tried to scare her and was sassy, she's telling a wicked lie, now. Can't I get 'em in the morning and put 'em in my fish pond, Aunt Nell?"

"There's only one thing for me to do," sighed the captain, gazing at the china wreath upon the lawn the next morning. "I try to make the 6:30 train, and look up a boarding house in the city. I won't stand this another day. I'm sorry for her. She's an uncommonly—yes—but to be made uncle to all those—oh, my goodness! What am I thinking about?"

He drank a cup of scalding coffee, and started in great haste for the train. He had barely reached the tiny station when he heard his name called in a despairing treble, and, turning back, he saw Miss Terrell, the nurse, and six children running for life down the grassy street. "Never mind; I'll hold the train," he shouted, and prevailed upon the unwilling conductor to wait for them.

The early train was crowded with out-of-town sojourners going to business, and the captain sat with Tom on one knee and Besse on the other, opposite Miss Terrell, who held one or two more. They were going to sit for a picture to send mamma. They had not time for breakfast before they started, so they fell upon the lunch that they had brought like young wolves. They ate sandwiches, marmalade and raspberry tarts, and drank, and drank, oh, how they drank. When the apple fiend came around they wanted peaches and bananas and seductive California plums, and when the river was reached they simultaneously climbed over the captain to see the steamboat.

Presently there was a halt, and when the passengers grew impatient the conductor explained that a freight train was off the track somewhere ahead, and it would be two hours before the track could be cleared. The July sun was high, the water in the cooler gave out, and the children grew so restless that the captain proposed a stroll in the grove.

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Waterville, N. H.

The Editor of the GRAPHIC:

Waterville is unique. Here let me promise that I write in the interest of some Newton people who have expressed a wish to know more about Waterville, and that I do not write to advertise this place. It needs no advertising. There are all the guests here that can be accommodated and besides to the ordinary summer tourist Waterville would not be attractive. To those who wish to spend time on hotel piazzas displaying dry goods, engineering matrimonial alliances, or dawdling away time, if such are considering coming to Waterville, let me say at once and emphatically, don't.

Waterville is nearer like a Swiss valley among the mountains than anything I have seen in America. This valley is fifteen hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea. It is three fourths of a mile long and surrounded by mountains. These mountains indeed are not high and snow covered like the Alps. They are only four or five thousand feet high, though it takes all the climbing an ordinary tourist cares for to reach their summits. Waterville illustrates what the Psalmist meant by the mountains being round about Jerusalem.

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SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE AMERICAN.

The first thing observable in the American Magazine is the generous variety of intellectual fare which it strives to provide. The most solid and important articles which the September number contains, are two which possess at the moment on obvious reciprocal interest—"Our New Navy" and "The Military System of Canada." In the first article, Lieutenant W. S. Hughes of the United States Navy, describes the steel cruisers Chicago, Boston, Atlanta and Dolphin, and, so far as they have been designed, the new vessels which Congress has since authorized. Mr. Fawcett's "Olivia Delaplaine"—profusely and distractingly illustrated—reaches its tenth chapter. H. D. Mason, in "A Poet and His Verses," represents some of the lesser known lines of Richard Realf, whose unbalanced rare genius played fast and loose with his peace, and drove him at last to death by his own hand. Here is a fragment:

Dead! Dead!
I shall no more die, I fear;
O, never more feel,
O, life unconforted!
It is dear, very dear!

"In Louisiana," a poem by Henry W. Austin, contains some admirable lines. After depicting an old negro nurse found dead prisoning "in her arms her master's son, a fair, white child," the author has this conceit:

As in the picture, so forever seems
Death—like a fond, black nurse embracing Life.

There are other poems and several short stories, one of which is contributed by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE ATLANTIC.

The interest of the Atlantic for September may be said to depend greatly on most interesting installments of its two serial stories by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Crawford. Both of these are at their climax; Mr. Crawford's especially has a scene which for thrilling novelty is almost unequalled. Dr. Holmes, in "One Hundred Days in Europe," tells about his stay in Paris and his visits to some of the places which he had seen years before, particularly St. Etienne du Mont, the Pantheon, the Cafe Procope, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Bois de Boulogne; and also of a visit to Monsieur Pasteur. The Atlantic, in fact, seems rather devoted to France, for this number has also an article by Ellen Terry Johnson entitled "Le Roi Manque," being an account of Louis XIV's promising son, the Duke of Burgundy, who, had he succeeded his father, would have made French history so different. Another article, by John Bach McMaster, upon "Franklin in France," shows how Franklin succeeded in making himself the idol of the French at the period subsequent to the Revolution. Mr. A. C. Gordon contributes a short and touching story of negro life, called "A Pinchotown Pauper." Bradford Torrey has an article about the vireo, called "A Woodland Intimate." "By River and Road in Russia" gives an interesting account of a Russian journey, and is written by Edmund Noble. The two "solid" articles of this issue are, "A Study of Early Egotism," by Elizabeth P. Obins Pennell, and "The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell; the latter is the first of a series. Under the title of "An Old Book" a curious account is given of the foundation of St. Bartholomew's Church at Smithfield, London. Louise Chandler Moulton, Andrew Hedges and William Cranston Lawton contribute excellent poetry, and there are reviews of recent novels and a clever "Club." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The Overland Monthly for August presents a table of contents sufficiently varied to please all tastes. For those that like fiction there is the short story "A Disagreeable Young Woman," a camping story; the serial "Chata and Chinita," and the opening chapters of a new short serial, "The Acquia Madre of Santiago." This is not the Chilean Santiago but the pueblo of that name in New Mexico, whose quaint and picturesque customs afford a novel garnish for a delightful old-fashioned tale of the love of two young Pueblo Indians. The out-door sketches "Our Camp in the Canon" and "An Ascent of Mt. Shasta" represent both ends of the State in a charming fashion. In the line of Indian articles, a stronghold of the Overland's are Major-General Howard's continuation of the history of the Bannock War in which he tells of the battle of "Old Camp Curry," and Col. A. G. Tasson's second paper of the Chronicles of Camp Wright, full of vividness and power. "A Nest of Wild Cats" tell with marked incisiveness the story of wildcat banking in Nebraska; "Slavery in Florence" is an interesting study of the medieval status of that great problem over which tears of blood were shed centuries later in our own country. Literary subjects receive due attention in two articles in the body of the magazine and the usual department of Book Reviews. The Overland has as broad a literary field as any magazine in the country, and appears to fill it completely.

THE FORUM.

The contributors to the September number of the Forum are to be: The Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior of Canada; Mrs. Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; Dr. Jessopp, the well-known English essayist; President Bascom of Williams College; Prof. Young, the astronomer; Senator Ingalls, Andrew Lang, Prof. Cope, Bishop Cox, Nicholas P. Gilman and Prof. Winchell.

She Said Her Say at Last.

A rather prepossessing young lady entered the office of a well-known lawyer the other day and inquired:—

"Is Mr. Brief in?"

"Won't be in for two hours," replied the dapper young clerk whom she addressed, surveying her from head to foot with an approving glance. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," was the reply, and she produced from beneath her wrap a handsomely bound volume. "I thought so," interrupted the clerk with a deprecating gesture. "I sized you up as soon as you came in. But it's no use. We never fool away money on subscription books in this office. Didn't you see the sign outside, 'No Peddlers Allowed'?"

"Sir," began the visior, "this book—"

"Oh," laughed the flippant young clerk. "I've no doubt it's the biggest thing out, but we don't want it. History of the United States, ain't it, from the Mound Builders up to the present day? Big thing. I've no doubt, but we've no use for it."

"If you will allow me—"

"Really," said the youth who was greatly amused, "I'd like to, but it's against the rules of the office to yield to the blandishments of book-agents, no matter how young or good-looking they are. Couldn't think of looking at the book, my dear. 'Life of Napoleon,' ain't it? That's a chestnut. One of our clerks bought one last month for \$4, and yesterday he traded it off for a yellor dog and then killed the dog."

"I wished to say—"

"Or, maybe it's a humorous work, with wood cuts that look as though they'd been engraved with a meat axe. No, we don't want it. We keep a humorist here on a regular salary to amuse us."

"I—"

"Say, you are awfully persistent, my dear, but it won't do any good. If old Brief were here you might talk him around, because he's a susceptible old duffer, and thinks that every pretty young girl that looks at him is in love with him. But I am not that kind."

"Sir, if you will—"

"Say, I hate to refuse you, 'pon my soul I do, but I'm broke and that's the truth. Come around in about six months after the old man has taken me into partnership. I'll be flush then, and I'll take a book, just to reward you for your sticktoativeness. I say you are a mighty pretty woman to be obliged to peddle books for a living. I—"

Just then the attention of the loquacious youth was attracted by the frantic gestures of a fellow clerk in another part of the room and he paused.

"You are Mr. Freshleigh, I presume?" said the lady.

"I—er—yes, that is my name," was the reply.

"I have heard my husband speak of you. I am Mrs. Brief. Will you please hand this book to Mr. Brief when he comes in, and ask him to take it to the binder's? Good-morning."

The lady left the office; the mercury in the thermometer crept down out of sight; the office cat had a fit, and young Freshleigh fell in a faint.

The next day Lawyer Brief advertised for a new clerk.—[Tid-Bits.]

A little girl up town while listening to a playmate's French lesson the other day said: "Paula, why do you bother with so many French words when you know so few Cambridge words?"—[Cambridge Chronicle.]

Judge (who invited an alderman to sit beside him on the bench)—"Mr. Alderman, do you think the prisoner is guilty? Just whisper your opinion to me." Alderman—"Judge, he is no more guilty than I am." Judge (hesitating a few minutes, then aloud)—"I shall sentence the prisoner to five years imprisonment."—[Epoch.]

The Lowell Times remarks that "the morning light is breaking, the Mugwump disappears." It ought to have borne in mind that after that had happened the sons of earth awakened to penitential tears. And if the Lowell Times doesn't know what penitential tears are, it will know if it keeps on trying to sit down on the Mugwumps.—[Boston Herald.]

Hay Fever.
I have suffered greatly from periodical returns of hay fever. At the suggestion of Convers & Cheever, druggists, I obtained Ely's Cream Balm, and used a small quantity of it twice a day. I can fully testify as to the immediate and continued relief obtained by its use. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this or kindred complaints. (Rev.) H. A. Smith, Clinton, Wis.

I am Proud.
to say from personal experience that Sulphur Bitters, which advertisement will be seen in another column, is the best spring and summer medicine to be found. It is prepared by an honest firm who seem to use cheap and worthless medicines, but use the best that money can buy.—Editor.

"I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla half enough," says a mother whose son, almost blind with scrofula, was cured by this medicine.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans.

ADVERTISERS or others who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., **LORD & THOMAS.**

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but found them so weak that I could hardly go upstairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate the terrible disease. It has also prescribed it in topics, as well as an alternative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. S. C., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe in detail the sufferings I experienced from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. Today my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 333 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price 12½ six bottles, \$5.

LAND IN NEWTONVILLE

On the Hill, for sale in large or small lots, by T. M. CLARK, 178 Devonshire St., Boston. 27½

NEWTON SAVINGS BANK.

Bank Hours: From 9 a. m. to 12 m., and from 2 to 4 p. m.; on Saturday, from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Office in the Newton National Bank.

GEORGE HYDE, President.

JOHN WARD, Vice President.

MISS SUSANNA M. DUNCKLEE, Treasurer.

COMMITTEE OF INVESTMENT: George Hyde, William Marey, J. F. C. Hyde

Isaac Hagar, Auditor.

41

For Adults,
For Children,
For Both Sexes.

When on a sultry summer's day,
The sun seems scarce a mile away;
When comes Sick Headache to oppress
And every moment brings distress,
Then **FARRANT'S SELTZER** proves a
friend. Druggists all can recommend.

Newton National Bank.

NEWTON, MASS.

BUSINESS HOURS:
From 9 A. M., to 12 M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. On
Saturdays, from 9 A. M., to 2 P. M.

JOSEPH N. BACON, President.

B. FRANKLIN BACON, Cashier.

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MISS L. P. GRANT,

[Pupil of F. A. Whitney].

RECEIVES PUPILS on the PIANO-FORTE.

At home Wednesdays from 2 to 6.

Residence CENTRE STREET, between
Boyd and Morse.

Post Office Address, Box 775, Newton, 149

For all loss of hair, etc., see PROF. DRURY.

C. G. NEWCOMB, NEWTON AND BOSTON EXPRESS.

Leave Newton 9:30 a. m.; leave Boston 3 p. m.

NEWTON ORDER BOXES: Newton City Market Post Office, BOSTON OFFICES: 25 Merchants Row, 155 Congress street, 154 Franklin street. Post Office address, Box 420, Newton.

Personal Attention Given All Orders. 36

HURD'S NEWTON AND BOSTON EXPRESS.

Leaves Newton at 9:30 a. m. Leaves Boston at p. m.

BOSTON OFFICES: 34 and 36 Court Square, 15 Devens street, 76 Kingston Street, 13 North side Franklin Street, Market Street, Newton Office—Whitman's Stable.

All orders promptly attended to.

C. H. HURD.

PEARSON'S NEWTON AND BOSTON EXPRESS.

BOSTON OFFICES: 91 Kilby st., 105 Arch st., 33 Court Street. Order Box, 91 Faneuil Hall Market.

NEWTON OFFICE at H. B. Coffin's. Order Boxes at Post Office and Blanchard & Atkins'. 40

Leave Newton at 9:30 a. m.

Leave Boston at 3 p. m.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Sale and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations.

Order Box, 100 Cornhill, Boston.

NAME PAPE, CHICHESTER'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.

251 Franklin Street, Philadelphia.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale & Retail, Boston.

24-26 Milk Street, Boston.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

RIDERS OF

COLUMBIA

BICYCLES

and TRICYCLES

Concerning the majority of American riders of first-class machines.

Have ridden around the world.

Hold World's Records from 1/4 to 24 miles, inclu-

sive.

Have never been able to wear out their machines

in 10 years of hard usage.

POPE MFG. CO., 7

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.
Is agent for the **GRAPHIC**, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also Real Estate to sell and to Rent.

NEWTON CENTRE.

The village clock now runs nearly half the time.

Mrs. Grout of Beacon street has returned home.

Avery Rand, Jr., is spending the summer at Wilbraham.

Dr. Mary E. Bates is stopping at the Atlantic House, Nantasket.

Miss Krems of Baltimore is visiting at Mr. Ransom's on Grafton street.

Mrs. Dr. Hayden, who has been so seriously ill, is slowly recovering.

Harry Bates is pitching for the Kearsege House nine, North Conway.

Rev. Dr. Parker of Chicago preached at the Baptist church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Stevens took a short trip through the White Mountains this week.

Rev. Mr. Holmes has returned from his vacation, and will occupy his pulpit next Sunday.

Rev. S. W. Stevens of Fargo, Dakota, will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday.

W. S. Brock, a reporter for Worcester and Athol papers, is spending a short time here.

Miss Louise Carter, who has been teaching in Chicago, is spending her vacation at her home in this place.

Dr. O. S. Stearns and Rev. William O. Stearns of Cazenovia, N. Y., have gone to the White Mountains.

Miss Mattie J. Green of Chelsea, who has been visiting friends on Beacon street, returned home Saturday.

Mr. Barry and Miss Anna Kraig of Lexington, Kentucky, are staying at Mrs. Dr. Bates's on Beacon street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Oliphant and daughter of Warren street, and Mrs. Welch of Cleveland, O., have returned from their trip to Chatham, Mass.

It is reported that more than one half of the inhabitants of "Cork City" are sick with malarial fever. Have the board of health investigated?

Dr. N. E. Ames of Springfield, Mass., took a drive about town last week, and was much interested in the handsome appearance of Newton lawns and streets.

The discourse by Rev. Prof. Borden P. Bowe L. D., of the Boston University, at the Methodist church last Sunday, was an able and eloquent presentation of truth in some new lines of thought.

The new house which Mr. Nathan A. James is building is now nearly completed and is a great improvement over the old colonial house which is to be taken down.

The Newton Theological Institution will open Thursday, Sept. 6th, one week earlier than usual, with a good-sized class. Rev. James F. Morton will probably continue in his position, although residing in Cambridge.

George Warren, Fred. S. Bates and Ned Bowen are all prominent members of the base ball nine of the Twin Mountain House, which is winning so much glory for itself in the contests between the rival New Hampshire Hotels. The members of the opposing nines are taken mainly from the different college nines, and the games are witnessed by crowds of people.

Mr. J. M. E. Drake and family leave on the 27th for Rye Beach, where they will remain about two weeks. Mrs. Drake's lecturing and other literary work this season, make rest for her imperative. Her address at Old Orchard this week will be the fifth delivered in Maine this summer in addition to lectures elsewhere this season, the calls to which she felt were too urgent to be declined.

Newton Centre people should remember when trading at Cushman & Co.'s, 39 Temple place, Boston, to mention where they are from, as in this way the Improvement society of this village will receive 5 per cent. of their purchases. It might be added, if the fact were not so well known, that Cushman's is one of the best places in Boston to trade. Their electric cash register prevents any delay in making change.

Prof. Heman Lincoln, Prof. J. M. English, Prof. J. A. Newell, Mr. J. A. D. Gross and wife and Mr. George Warren, wife and daughter, attended the annual Baptist meetings at Marthas Vineyard last week. The meetings were the best ever held both in point of attendance and in the quality of the sermons preached. Among others Rev. Mr. Barnes of Pittsburgh, who preached in Newton Centre on the 14th, delivered a sermon of remarkable originality and power.

The corner stone of the new Baptist church will be laid with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The services will be as follows: Voluntary by the choir; reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Dr. Colby; hymn; historical sketch of the church by Rev. Dr. Stearns; report of the building committee; laying of the corner stone; prayer by Rev. Dr. Hovey; hymn by the choir, written for the occasion by Rev. S. F. Smith; benediction. If the weather is pleasant there will be a large attendance.

Mrs. Elizabeth* Campbell Sparhawk, widow of the late Dr. Thomas Sparhawk, died at her residence on Homer street on Sunday, and the funeral was held on Wednesday. Mrs. Sparhawk was a descendant of one of the few Campbells who followed the fortunes of the Stuarts instead of those of the house of Hanover, like Argyle. Her father, a Highlander, settled in the border town of Dunse, Scotland, near the famous Lammermoors. There he was a physician for many years, and there she was born in 1817. After her father's death she came to a married sister in Concord, N. H. Here she met and married Dr. Thomas Sparhawk. In 1845 they went to Amesbury, where they lived until a short time before her husband's death. In all that his work gave him opportunity to do in kindness to others and alleviation of suffering in every way, her heart was with him. She lived in Newton Centre five years, long enough to value the friends that she found here, and return the sympathy she met with, although her health permitted her little share in out-of-door life. She was interested in all great causes, and had an American love of liberty; she kept up with the times in her reading and her feelings, and was fond of young people and children, and attracted them. She was buried beside her husband at Amesbury.

CHESTNUT HILL.

Dr. Slade is erecting a stable.

Mr. George Stone is building an addition to his house.

Mr. Hiram Tucker and family have returned from their vacation at Kennebunkport, Me.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

Water carts are at a discount this week.

Mr. H. A. Spear has a telephone in his stable office.

Mrs. Amasa Crafts is at Burlington, Vt., for a few days.

Mr. Amasa Crafts, who was taken ill on Friday, is much better.

Mrs. Wright of Floral Place has gone to visit her friends at Marblehead.

The strike of the new clock does not keep pace with the times—too slow.

Mr. W. Scott Richards has gone to Maine to spend a week with his mother.

Mrs. W. S. Fewkes, Columbus place, is visiting her relatives at Ipswich, her native town.

Mrs. S. J. Allen of Woodward street, who has been very ill of dysentery, is improving.

Hiram Ross is enjoying the clam bakes in the vicinity of Providence, R. I., for a few days.

Mrs. E. Moulton of Walnut street has gone to Kennebunkport to make a ten day's visit to her mother.

A very interesting letter from Mrs. Phipps, who is at Waterville, N. H., will be found in another column.

The "Newcomb House" sign will soon be removed as Mr. Newcombs has decided to give up keeping boarders.

Mr. Horace W. Taylor, who has lately bought the Rowe estate on Floral avenue, will occupy the same about Sept. 1st.

That beautiful elm tree in Fountain Square has been removed, and the place that once knew it will know it no more.

Mr. Thomas Belger has started a cellar for a house on his lot on Boylston street, next adjoining the residence of Mr. Alex. Tyler.

Mr. Watson has commenced the cellar for another house on Chester street, so-called. It is high time that this street should be accepted by the city.

Our streets are in dreadful condition from lack of the spring repairs. Our mayor should call the highway chairman or superintendent of streets to an account.

The manner in which the sidewalks in Fountain Square have been left by the city is disgraceful. However, nothing better can be expected from the present management.

E. Fewkes & Son have received several prizes at the Boston Flower Show, for their fine exhibits of canna, dahlias and other flowers. It will repay any one to visit their beautiful gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lancaster have returned from their sojourn in Canada and the mountains, and will make their home with his sister, Mrs. C. P. Clark, Jr., for the present.

Mrs. Bowler, the High School drawing teacher, has returned from her sojourn at Cataumet, and will occupy the house lately purchased by her, corner of Walnut and Hyde street.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows has granted permission to the lodge which has been established at the Upper Falls for many years, to remove to Newton Highlands, and they will remove soon to Richards Hall. We would suggest that the Hall be called Odd Fellows Hall.

On account of the illness of Rev. Pleasant Hunter, the pulpit at the Congregational church was occupied last Sabbath by Rev. Mr. Burroughs of St. Louis. Next Sabbath the Rev. E. P. H. Nason of Philadelphia will officiate.

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A dark-complexioned man of about 5 feet 2 inches in height, and in age, we should judge, about 30, has been victimizing our good Methodist people of tender hearts in this place. He made his advent in the forenoon of Thursday, the 17th inst., and presented to each person who answered the door summons a circular claiming that the applicant had lost voice and hearing by diphtheria, and desired to obtain the means to reach his friends in Denver, Colorado. The circular was endorsed by a Rev. Edward Clarke of the West Newton Methodist Church, who said the applicant, Clarence Barton, was a member in good and regular standing. To judge by the names and amounts paid in this pious fraud has obtained several dollars. How much he received at the High-lands is not known as the paper was not seen after it left this place. As there is no Methodist church at West Newton or a pastor of that name in the place, it is natural to suppose that Clarence Barton is also a myth, and that all the monies were paid in to an angel from the wrong region.

Newton Upper Falls.

Miss Addie Scott has returned from her Chicago trip.

Mr. Thomas Timsdale was in the village last week.

Mr. J. L. Randall and family are sojourning in Rhode Island.

Mr. Lovell has gone on his vacation to his home at Kittery, Me.

Mr. Henry H. Fanning and family are spending the week at Nantasket.

Mr. Richard Daly, formerly superintendent of the Petee machine works, removed with his family to Lowell this week.

There will be a meeting of all parties interested in having a new station at Eliot on Monday, August 29, in the building rear of the Boylston street bridge. As the Boston & Albany railroad are ready to build as soon as the question of land is settled, we hope that something will be done that may at once be begun.

The choir gallery of St. Mary's Catholic Church last Sunday afternoon was the scene of a pleasant surprise—a presentation to the organist, Miss Bessie Daly, who on that day severed her connection with

the choir, as she goes to Lowell, where her father, R. B. Daly, is employed as master mechanic. Miss Maggie C. Leary, Miss Daly's successor, with a few well-chosen words presented her, in behalf of the choir, with a beautiful pair of bracelets of elegant design. Miss Daly has won the love and esteem of all who knew her, and the many friends of her youth join in the hope that happiness may attend her in her new home.

One of our village people, Mrs. McAlie, met with quite a loss one day last week. While waiting in the Boston & Albany station, Boston, she left her little boy for a few moments in charge of her shopping bag and bundles. As soon as she was gone, a woman who had evidently been watching for just such an opportunity, kindly (?) offered to relieve the little boy of the burden of holding the hand bag, which contained about \$40 and a commutation ticket between Boston and Newton Highlands, good for 80 rides. As soon as she was gone, the woman obtained possession of the bag she immediately disappeared, and as the boy is unable to give any description or even recognize her if he should see her, the prospect of her apprehension is decidedly small.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

Mr. F. M. Cehore has been summering at Hyannisport.

Mr. John Pulsifer and family have taken a cottage at Scituate Point.

Mr. Rufus Moulton and wife have returned from a visit to their son in Lynn.

Judge White of the Norfolk Probate Court is spending a short vacation at home.

Mr. F. C. Lyon and family are soon to take up their residence in Boston for the winter.

Mr. Frank Freeman has returned from his European trip, having had a very enjoyable vacation.

Mr. Sanborn has taken the contract for putting in a new dam across the Charles river for the Dudley Hoisery Co.

Has the appropriation for the streets all been spent, or what can be the reason that the so much needed repairs on our sidewalks are so long delayed? In some places they are in a most wretched condition, and unless improved before the winter's snow comes we shall be obliged to walk through mud and water ankle deep.

It is believed that this matter could be remedied by the superintendent of streets

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